Dec. 4, 1971

THE NEW YORKER

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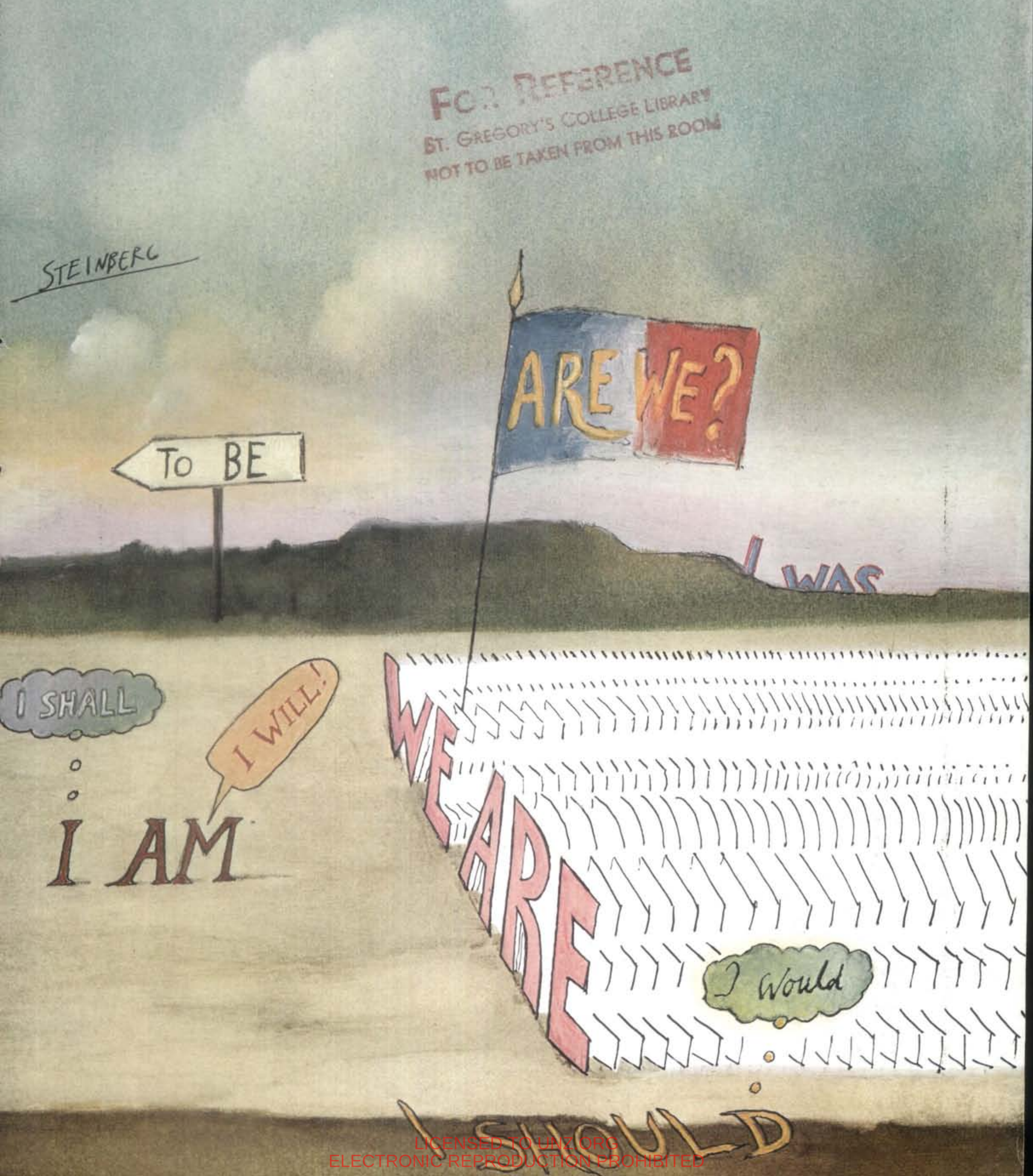
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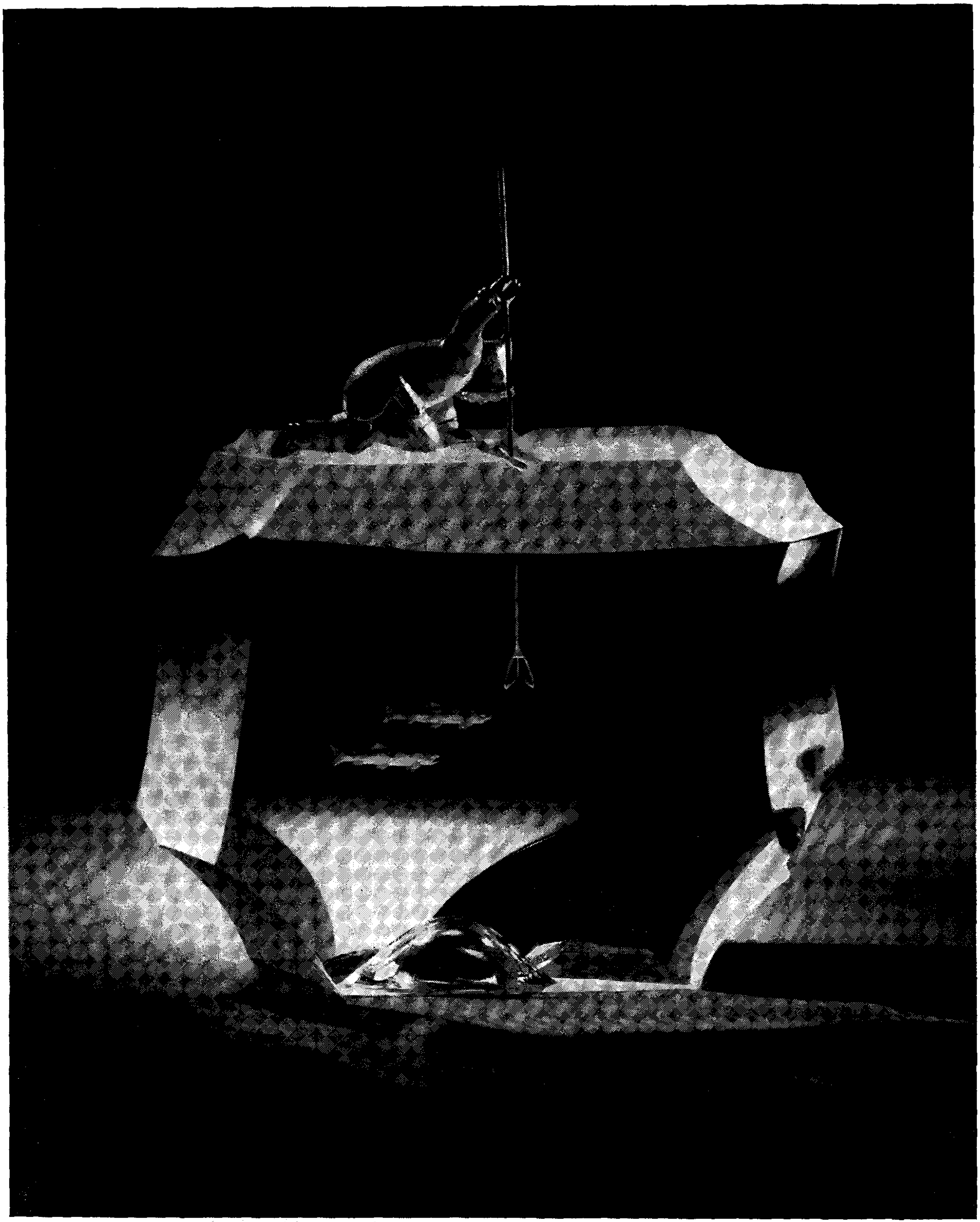

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Aint Supposed to Die a Natural Death—A great shout by Melvin Van Peebles, mingling social protest with the usual difficulties of people falling in and out of love. A musical with an all-black, all-wonderful cast. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers—A horror play by the Spanish dramatist Fernando Arrabal about the sufferings of political prisoners in Spain. The form is nightmare, and the sufferings of the audience, which is manhandled in various ways, are greater—or at least more immediate—than those of the prisoners on the stage. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 22nd St. 673-5470. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—This play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed. William Atherton is fine as the soldier. The rest of the large and capable cast performs very well under Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

A Bio in Song—Lyricist Irving Caesar in a solo show. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Monday, Dec. 6, at 7:30, and Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 2.)

Black Girl—J. E. Franklin's short, rich play, which is both poignant and funny, about a seventeen-year-old who, faced with many obstacles, manages to leave her bickering black family in Texas and go North to college. Kishasha gives a superior performance in the title role, and she receives strong support from, among others, Esther Rolle, Leonard Parker, and Louise Stubbs. Shauneille Perry directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Black Terror—The hero of this very interesting play by Richard Wesley about a group of black revolutionaries is their chosen assassin, who argues in favor of strategy over zeal, and of life over death and martyrdom. A wonderful young actor named Kain makes his début in the role. Nathan George directed the lively production. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Richard Fariña: Long Time Coming and a Long Time Gone—A harmless (and endless) evening devoted to the poems and songs of the late Richard Fariña. They are recited and sung by three pleasant young men and three pleasant young women. With Jessica Harper. (Fortune, 62 E. 4th St. 473-9698. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Follies—An ambitious attempt to tell some home truths, marred by a pedestrian book. Several very good songs by Stephen Sondheim and, as usual, a superlative production by Harold Prince. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Godspell—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

El Hajj Malik: The Dramatic Life and Death of Malcolm X—A play by N. R. Davidson, Jr. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Jesus Christ Superstar—A musical extravaganza with some pleasing songs and performers, adrift in a storm of Tom O'Horgan stage effects. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

James Joyce Memorial Liquid Theatre—This import from Los Angeles is more calisthenic than dramatic, and considerable participation of one kind or another is expected from the audience. The show has nothing whatever to do with James Joyce. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. 348-9254. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 11.)

Lenny—Cliff Gorman as the late night-club comedian Lenny Bruce, surrounded by extraordinary visual and auditory metaphors of the society he reviled and longed to make over, and whose legal representatives helped to destroy him. Directed by Tom O'Horgan. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Lovely Light—Dorothy Stickney in a single benefit performance of the one-woman show that she adapted several years ago from the poems and letters of Edna St. Vincent Millay. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Monday, Dec. 6, at 9. For information about tickets, call 799-2200, Ext. 203.)

Love Me, Love My Children—This musical from Canada has a lively and stylish score by Robert Swerdlow, and it is performed with snap and sparkle by an especially engaging young company. The words, also by Mr. Swerdlow, are unobtrusive. (The theme is tribal youth again.) Setting by Jo Mielziner. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Master Builder—Even this shallow, lacklustre production cannot dim Ibsen's blazing play, in a bright translation by Michael Meyer. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7161. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sun-

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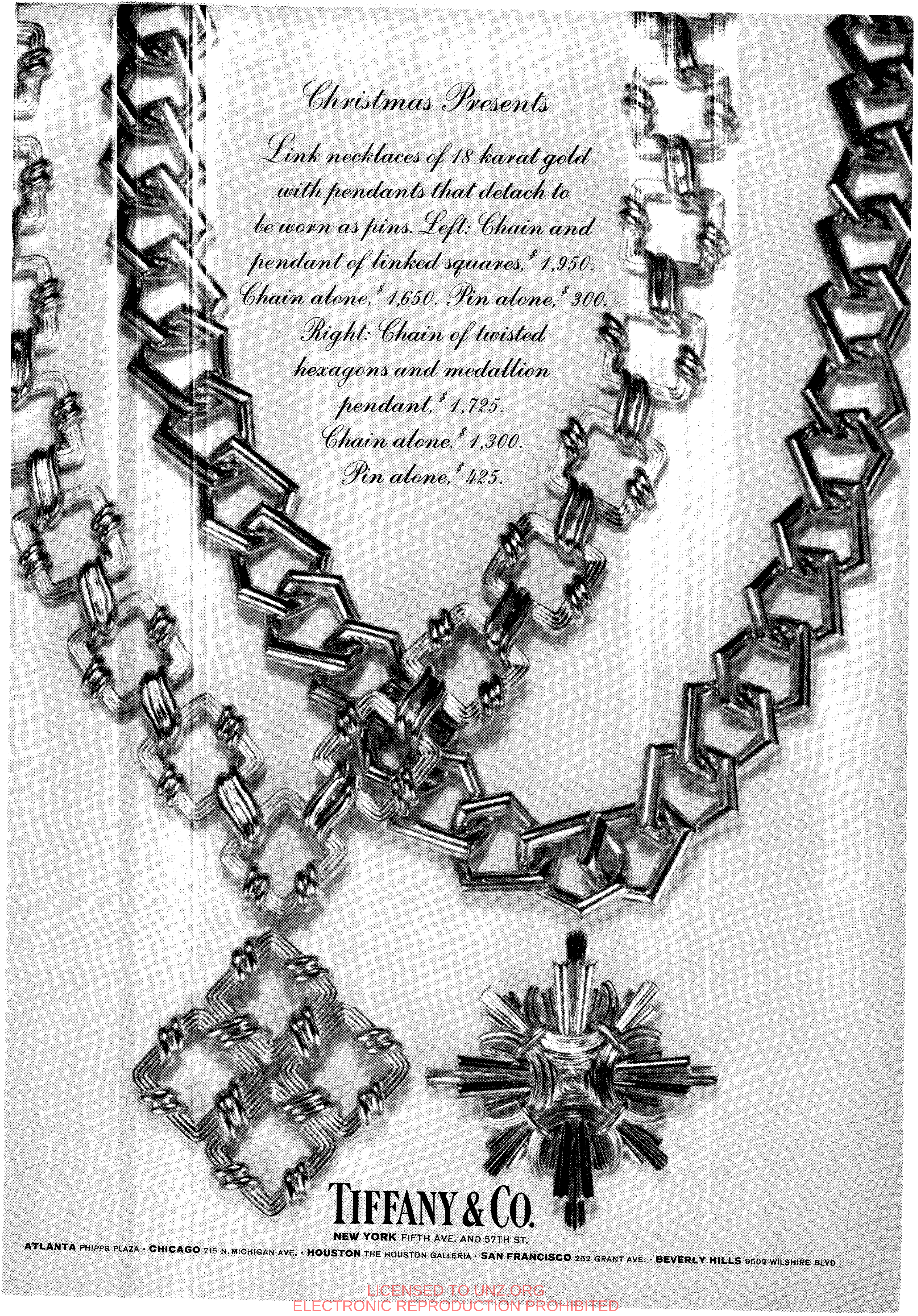

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 19.)

Old Times—The latest Pinter ghost story, full of scary silences. With Robert Shaw, Mary Ure, and Rosemary Harris. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The performances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Only Fools Are Sad—An English-language version of an Israeli musical by Dan Almagor. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

On the Town—A musical that sounds even older than its twenty-seven years. Bernadette Peters, Donna McKechnie, Phyllis Newman, Remak Ramsay, and Ron Husmann work terribly hard. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Peter Falk and Lee Grant in Neil Simon's latest comedy, in which we are made to laugh all evening long at how miserable we are (and deserve to be) as resident New Yorkers. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Proposition—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin, Judy Kahan, and Paul Kreppel provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer-Shaw, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

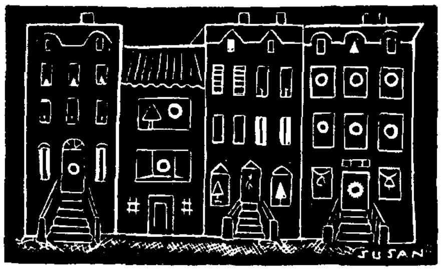
Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Schiller's **MARY STUART**, translated and adapted by Stephen Spender, with Nancy Marchand and Salome Jens. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 18.)... ¶ At the Forum, in the same building: Athol Fugard's play **PEOPLE ARE LIVING THERE**, with Estelle Parsons and Leonard Frey. (Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 4.)

Sticks and Bones—David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. The acting, under Jeff Bleckner's direction, is all that any playwright could wish for. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Sty of the Blind Pig—The Negro Ensemble Company offers us its strongest cast to date in Phillip Hayes Dean's sad (and funny) play about the brief, abrupt love affair of a blind, wandering street singer and a spinster in her late thirties, and about much else besides. Moses Gunn and Frances Foster give splendid performances in the leading roles, and they are well supported by Clarice Taylor and Adolph Caesar. Shauneille Perry directed. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 26.)

To Live Another Summer—Surely this was put together by the Chamber of Commerce of Tel Aviv? Enough yet. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Twigs—Four loosely linked playlets about married life. Sada Thompson plays four women, to surprisingly witty effect, and is surrounded by an exceptionally good cast. The author is George Furth. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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2 Gentlemen of Verona—The New York Shakespeare Festival's musical adapted from Shakespeare's play by John Guare and Mel Shapiro. The lyrics are by Mr. Guare, Galt MacDermot composed the score, and the cast is headed by Jonelle Allen, Raul Julia, and La Lupe. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 1. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 1, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 2.)

The Wedding of Iphigenia Plus Iphigenia in Concert—From London, a musical adapted by Doug Dyer from Euripides' "Iphigenia in Aulis," with a score by Peter Link performed by a rock chorus of women. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Where Has Tommy Flowers Gone?—Terrence McNally's episodic comedy about the one-man rebellion against our society of a compulsive prankster and émigré to this city from St. Petersburg, Florida. The play lacks the force and bite of true satire, but it is quite entertaining most of the time. With Robert Drivas and, among other strong supporting actors, F. Murray Abraham. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 12.)

Wild and Wonderful—A musical with a score and lyrics by Bob Goodman, adapted from an original work by Bob Brotherton and Bob Miller. Phil (how did Phil get in here?) Phillips wrote the book. The cast, directed by Burry Fredrik, is headed by Walter Willison, Laura McDuffie, Robert Burr, Larry Small, and Ted Thurston. Previews through Monday, Dec. 6. Opens officially on Tuesday, Dec. 7. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**APPLAUSE:** Anne Baxter, Janice Lynde, and Brandon Maggart in a rip-roaring musical version of the movie "All About Eve." (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** Gloria Swanson, David Huffman, and Pamella Bellwood are now in this little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)... **COMPANY:** A musical with Larry Kert, Carol Richards, Vivian Blaine, and lots of others romping their sweet/sour way through Stephen Sondheim's music and lyrics. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother (Joan Blondell) of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** 1,605 performances so far. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 4,823 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** 3,001 performances so far. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** 1,509 performances so far. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** 1,249 performances so far. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES:** John Guare's farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **NO, NO, NANETTE:** A revival of the Youmans musical of 1925, with Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and with sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. Burt Shevelove directed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE ROTHSCHILDS:** One man's family, with music. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **1776:** A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SLEUTH:** A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Paul Rogers and Keith Baxter. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 8: "Episodes," "Allegro Brillante," "The Cage," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8: "Swan Lake," "The Concert," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Friday, Dec. 3, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Episodes," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "La Valse."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 4, at 2: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 1" (formerly called "Reveries") and "The Goldberg Variations."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Four Last Songs," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 5, at 1: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3" and "Dances at a Gathering."... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 5, at 7: "The Concert," "Four Last Songs," and "Divertimento No. 15."... **THE NUTCRACKER:** Thursday and Friday, Dec. 9-10, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2 and 8. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 20.)

Maurice Béjart's Ballet of the Twentieth Century—Final performances of a two-week engagement—Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 2 and 8, and Saturday, Dec. 4, at 2: "Bhakti," "Symphonie Pour un Homme Seul," and "Firebird."... ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 2-4, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 5, at 2: "Renard," "Firebird," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 19—Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 7:30: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Choral Dances," and "Revelations."... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 8, and Friday, Dec. 10, at 8: "Time Out of Mind," "Flowers," and "Revelations."... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8: "Streams," "Mary Lou's Mass" (première), and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2: "Streams," "Mary Lou's Mass," and "Blues Suite."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8: "Time Out of Mind," "Mary Lou's Mass," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nal performances here, before leaving for Phnom Penh. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 7:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 8-9, at 8:30.)

DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM—A benefit program consisting of "Holberg Suite," "Forces of Rhythm" (première), "The Beloved" (première), and "Rhythmetron." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8. For information about tickets, call MU 7-9005.)

MISCELLANY

EDO FESTIVAL MUSIC AND PANTOMIME—Four musicians and four dancers from Tokyo, appearing here for the first time. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—The James Cotton Blues Band is here through Monday, Dec. 6. On Thursday, Dec. 9, Taj Mahal, who grew up in Harlem, was graduated from Amherst, sculpts, builds model airplanes, and plays and sings country blues, will come in with his harmonica and his National steel-bodied guitar. Coffee and tea are available. Tuesdays are reserved for visiting performers. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 8.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Jazz, soul food, red tablecloths—a formula that works well these days. Wednesdays through Sundays, pianist Cedar Walton leads a trio. On Monday, Dec. 6, the Johnny Williams trio will play, and on Tuesday, Dec. 7, the Norman Simmons duo. Music from nine-thirty to three.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. The music is quietly lively, and it runs from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 3-4, Nick Holmes will sing and play guitar. Through Saturday, Dec. 4, Warren Bernhardt will play piano while Mike Mainieri handles vibes. On Tuesday, Dec. 7, guitarist Charlie Brown will bring in a trio. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass player substitute for the regulars. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

CELLAR, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A new, polished restaurant whose only anomaly is the acoustics: loud and clear in the bar but faint and obscure in the dining area. Bassist Earl May leads a quartet in some inventive if standard jazz Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music from ten to four.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Madrigal and fugue, fantasy and fun put their heads together when Marian McPartland sits down at her piano in the sort of surroundings in which all jazz should be heard. Eight to one is her stint; on Sundays, Sammy Price, whose long roots go back as far as boogie-woogie, is on piano from seven to midnight.

GASLIGHT, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—Brick walls, wooden benches, coffee, tea, and cider. Through Monday, Dec. 6, Southern singer Rita Coolidge is collaborating with an experienced group called the Dixie Flyers. They share the bill with Sweetpie until Wednesday, Dec. 8, when Mitch Ryder and Detroit—who in this softer era still bear down hard and heavy—come along. Also coming along will be Albert Collins, a Texas type who likes the blues. Music nightly, but Tuesdays are given over to visiting entertainers.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Home (and a sweet one) for the six-stringed instrument. Classical guitarist Bill Matthews, who can play de Falla like an Andalusian breeze, is trading sets with the Sam Brown duo. On Wednesday, Dec. 8, guitarists Al Hanlon and Sal Salvador will arrive. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty until two-thirty. Soul food.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Sit back and listen with confidence, for the reliable Zoot Sims quartet is on the stand. They play every night but Monday, when Clark Terry's seventeen-piece band has the stage to itself. Light Italian dishes are served.

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JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Pianist Eddie Thompson and bassist Dr. Lyn Christie are collaborating in this bar whose chief virtue (other than the music) is its freshly popped popcorn. The duo plays Fridays through Sundays. Mr. Thompson plays alone Tuesdays through Thursdays. On Mondays, another competent pianist, Lance Hayward, fills in. Nine until closing.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland turned out by a group that includes Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Eddie Locke. Closed Sundays.

PEEWEE'S, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—A dim, funky bar that is run by, for, and because of the people, who are responding by filling the house. The house isn't much to look at, but the jazz is potent and often technically complex. Thursdays, Nina Sheldon sits at the piano and sings. Fridays through Sundays, vocalist Sandi Hewitt is backed by a group known as Station 3. Soul-food dinners. Music from nine until closing. N.B.: Not for beginners.

RAFIKI, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Musically provocative and gastronomically soulful. Wednesday, Dec. 1, Dee Dee Bridgewater will sing with the Bob Cunningham quartet. Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 2-5, the place will be turned over to Herbie Hancock's human-dynamo sextet, with Julian Priester on trombone, Benny Maupin on reeds, and Buster Williams on drums. Beginning Tuesday, Dec. 7, Irene Reid will sing with a quartet. Music from nine-thirty until two.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A banjo band smiles and makes music from the back of an old fire engine. Beer and peanuts. Polar bears and occasional old flicks. Closed Mondays.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Elvin Jones, superstar, will be here with a quintet that includes saxist Joe Farrell and pianist Jan Hammer through Sunday, Dec. 5. McCoy Tyner's rapid-fire foursome takes over on Tuesday, Dec. 7. The room is a bit tired around the edges, and so is the neighborhood, but the sound draws a crowd. Closed Mondays.

TRUDE HELLER'S, Sixth Ave. at 9th St. (254-8346)—Soulosify alternates with the eclectic Midnight Sun in this old landmark that recently shifted from schlock to jazz. Music from nine to three. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Pianist Bill Evans explores various regions of impeccability with his trio every night but Monday, when new talent is auditioned. On Tuesdays, a trio led by Daphne Hellman, whose harp sings, takes turns with the regulars. Limited dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—T-Bone Walker, a veteran blues singer and guitarist of the hit-'em-hard school, leads his quintet through Sunday, Dec. 5. On Tuesday, Dec. 7, Thelonious Monk will bring in his quartet. Mondays are reserved for the mighty seventeen-piece Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music begins at nine-thirty, in theory.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Nat Jones and Herbie Lewis play Mondays through Wednesdays, and Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Balaban & Cats, a six-man outfit, produces some pretty hot Dixieland every Sunday from six-thirty to eleven. On Sunday, Dec. 5, pianist Dick Wellstood will sit in. The other nights of the week, this anachronous place offers whoop-de-do and a banjo band.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

C'EST MOI, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Underneath the arches, I will keep a rendezvous with you, etc. Downstairs is a restaurant named Sam's. The upstairs arched room is open for dancing to discs from nine until three-thirty every night.

L'ETOILE, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Urbanity is the mood; glass, metal, and carpeting help create it. Dinner and supper are presided over by an experienced chef. Dancing, to recorded music, on Saturdays only, from eleven to three.

GRAPE, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—The old Yellowfinger's has reopened in purple splendor, the motif being the fruit of the vine, along with cheese and things. The sound system is as good as ever, as are the drinks. Dancing from three on Sundays, from five other days. Closed Mondays.

HIPPOPOTAMUS, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those ego-gratifying pleasure domes, where you are supposed to feel glad they let you in. The décor is British-in-India. Dancing to records from nine-thirty. An ample menu every night but Sunday, when only snacks are served. Reservations are required for dining.

NICO'S, in the Hotel Delmonico, Park Ave. at 59th St. (355-2500)—Some rock, some jazz—some hybrid. But with people like Earl Hines around, who cares about the rest of it? He will reign here with his quartet through Saturday, Dec. 4. Dee Felice and the Mixed Feelings return on Monday, Dec. 6. When these live people aren't performing, old Motown and Stax-Volt records spin, and everybody is supposed to dance. Supper. Music from eight-thirty to two every night but Sunday.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Little Egypt. People dance in this sphinx-filled restaurant to an assortment of records, some fast, some slow. Three times a night, Clint Holmes sings with an outfit called the Bacchanal. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

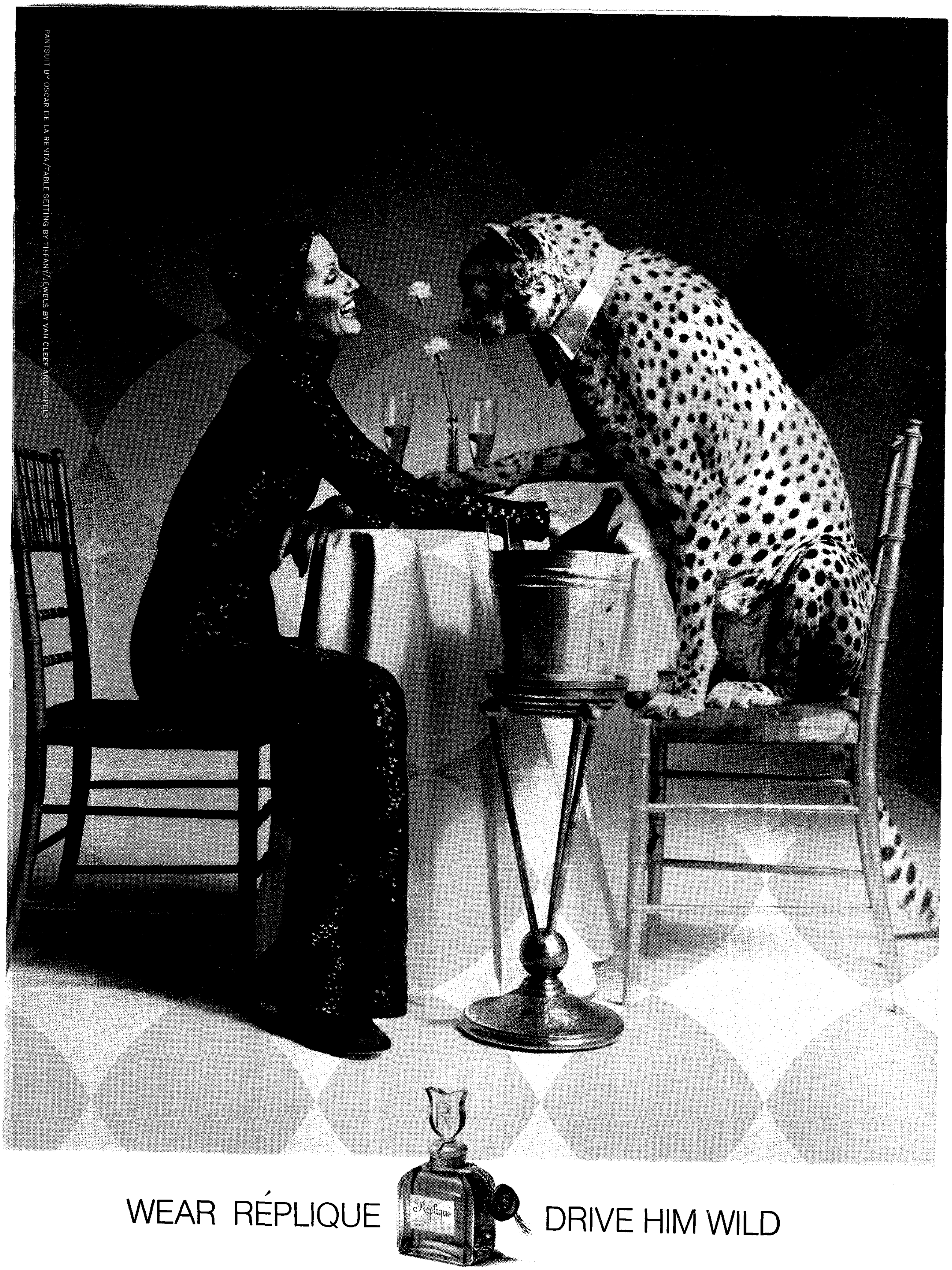
THURSDAY'S 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—Round-the-clock action is the idea, but this insomniac principle is operative only on Fridays and Saturdays, when the doors stay open all day and all night. There are two restaurant floors, two bars, and a dance floor situated on a kind of floating mezzanine. Dancing to tapes. A fairly full menu.

TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—By gum and oh wow, the good old times are often used as backdrops for the good new times, which may explain why hot pants can be seen shaking beneath Tiffany-type lamps. Upstairs is for fancy hamburgers and such. Downstairs is for dancing to records from eight until three.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A bit of the Corn


PANTSUIT BY OSCAR DE LA RENTA/TABLE SETTING BY TIFFANY/JEWELS BY VAN CLEEF AND ARPELS
Réplique
WEAR RÉPLIQUE
DRIVE HIM WILD

Perfume, Spray Mist, Eau de Toilette.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Belt, but a bit of the Rhine Belt, too (*schuhplattler* dancers and a sort of brass band), and the two get along famously and cacophonously. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th. (752-8080)—The main event, as far as Wednesday, Dec. 8, is La Zambra, which is flamboyant and flamenco in equal measure. On Thursday, Dec. 9, Roberto Ledesma, a fulminating tenor, will be added to the galaxy. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **flamenco room,** there is activity, well along in the evening, by vocal and physical athletes who are Madrileños in every respect, performing in a casually formless format until early morn. No Sundays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Jerry Vale, a singer who pursues the uneven tenor of his ways, and Dick Capri, a narrator smarter than most, depart on Wednesday, Dec. 1, and next evening Doc Severinsen, a ruler of the air waves, moves his assemblage of jazzmen, singers, dancers, and whatnot in. No silent nights. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, one can still evoke the illusion that he is in typical, tropical, topical Las Vegas surroundings. The music, just voice and piano, begins at ten. No quiet nights here, either.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**la forêt,** where every prospect pleases, remains serene even when a set of Peter Duchin undergraduates (P. D. himself will briefly, beginning on Tuesday, Dec. 7, join his conglomerate) suddenly go Dixie on the bandstand, for no harm can come within this magic circle—a French magic circle, all the way from chef to sommelier. Eight-thirty until two-thirty, but, alas, only on a five-day week—Tuesday through Saturday. . . . ¶ Phil Wayne, who carried off the prize for the best dance music of the past season, spends Sundays and Mondays in the **café** with a smaller crew (just three), seven-thirty until quite late; Herb Winner's triad is on duty all the other nights.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **persian room,** Myron Cohen is telling Just So stories from the jungles of Seventh Avenue, and Bobbi Martin is popping her soprano voice. They finish up on Saturday, Dec. 4, and on Monday, Dec. 6, in comes Enzo Stuarti, whose tenor is *appassionato* and *paisano*. Burt Farber and Mark Monte are on the bandstand, heading up their crews. The star turns go on at ten during the week, at nine and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Sundays are silent. What was known as the Edwardian Room is now the **green tulip,** and a brace of new characters, Sig and Gary, who are strolling musicians, disport themselves therein. In **plaza 9** are thirteen new young people in a sort of revue whose music is carry-me-back-to-the-nineteen-twenties; this is done at eight and eleven every night but Monday. In the **palm court** at night (except Sundays), a pair of old family retainers (Ernest Schoen and Jules Kuti) commune on fiddle and piano; Sandu Marcu, a violin man of long standing, is still on hand from four-thirty until seven-thirty. **plaza 9,** by the way, has a telephone of its own: PL 9-3933.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The way Helen O'Connell sings has little to do with now or mod, but it has a bouquet of its own, like a modest but sound French wine. Supported in style by a crew in which Milt Hinton is prominent, she appears during dinner and supper. The dance music while she is here is on tape. Closed Sundays.

Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444)—Sy Oliver's playbook brims with the complex arrangements that made him famous in the days when the path of music was not as rocky and rolly, and in the hands of his current orchestra they still sound like little works of art. Never mind about the other music. Six until two, but no Sundays.

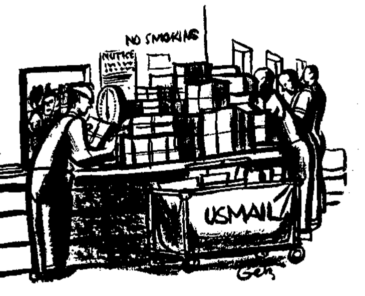
St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **maisonette** continues to support life in the manner to which it should always be accustomed. Tommy Leonetti does dinner and supper song recitals, and they are surrounded, from seven-thirty until two, by the music of George Cort's orchestra. On Monday, Dec. 6, Mr. Leonetti gives way to Peter Nero, who began life as a jazz pianist in the Village grottoes but has added touches of strawberry frosting to his basic diet. Closed Sundays. . . . **la boite,** the prepossessing little chamber across the way, is exactly the setting for the chamber music that issues from the violin plied by that midtown landmark Gunnar Hansen. A better man for the job would be hard to find. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ And what a fine idea to pair guitarists as puissant as George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli, then to station them, at half past nine every evening but Sunday and Monday, in the minute **st. regis room!** No dining, no dancing, but who needs it here?

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Anthony Newley, who manages to make himself a quite special music-hall turn, is talking and singing in the **empire room** during dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

café carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The *pied-à-terre* of Bobby Short, his songs of the world's worldliest world, and his men-at-arms, Beverly Peer and Dick *Sheridan. It amounts to a quite elaborate* literacy test. Usually not before ten. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **dangerfield's,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays. . . . **dionysos,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): The *son-et-lumière* festival that brings the Acropolis to life every night is easily matched right in this spot. Eat, dance (sometimes to rock), and be merry from nine until very, very late, and admire the scenery. Closed Sundays. . . . **adonis,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Games, more Aegean scenery, more song, dance, and bouzouki—and thereby more fun, from eight-thirty until four, though (in the Greek fashion) never on Sunday. . . . **al mounia,** in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): One of the seven wonders of the Moroccan world, and something to be seen by everyone at least once—i.e., a great place to start restaging the Arabian Nights. There's piano in one corner from six until whenever (after nine-thirty, it's by Jacques Kayal, a French-singing, non-Bogart Casablancan). Closed Sundays. . . . **chez vito,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Sort of a New World *café chantant*, what with Leyna Gabriele and her chorus singing away from a midway table and a set of fiddlers in almost constant motion. Closed Sundays. . . . **a quiet little table in the corner,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Bubber Johnson plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **mykonos,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): Greek meets Greek in an inn on the well-known island, dines *à la grecque*, and nods with the beat of an agile Athenian trio. All quite jovial, and every night but Sunday. . . . **la chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): *En famille* with Rita Dimitri, a fine figure of a soubrette who, surveying her small domain from the top of a piano, sings, or talks-sings, during dinner and supper, in a manner distinctly not women's lib. Dancing, too, in this neat pocket park. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Anyone—be he waiter, busboy, or barkeep—who can carry a tray is required to carry a tune in this not especially disguised or especially sedate school of the opera. Closed Mondays. . . . **limelight,** 91 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. (OR 5-2212): Mare Nostrum, and musicians of the small worlds that border it to the south and to the east. The most prominent sound is the agile trumpet wielded by Yakov Uriel. Nine until four, except Mondays; and indigenous nourishment.



SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

iperbole, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In the well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The setting is circa 1975, but the music (the voice and guitar of Dino Palermo, a genuine exponent of *la dolce vita*) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Belowstairs, in an equally ornamented, compartmented grotto, dance music flows from a dulcet threesome, seven-thirty to one-thirty, though not on Sundays. . . . **château henri iv,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henry IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by *Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays* through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rambunctious. . . . **rembrandt room,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): As handsome as a townhouse can possibly be, and as formal, too. George Feyer, last of the Hapsburgs, gives his piano (and occasional lyrics) the flavor that has always been a secret ingredient of Vienna. No sound on Sundays or Mondays. . . . **carlton bar-restaurant,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, justifiable pride of Western Australia, is holidaying in this fetching ancestral hall, where, from five-thirty until eleven-thirty, he is serving up his own keyboard specialties, the recipes for which remain his secret. The ancestral hall is ready to serve dinner until ten. No music Saturdays or Sundays. . . . **sherry-netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A proper perspective on life after dark is afforded by the bar-and-grill, where one's prandial career is ad-lib and at-leisure. Every night except Sunday and Monday, Tony Gorody plays good, worldly piano from around six until as late as necessary. . . . **the griffin,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): The dinner piano (seven-thirty to eleven) is the work of Ray Onley, and it is such a quiet searching out of the possibilities in today's American music that one is tempted to stay on and on in this pleasurable and polite refectory. Closed Sundays. . . . **monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Invasions of privacy are not unheard of, for a troupe of serenaders can pop up beside one's butter plate on short notice, or none at all, and until fairly late at night. Well, when in Rome . . . Closed Sundays. . . . **la bibliothèque,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hill town (pop. 70) at the very cul-de-sac end of the street, high above First Avenue, wherefore the view is as good as the ambience and the ease. Norman Rollings, voice-over-piano, sits midway between bar and restaurant from eight until one Mondays through Thursdays, from nine until two Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **la bibliothèque verte,** 308 E. 59th St. (832-3814): It's run by the same librarians, and it looks more outdoors than bookworm. It sounds that way, too, when Jerry Scott applies easy voice and piano to songs that don't often come our way. His work week: from nine until two through the week, ten to three Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **sign of the dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, a country cousin from down South, gives the piano in the bar an air of being very well educated and extremely good-natured. He is in session from six until one, though not on Mondays. . . . **drake room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old standby. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the piano to other hands on Sundays. . . . **barclay hotel,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): A brace of Lester Lanin's boys go plink-plink on the Barclay Terrace during the cocktail session and in the Gold Room during dinner. Monday

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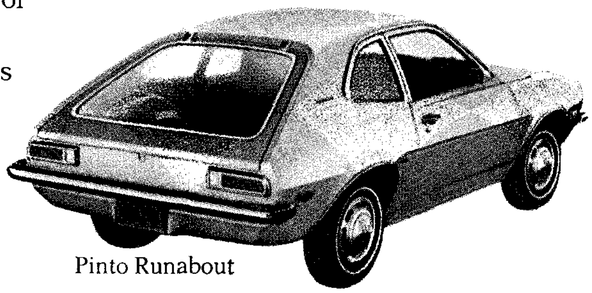
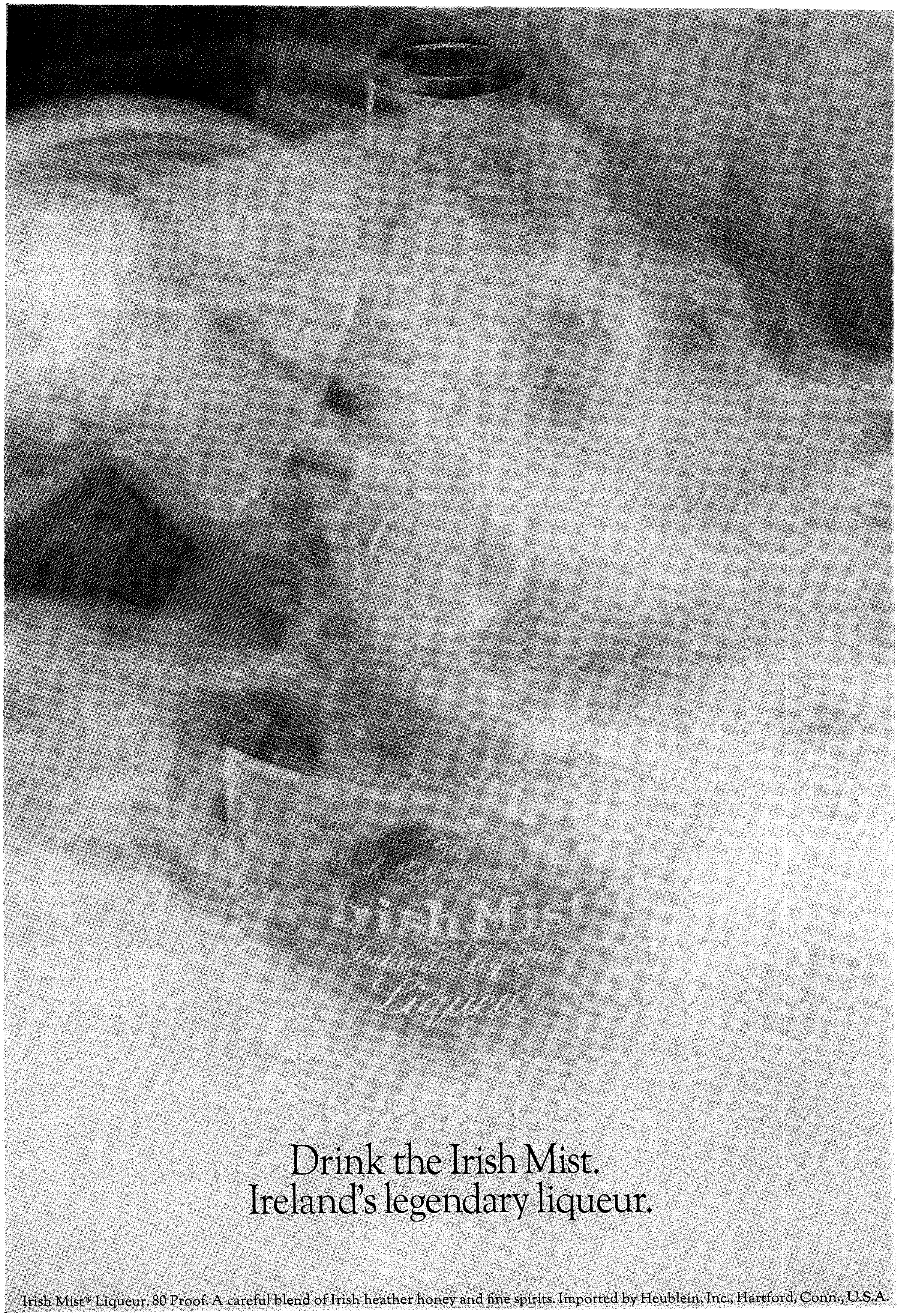


Pinto Runabout

Pinto

Different where it counts.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Friday is the extent of this pleasant idea. . . . **JOHNNY ANGEL'S**, 232 E. 58th St. (758-5665): In remembrance of Goldie's New York, one of the city's best playgrounds, Wayne Sanders (long a part of that enterprise) does piano, nine to two, in a spot rather reminiscent of the original. Closed Sundays. . . . **JACK DELANEY**, 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Like Johnny Angel's (*vide supra*), a recollection of the disused supper clubs whose piano men set a mood that kept one ear alert for conversation and the other alert for the music. The practitioners in this extremely matter-of-fact Village grill are Charles De Forest (Monday and Tuesday) and Murray Grand (the rest of the nights). Eight to two.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

LEONARD BASKIN—Twenty figurative bronzes and twenty-five drawings; through Dec. 31. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

MAX BECKMANN (1884-1950)—Paintings, drawings, and graphics; through Jan. 15. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

HOWARD BUCHWALD—The artist's first one-man show in New York of abstract color paintings; through Dec. 16. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

PAOLO CALZOLARI—The first one-man show in New York of the artist's works in light, sound, and words; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

PIERRE CLERK—The first one-man show in New York of geometric black-and-white paintings by this American who studied in Europe; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

CALVERT COGGESHALL—Paintings by a veteran abstractionist; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

CORNEILLE—Figurative Expressionist paintings by a founder of the Cobra group; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES H. DAUGHERTY—Oils, pastels, watercolors, and drawings from 1914 to the present by this eighty-two-year-old artist who was an early painter of abstractions in New York; starting Saturday, Dec. 4. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

GENE DAVIS—Two exhibits of paintings consisting of vertical stripes; through Dec. 18. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Fischbach, 489 Broome St. Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.)

JOSÉ DE CREEFT—Forty-eight drawings, the majority of them recent; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

RICHARD DIEBENKORN—Recent abstractions in the "Ocean Park" series by the prominent West Coast painter; starting Saturday, Dec. 4. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LOIS DODD—Paintings in which landscapes (mostly in Maine) are reflected in house windows, often along with the artist; through Dec. 19. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

GABRIELLE DRAGO—Colorful beach scenes and abstractions; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Panoras, 62 W. 56th St.)

WILLIAM F. DRAPER—Realistic paintings of scenes in Ecuador; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

LYNNE DREXLER—Abstract landscapes in oil and studies in crayon; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

NANCY DROSD—Large stuffed figures made of painted vinyl and caricaturing contemporary types, some suspended from the ceiling; first one-man show in New York. Through Dec. 31. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Saturdays.)

JACOB EPSTEIN (1880-1959)—A retrospective of sculptures, watercolors, drawings, and one oil by this New Yorker knighted in England and renowned for his monuments and portrait sculptures; starting Tuesday, Dec. 7. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JIMMY ERNST—Abstract paintings in gouache by this well-known New Yorker; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG (1877-1960)—A hundred and fifty drawings covering the career of this famous illustrator; through Dec. 31. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

TIBOR FREUND—More of this artist's paintings that seem to move; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

GEORGE GILLSON—The artist's first one-man show of figurative and abstract paintings that stress drawing; through Wednesday, Dec. 8. (Prince Street Gallery, 106 Prince St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

RUBE GOLDBERG (1883-1970)—Funny sculptures of people and animals by the celebrated cartoonist; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

NANCY GROSSMAN—Figures and heads covered with leather, zippered, stitched, or nailed; through Dec. 18. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT GWATHMEY—Figurative paintings and still-lifes; through Dec. 31. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH HIRSCH—Thirty-three paintings, including ten in circular shape, featuring women and symbolic themes by a veteran American; through Friday, Dec. 10. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

GARY HUDSON AND MICHAEL TODD—Floating areas of color against a background of squares by the first, and tall brushed-aluminum abstract sculptures by the second; starting Saturday, Dec. 4. (Palley, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

MARCEL JEAN—Small surreal compositions done between 1935 and 1948 by the historian of Surrealist painting; starting Tuesday, Dec. 7. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

PAUL JENKINS—Eleven large paintings by this specialist in flowing pigments; through Dec. 18. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT KEYSER—Paintings of abstract forms derived from nature; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROY LICHTENSTEIN—About forty early and recent drawings; through Wednesday, Dec. 8. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

NOEL MAHAFFEY AND CHARLES WALDECK—Two one-man shows: realistic paintings of city scenes by the former and kinetic sculptures using light and sound by the latter; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

ROBERT MANGOLD—A showing of monochromatic paintings based on a geometrical scheme and running concurrently with his show at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum; through Dec. 18. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALBERT MARQUET (1875-1947)—A benefit exhibition of seventy paintings by this contemporary of Matisse, Vlaminck, and Derain; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

GEORGE MITTENDORF—Twenty-five lightweight aluminum sculptures drawn into the shapes of "S" and "U" by wires; starting Tuesday, Dec. 7. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

BRUCE NAUMAN—"Sundry partitions in two rooms;" through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

TETSUO OCHIKUBO—Abstract watercolors, color lithographs, and etchings; starting Tuesday, Dec. 7. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

ANNE POOR—Landscapes and flower still-lifes in oil and pastel; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

STEPHEN PORTER—Geometric sculptures in steel, aluminum, and copper; starting Tuesday, Dec. 7. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

PETER REGINATO—Lacquer-covered welded-steel abstract sculptures; through Thursday, Dec. 9. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWIN RUDA—Color paintings on unstretched canvas; through Dec. 15. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

KARL SCHRAG—Landscapes, interiors, and por-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

traits; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Sahl Swarz—Abstract sculptures in bronze and steel; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rufino Tamayo—Recent paintings by a leading Mexican who combines modern and folk modes; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Thom—Watercolors of Maine and European landscapes; through Dec. 18. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Van Hoeydonck—Chrome-plated figures representing the theme of the astronaut, also collages of women; through Dec. 18. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Wonner—Paintings, all thirty-six inches by twenty-seven, in the Surrealist vein; through Thursday, Dec. 9. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ossip Zadkine and Valentine Prax (Mrs. Ossip Zadkine)—More than seventy sculptures by the former, plus drawings, and thirty paintings by the latter; starting Tuesday, Dec. 7. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Group Shows—At the **EMMERICH**, 41 E. 57th St.: Pre-Columbian art and Navajo blankets, Sioux beadwork, and other art of Indians of the United States; starting Saturday, Dec. 4. (Closed Mondays.)... **GIUDICE**, 484 Broome St.: Sculptures by John Chamberlain, Mark di Suvero, and Richard Serra, and paintings by Jo Baer and Jane Logemann; through Dec. 18. (Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)... **HUTTON**, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: More than a hundred Russian avant-garde paintings, sculptures, and constructions from 1908 to 1922 by, among others, Goncharova, Larionov, Lissitzky, Malevich, Popova, Rodchenko, Jawlensky, and Kandinsky; through Dec. 18. (Closed Mondays.) A complement to this exhibit is the Russian avant-garde show at the New York Cultural Center.... **KNOEDLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings on the theme of the American Indian; through Dec. 31.... **LERNER-MISRACHI**, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Twentieth-century paintings by D'Arcangelo, Bellmer, Berman, Chagall, Dali, de Chirico, Ernst, Kandinsky, and de Kooning (to name several); through Dec. 24. (Closed Mondays.)... **NEW SCHOOL**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: American posters of political protest from 1966 to 1970—two hundred and sixteen by over a hundred artists; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 6.)... **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: Works by important Europeans and Americans, including Picasso, Matisse, Bonnard, Miró, Rothko, Arp, and Nevelson; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **PERIDOT-WASHBURN**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Examples of tinsel paintings, a folk art popular in the nineteenth century; through Dec. 23. (Closed Mondays.)... **PHOENIX**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Sculptures in paper by Eleanore Lockspeiser, intaglio prints by Lore Riess, and a large figurative triptych and smaller paintings by Peter Chapin; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Closed Mondays.)... **SACHS**, 29 W. 57th St.: American landscapes done in the twentieth century by Avery, Burchfield, Stuart Davis, Demuth, Dove, Hartley, Kline, O'Keeffe, Pollock, and a number of others; through Jan. 5. (Closed Mondays.)... **SELIGMANN**, 5 E. 57th St.: Master drawings from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth; through Saturday, Dec. 4.... **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: British and European paintings and drawings; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **TERRAIN**, 39 Grove St.: Paintings, drawings, and prints by three practitioners of "Aesthetic Realism"—Chaim and Dorothy Koppelman and Hank D'Amico; through Dec. 31. (Thursdays and Saturdays through Mondays, 2 to 6.)... **WEBER**, 420 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by Carl Andre, Dan Flavin, Sol Lewitt, Dale Henry, and others; through Dec. 10. (Closed Mondays.)... **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: One-man shows by six painters, a sculptor, and a printmaker, who are residents of this West Side artists' community; through Dec. 24. (Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)... **DORIS WIENER**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Indian miniature paintings from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; through Saturday, Dec. 4.... **WILLARD**, 29 E. 72nd St.: American folk art consisting of carvings, decoys, trade signs, and weathervanes; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Nineteenth-century East Indian paintings on cloth; through Saturday, Dec. 4.... ¶ During the holiday season, many galleries, with an eye on the Christmas tree, are exhibiting special selections of small paintings and sculptures, prints, and drawings: **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.; closed Mondays.... **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.... **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.... **MELTZER**, 783 Madison Ave., at 67th St.; closed Mondays.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A hundred paintings and a hundred prints by Josef Albers, exemplifying the work of this leading abstractionist from 1920 to the present; through Jan. 11.... ¶ The new Costume Institute showing comprises thirty complete costumes representing a variety of high-fashion clothing for women during the past two hundred years.... ¶ The European Paintings Galleries, just reopened, houses about seven hundred paintings arranged by national schools.... ¶ Five new galleries highlight the Museum's collection of American paintings and sculptures from the eighteenth century to the early twentieth.... ¶ The André Mertens Galleries for Musical Instruments hold eight hundred instruments, the west wing devoted to the European examples and the east wing given over to the Far and Near East, Oceania, Africa, and the Americas.... ¶ A hundred sculptures from Nigeria and Cameroon; through Tuesday, Dec. 7.... ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir, done between the seventh century and the nineteenth; through Jan. 30. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the paintings and sculptures of Barnett Newman (1909-70), including his much-discussed series, "Stations of the Cross;" through Jan. 10.... ¶ An extended structure of four-foot tetrahedral modules by Tony Smith, whose Minimal constructions carry overtones of reference; through Jan. 31.... ¶ Stained and sprayed unstretched canvases suspended from the ceiling by Sam Gilliam, a Washington, D.C., artist; through Monday, Dec. 6. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred and thirty-two works, of which a hundred and seventeen are oil paintings and fifteen are drawings and watercolors, constitute the most comprehensive exhibition ever held in New York of Piet Mondrian (1872-1944). It begins with the artist's earliest, naturalistic works of 1889-92 and covers the evolution of his style until his death. Through Dec. 12.... ¶ Twenty-five shaped canvases, monochromes, reliefs, and serial compositions by Robert Mangold, a Minimalist; through Jan. 2. A complement to this exhibit is his show of paintings at the Fischbach Gallery, 29 W. 57th St. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Three hundred and fourteen art objects produced in fifty-seven North American Indian tribes during the past two hundred years. The works include masks, headdresses, tobacco pipes, totem poles, war clubs, knives, shields, chests, and bowls. Through Jan. 9.... ¶ Forty-nine prints in exceptionally large sizes; through Dec. 12.... ¶ Paintings by Frank Bowling, a recently prominent black artist; through Monday, Dec. 6.... ¶ Fourteen sprayed canvases and eleven color studies by Jane Kaufman, a participant in the Whitney's recent "Structure of Color" exhibition; through Dec. 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, 15 W. 77th St.—Approximately a hundred costumes collected from areas extending from the Balkans to Siberia and from Vietnam to

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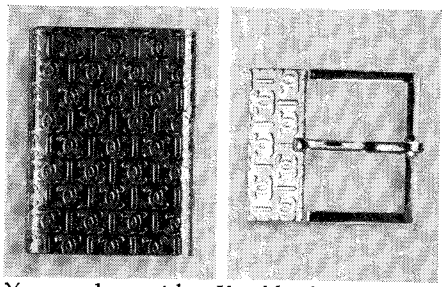

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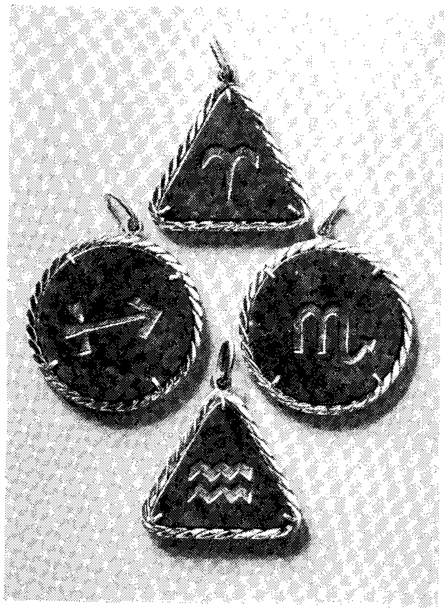

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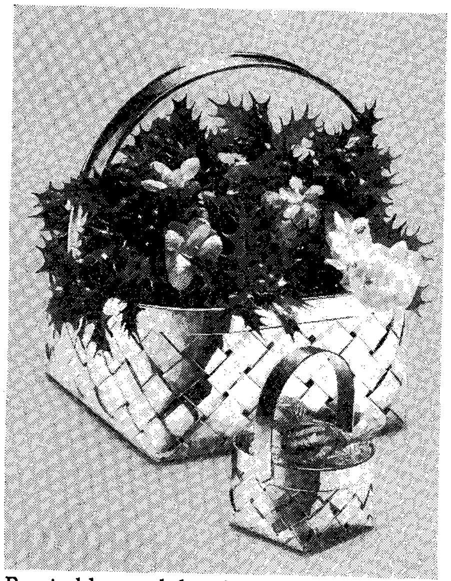

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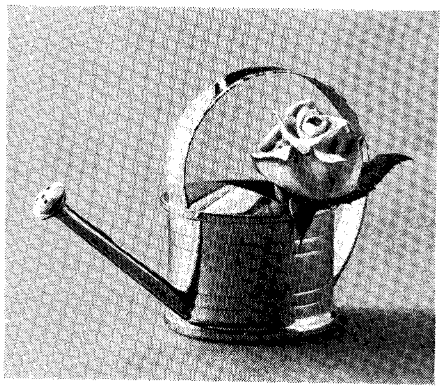

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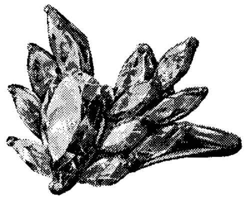

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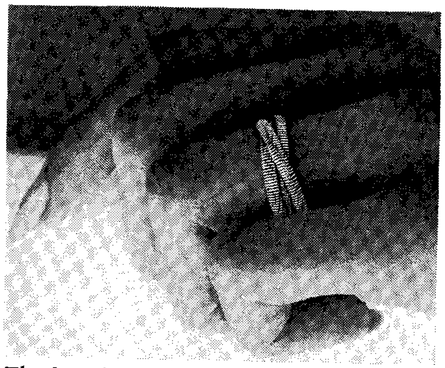

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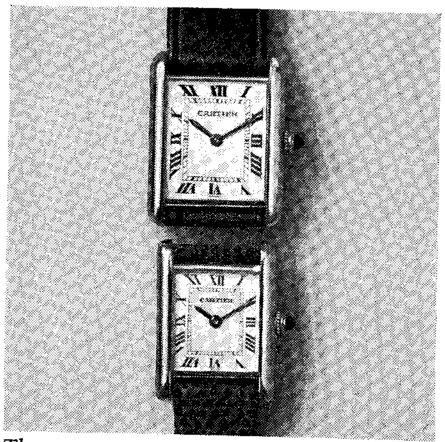

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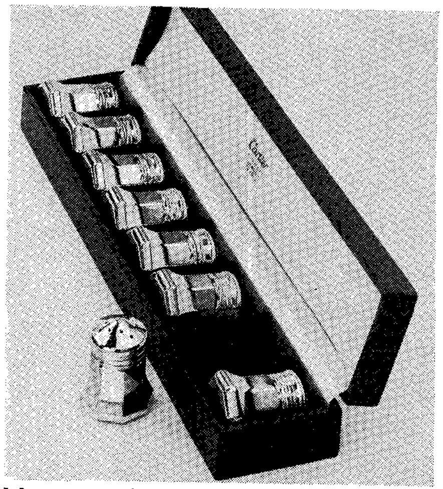

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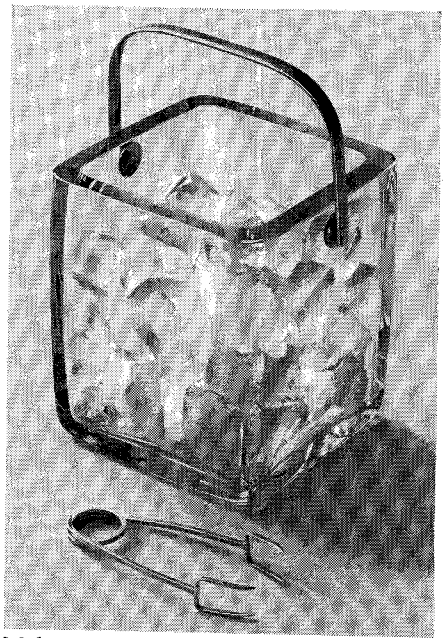

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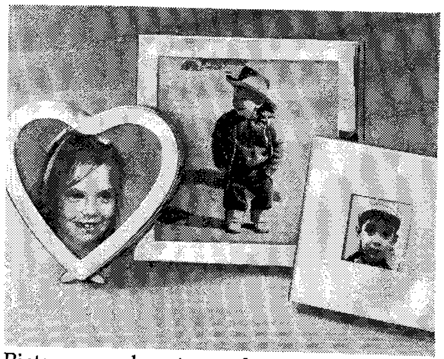

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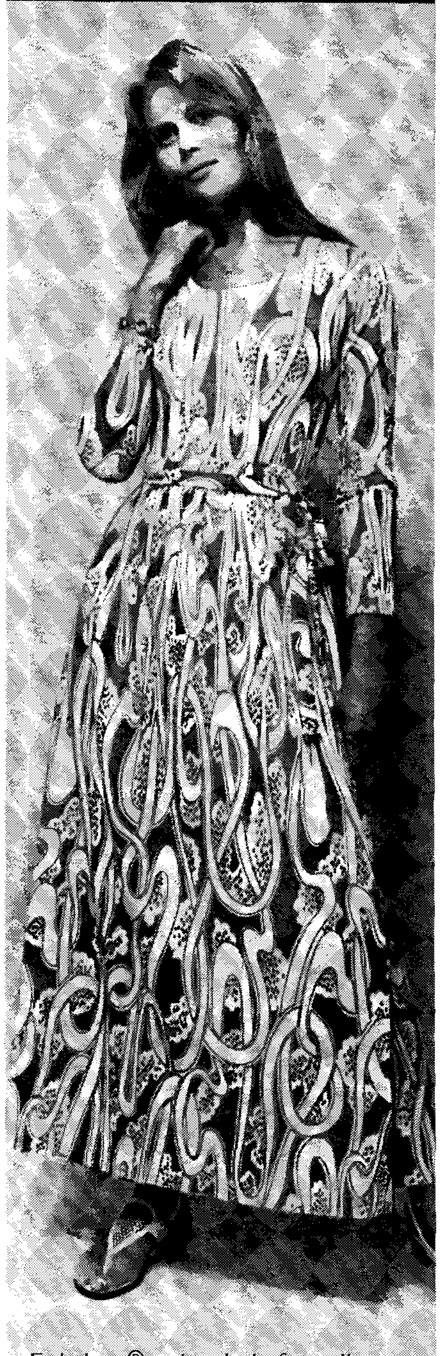

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AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings by such artists as Romare Bearden, Marcia Marcus, and Philip Pearlstein, eligible for purchase under the Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; through Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Drawings by forty-five members of the Institute; through Dec. 12. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—More than a hundred Chinese objects in gold and silver that go back as far as 1500 B.C.; through Jan. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Works by Michael Mazur and Paul Gedeohn concerned with problems of visual perception; through Jan. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Photographs and films by Roman Vishniac, plus a slide presentation, with a taped narration by Dr. Vishniac, on the life of the no longer existing Jewish communities of Eastern Europe; through Jan. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—The Blake collection of Mrs. Landon K. Thorne; through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Sixteenth-century Northern European drawings; through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Blake's illustrations for Milton; through Jan. 22. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Seventy-five examples of pre-Columbian Mexican art from 1200 B.C. to 1500 A.D. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Twenty dolls of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, including German Kewpies, French *bébés*, and early American rubber dolls; through Jan. 9. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—The exhibit of post-Revolutionary Soviet art organized by the British Arts Council and displayed earlier this year in London. It focusses on Constructivism, the dominant avant-garde movement in Russia in the early twenties, and incorporates a small sampling of paintings and sculptures. The emphasis is on more than three hundred architectural models, reconstructions of theatrical design, furnishings, artifacts, films, photographs, and posters. Through Dec. 24. A complement to this show is the Russian avant-garde exhibit at Hutton Galleries, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. . . . ¶ Five years of work by the European conceptual artist Benar Venet, who has promised to retire; through Jan. 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Sculptures from the Society's collection, mainly marble or plaster portrait busts but also bronze and wood carvings and furniture. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Sculptures and prints by Elizabeth Catlett, a veteran artist who draws on African, American, and Mexican cultural traditions; through Jan. 9. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 8: "Carmen," with Viorica Cortez, Adriana Maliponte, James King, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Nedda Casei, Ion Buzea, Robert Merrill, Ezio Flagello, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 3, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Shirley Love, Alfredo Kraus, Cornell MacNeil, Ezio Flagello, and James Morris. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 4, at 1:30: "Carmen," with Viorica Cortez, Adriana Maliponte, James King, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 4, at 7:30: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Helge Brilioth, William Dooley, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 6, at 8: "Luisa Miller," with Gabriella Tucci, Mignon Dunn, John Alexander, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Nedda Casei, Ion Buzea, Robert Merrill, Ezio Flagello, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8: "Faust," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Judith Forst, Alfredo Kraus, Mario Sereni, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 9, at 7:30: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Helge Brilioth, William Dooley, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 10, at 8: "Samson et Dalila," with Grace Bumbry, Richard Tucker, Gabriel Bacquier, John Macurdy, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2: "Luisa Miller," with Adriana Maliponte, Mignon Dunn, John Alexander, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8: "Tosca," with Gabriella Tucci, James King, Gabriel Bacquier, and Fernando Corena.

JOHN BROWNLEE OPERA THEATRE—The first New York performances of Smetana's "The Kiss," in English. Conducted by George Schick and staged by James Lucas. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 7:30, and Sunday, Dec. 12, at 3. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 3, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8:30; and Monday, Dec. 6, at 7:30 (all with Itzhak Perlman, violin); and Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 10, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:30; and Monday, Dec. 13, at 7:30 (all with Martina Arroyo, soprano). . . . **NOTE:** An hour before the concerts on Thursday and Friday, Dec. 2-3, Anthony Newman will give a half-hour all-Liszt organ recital.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 1, and Friday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.). . . ¶ Max Rudolf conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

MUSICA AETERNA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Josef Suk, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA—Howard Shanet and Donald Barra conducting. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8:30. For free tickets, call 280-3825.)

MANNES CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Carl Bamberger conducting. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8:30. No tickets necessary. . . . ¶ Same program; Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Thursday, Dec. 9, at 6:30. A limited number of free tickets are available at the Amsterdam Avenue entrance, but only to those applying for them in person after 4 on the day of the performance.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Lukas Foss conducting the first in a series of four-and-a-half-hour concerts, this one an all-Bach program including the six *Brandenburg Concertos*, chorales, and motets, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano, and the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 6.)

BACH ARIA GROUP—Seymour Lipkin directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

MANNES CHORUS—Harold Aks directing. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—David Randolph directing the first two in a series of five performances of Handel's "Messiah," with Sandra Darling, soprano, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 4, and Friday, Dec. 10, at 7:30.)

SINE NOMINE SINGERS AND CONSORT—Harry Saltzman directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

New York University Chorale Arts Society—E. Jon de Revere directing, with an orchestra, two brass choirs, and an organ. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider, Leslie Parnas, and Murray Perahia—Violin, cello, and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider and Annie Kavafian, violin; Arnold Steinhardt, violin and viola; Michael Tree, viola; and Leslie Parnas, cello. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 675-2700, Ext. 315. Sunday, Dec. 5, at 2 and 8.)

Henryk Szeryng—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Dec. 5, at 2:15.)

Mari Tsumara—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Monday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Eastman Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Mstislav Rostropovich—Cello. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

Janos Starker and György Sebok—The second in a series of recitals of sonatas for cello and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

Jerome Lowenthal—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano, in an all-Chopin concert. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Juilliard String Quartet—With William Masselos, piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Claude Frank and Lilian Kallir—Piano, in an all-Mozart program, some of it for four hands. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Paulette Hios—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Evelyn Lear and Thomas Stewart—Soprano and baritone. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Janos Starker—Cello. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Note—The Marlboro Trio will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Dec. 19, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Dec. 6, in the order that written applications are received on that day or thereafter (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

James Taylor—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 1-2, at 8, the first concert having been postponed from Sept. 12.

John Mayall and Band—Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 3-4, at 7:30 and 10:30.

George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8.

Brewer & Shipley—With Steve Goodman. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Hugh Masekela & the Union of South Africa and Jimmy and Vella—Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8.

Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons, Jay & Americans, Four Tops, and Martha Reeves & the Vandellas—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8.

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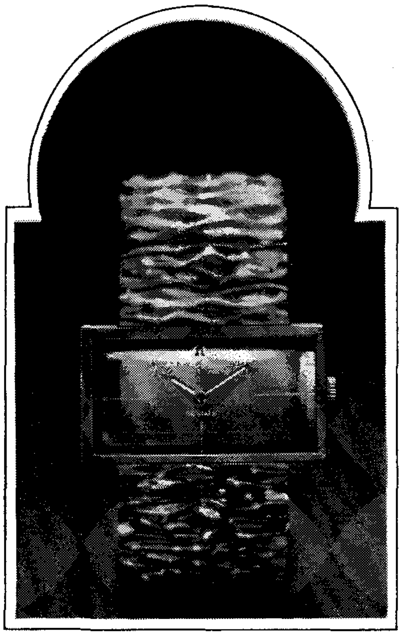

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sage—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday through Tuesday, Dec. 4-7 at 8.

Livingston Taylor—Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 5, at 3.

Curtis Mayfield—With Dennis Coffey & the Detroit Guitar Band and Ruby Jones. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Poco—Carnegie Hall. Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 7-9, at 8:30.

Sly and the Family Stone, Genya Ravan, and the Quin Aimes Band—Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8.

The Pentangle—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8: Knicks vs. Buffalo. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8: Knicks vs. Portland.

Boxing—Emile Griffith vs. Danny McAloon, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 10. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10:30.)

Dog Shows—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 11.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Buffalo. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 5, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Vancouver.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 12:30; through Wednesday, Dec. 15. The Display Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 4. . . . **LAUREL**, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Friday, Dec. 31.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Wednesday, Dec. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—"Gianni Schicchi," in English, performed by the Metropolitan Opera Studio and the Orchestra da Camera. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 8-10, at 10:30 and noon. For tickets, call 582-7500, Ext. 222, Mondays through Fridays between 9:30 and 5:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES**: "The Wizard of Oz." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 4-5, at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **SALVATORE GUIDA**: "A Very Special Clown," Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 4-5, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . **KING'S PLAYERS**: "Pinocchio." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturdays and Sundays at 2.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS**: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS**: "Looice." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 260-4863. Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **YOUNG WORLD PRODUCTIONS**: "Who Am I?" (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2993. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.)

Festival of Films for Children—The opening programs of a five-week series of films—Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 1-2: "Hunted in Holland." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 3-4: "Runaway Railway." . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 5, and Wednesday, Dec. 8: "Return to Oz." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Dec. 9-10: "The Littlest Warrior." . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 11-12: "The Daydreamer." (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. Afternoons at 4 and 6. For information about tickets, call LT 1-2311.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show in the Sky Theatre is called "Star of Stars." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.) . . . ¶ An hour before the shows, the new Guggenheim Space Theatre presents a projection of the story of astronomy—from man's earliest concepts of the universe to the achievements of the Space Age.

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday, from 3 to 5:30.

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Archibald MacLeish reading from his own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

Lecture—Miloš Forman speaking, in English, about film direction. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 2: Russian icons, sculptures, and paintings; from various owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 2, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese works of art, from the collection of Carl S. Tobin and from other sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 2, at 2: Old-master paintings from the Thomas J. Bryan Collection; the property of the New-York Historical Society. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 3, at 2: Nineteenth-century works of art, from the Bernard Black-Hughes W. Nadeau Collection. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 4, at 10:15: Pre-Columbian art from Ecuador, Colombia, and Peru; the property of Mr. and Mrs. De Pino and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 4, at 2: French and Continental furniture and decorations, belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 2: English, Irish, and Continental silver; from the estate of Cornelius C. Moore and from other sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8: Twentieth-century American paintings and sculptures, from many collections. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 3.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Twelve programs in a series of films directed by Otto Preminger. Dec. 1 at 2: "The Moon Is Blue" (1953), in German, with Hardy Krüger; no English titles. . . . Dec. 1 at 5:30: "The Moon Is Blue" (1953), with Maggie McNamara and William Holden. . . . Dec. 2 at 2: "Whirlpool" (1949), with Gene Tierney and José Ferrer. . . . Dec. 2 at 5:30: "The 13th Letter" (1950), with Charles Boyer and Linda Darnell. . . . Dec. 2 at 8: "Whirlpool" (1949). . . . Dec. 3 at 2 and 5:30: "Where the Sidewalk Ends" (1950), with Gene Tierney and Dana Andrews. . . . Dec. 4 at 3 and 5:30: "Angel Face" (1952), with Robert Mitchum and Jean Simmons. . . . Dec. 5 at 2 and 5:30 and Dec. 6 at 1: "Laura" (1944), with Gene Tierney and Clifton Webb. . . . Dec. 8 at 2 and 5:30: "River of No Return" (1954), with Robert Mitchum and Marilyn Monroe. . . . Dec. 9 at 2: "The Court-Martial of Billy Mitchell" (1955), with Gary Cooper and Ralph Bellamy. . . . Dec. 9 at 5:30: "Carmen Jones" (1954), with Harry Belafonte and Pearl Bailey. . . . Dec. 9 at 8: "Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon" (1970), with Liza Minnelli. . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at noon: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Herbert Marshall and Miriam Hopkins. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 6 and Dec. 7 at 2: "A Romance of Happy Valley" (1919), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian Gish and Robert Harron. . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 5:30: "Memories of Helen" (1970), a Brazilian film, directed by David Naeves. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . **ANTHOLOGY**

FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Vertov, Snow, Reifenstahl, Vigo, von Stroheim, Warhol, Brakhage, Belson, Baillie, Anger, and others. Dec. 1 at 6, 8, and 10; Dec. 2 at 6 and 10; Dec. 3 at 6, 8, and 10; Dec. 4 at 6 and 10; Dec. 5 at 8; and Dec. 7-9 at 6, 8, and 10. . . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100)—A series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden: Dec. 14, 18, 25, and 30, and Jan. 1, 3, and 8.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At **SHEA STADIUM:** Jets vs. New England Patriots. Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Cincinnati Bengals, Dec. 19. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Dec. 19.

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Dec. 12, 15, 19, 22, 26, and 29, and Jan. 2, 5, and 9.

RACING—At Bowie, Md.: Jan. 1-March 11.

SQUASH RACQUETS—New York State Singles Championship. (New York Athletic Club. Dec. 18-19.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Jan. 3-Feb. 29.

MUSIC—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (799-4420): The season continues through April 22. . . . **PHILHARMONIC HALL** (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 13. . . . ¶ Symphony of the New World, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Dec. 14 and Jan. 4. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Vienna Choir Boys, Dec. 28-30 and Jan. 1-2. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 28. . . . ¶ Mstislav Rostropovich, cello, Jan. 7. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): American Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 12 and 14. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 12 and 19. . . . ¶ Hermann Prey, baritone, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Camerata Singers and Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ New York String Orchestra, Dec. 24 and 26-27. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Dec. 12, 14, and 17-18 and Jan. 7-8. . . . ¶ Joseph Silverstein, violin, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Empire Sinfonietta, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Judith Raskin, soprano, Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, Dec. 21. . . . **HUNTER COLLEGE** (535-5350): Jacob Lateiner, piano, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Mstislav Rostropovich, cello, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Israeli Chamber Orchestra, Jan. 8.

BALLET—American Ballet Theatre, at the City Center, Jan. 4-30.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Inner City," a musical with a libretto by Eve Merriam and Tom O'Horgan based on Miss Merriam's book "Inner City Mother Goose." Helen Miller wrote the music, Miss Merriam did the lyrics, and the cast includes Florence Tarlow and Paulette Ellen Jones. . . . ¶ A play by Conor Cruise O'Brien, "Murderous Angels," with Jean Pierre Aumont and Lou Gossett. . . . ¶ A Canadian musical, "Anne of Green Gables," adapted by Donald Harron from Lucy Maud Montgomery's novel of the same name. The music is by Norman Campbell, the lyrics are by the Messrs. Harron and Campbell, and Gracie Finley is Anne. . . . ¶ Joan Rivers, Gabriel Dell, Rose Marie, and Paul Ford in "Fun City," a comedy by Miss Rivers, Edgar Rosenberg, and Lester Colodny. . . . ¶ From Stratford, Canada, Georges Feydeau's farce, "There's One in Every Marriage," translated by Suzanne Grossmann and Paxton Whitehead, and with Martha Henry and Peter Donat. . . . ¶ A London import, "Wise Child," by Simon Gray, starring Donald Pleasence and George Rose. . . . ¶ "Narrow Road to the Deep North," by English playwright Edward Bond, will be the second production of the season by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center.

OTHER DATES—The first day of winter is Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Christmas and New Year's Day fall on Saturdays. . . . ¶ Ice Capades, at Madison Square Garden, Jan. 11-23. . . . ¶ Fourth-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Saturday, Jan. 15, but you can squeeze by on Monday, Jan. 17.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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			1	2	3	4
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THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Dec. 7: "The Touch" and "8½."
From Dec. 8: "La Femme Infidèle" and "This Man Must Die."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Dec. 1: "I Dood It" and "Cabin in the Sky."
Dec. 2-4: "New Moon" and "Parisian Belle."
Dec. 5-8: "Everybody Sing" and "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry."
From Dec. 9: "Wake Up and Live" and "*King of Burlesque*."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Dec. 2: "'X'—The Man with the X-Ray Eyes" and "The Innocents."
Dec. 3-5: "Cul-de-Sac" and "The Fearless Vampire Killers."
From Dec. 6: "Performance" and "Burn!"

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 2: Films by Jerry Abrams, Constance Beeson, and Lawrence Wolf.
From Dec. 3: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 7 (tentative): "Johnny Got His Gun."
From Dec. 8 (tentative): "Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?" and "The Grasshopper."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Fantasia."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Gang's All Here."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Murmur of the Heart."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Dec. 2: "King of Hearts."
From Dec. 3: "Fellini Satyricon."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Doctor Zhivago."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Trojan Women."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"200 Motels."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Sacco and Vanzetti."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Sunday Bloody Sunday."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Some of My Best Friends Are . . ."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Dec. 2: Films by José Soltero and Fred Baker.
From Dec. 3: To be announced.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Carnal Knowledge."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Dec. 1: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism."
From Dec. 2: "Is There Sex After Death?"

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Last Picture Show."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Dec. 8: "A Safe Place."
From Dec. 9: "Happy Birthday, Wanda June."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Long Ago, Tomorrow."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Go-Between."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"T. R. Baskin."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 7: "The Clowns."
From Dec. 8: "Beach Red."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Dec. 7: "The Steagle" and "The People Next Door."
From Dec. 8: To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Dec. 7: "Born to Win."
From Dec. 8: "Ginger."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Dec. 7: "Johnny Got His Gun."
From Dec. 8: "Summer of '42."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Dec. 7: "Gone with the Wind."
From Dec. 8: To be announced.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The French Connection."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Man in the Wilderness."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Dec. 7: "Going Home."
From Dec. 8: "West Side Story."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Dec. 1: "The Devils" and "The Fox."
Dec. 2-8: "Prism" and "The Loves of Isadora."
From Dec. 9: To be announced.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (533-8270)
Dec. 1: "Boudu Saved from Drowning."
Dec. 2: "Beauty and the Devil."
Dec. 3: "Testament of Orpheus."
Dec. 4: "La Collectionneuse."
Dec. 5: "My Night at Maud's."
Dec. 6: "The Love Game."
Dec. 7: "Cleo from 5 to 7."
Dec. 8: "Alphaville."
Dec. 9: "Breathless."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Dec. 7: "Catch 22" and "Dr. Strangelove."
From Dec. 8: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 7: "Millhouse: A White Comedy" and "Point of Order!"
From Dec. 8: "The Devils" and "The Priest's Wife."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Dec. 1: "Medea."
From Dec. 2: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Dec. 7: "Johnny Got His Gun."
From Dec. 8: "The Butterfly" and "Her and She and Him."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Dec. 2: "The Silence" and "Winter Light."
Dec. 3-5: "Juliet of the Spirits" and "Nights of Cabiria."
Dec. 6-9: "La Dolce Vita."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Dec. 7: "The Steagle" and "The Ski Bum."
From Dec. 8: "Riot" and "Up Tight."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
"Zatoichi Meets Yojimbo."

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"El Topo."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Who Says I Can't Ride a Rainbow."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Bedknobs and Broomsticks."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
To be announced.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Dec. 1: "Is There Sex After Death?"
From Dec. 2: Theatre closed.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Dec. 7: "Doctor Zhivago."
From Dec. 8: To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Dec. 5: "Raga."
From Dec. 6: To be announced.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
To be announced.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"King Lear."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Music Lovers" and "Women in Love."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Dec. 7: "Born to Win."
From Dec. 8: "Believe in Me" and "Villain."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Dec. 7: "Topele."
From Dec. 8: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Dec. 7: "The Devils" and "The Priest's Wife."
From Dec. 8: "Death in Venice" and "Wait Until Dark."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Dec. 1: "Socrates."
Dec. 2-8: "The Servant" and "Accident."
From Dec. 9: "Z" and "Senso."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 7: "The Steagle" and "The People Next Door."
From Dec. 8: "Where's Poppa?" and "The Landlord."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Dec. 6: "The Battle of Love's Return."
Dec. 7-9: "My Uncle" and "The Crime of Monsieur Lange."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Dec. 7: "Johnny Got His Gun."
From Dec. 8: "The Butterfly" and "Her and She and Him."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Dec. 1: "Medea."
Dec. 2-4: "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" and "Singin' in the Rain."
Dec. 5-8: "Singin' in the Rain" and "On the Town."
From Dec. 9: "On the Town" and "An American in Paris."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Accident (1967)—Joseph Losey and his scenarist, Harold Pinter, use sexual desperation amid the beauty of Oxford in summertime to make our flesh crawl. A clever comedy of depravity—uneven, unsatisfying, but with virtuoso passages of calculated meanness. As a weakling philosophy don, Dirk Bogarde goes through his middle-aged-frustration specialty brilliantly; he acts like a man who's had a spinal tap. Stanley Baker is properly swinish, and the ladies include Vivien Merchant, and Delphine Seyrig as a dumb blonde. (New Yorker; Dec. 2-8.)

Alphaville (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard ventures into science fiction, with mixed results. He found enough of the future in present-day Paris to create a vision of a new world without constructing sets, but his comic-strip story (involving Eddie Constantine and Anna Karina) is uninspired. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 8.)

An American in Paris (1951)—The Academy Award-winning musical, directed by Vincente Minnelli, about a romance between an American painter (Gene Kelly) and a French girl (Leslie Caron). Too fancy and overblown (there's a ballet with scenes in the styles of Dufy, Renoir, Utrillo, Rousseau, van Gogh, and Toulouse-Lautrec), but the Gershwin music keeps everything good-spirited. Georges Guétary sings a super-elegant version of "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise." With Nina Foch as a rich, decadent American, and Oscar Levant thumping away on the piano. (Olympia; starting Dec. 9.)

The Battle of Love's Return—Directed by, and with, Lloyd Kaufman. (Thalia; through Dec. 6.)

Beach Red (1967)—Sincere to a fault; the worst speeches always seem to be underlined. Cornel Wilde directed, and stars in, this anti-war Second World War movie about a battalion of Marines on a Japanese-held island off the Philippines. Rip Torn plays a sadistic sergeant who gratuitously murders a wounded Japanese soldier. (72nd St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 8.)

Beauty and the Devil (1949)—The American title is deceptive; it should be "The Beauty of the Devil." Michel Simon, as Mephistopheles, tempts the dashing young Faust of Gérard Philipe. There are no spiritual conflicts; in this René Clair film the dangers of science and of absolute power are the targets, Because what you hear, you hear all around you. Through four separate speakers. Each playing a separate part. Like one might play guitar. The other, bass. Another, horns. And the fourth, drums. It's a whole new way to transmit music. Four amplifiers. Instead of two.

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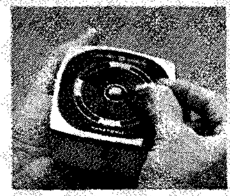

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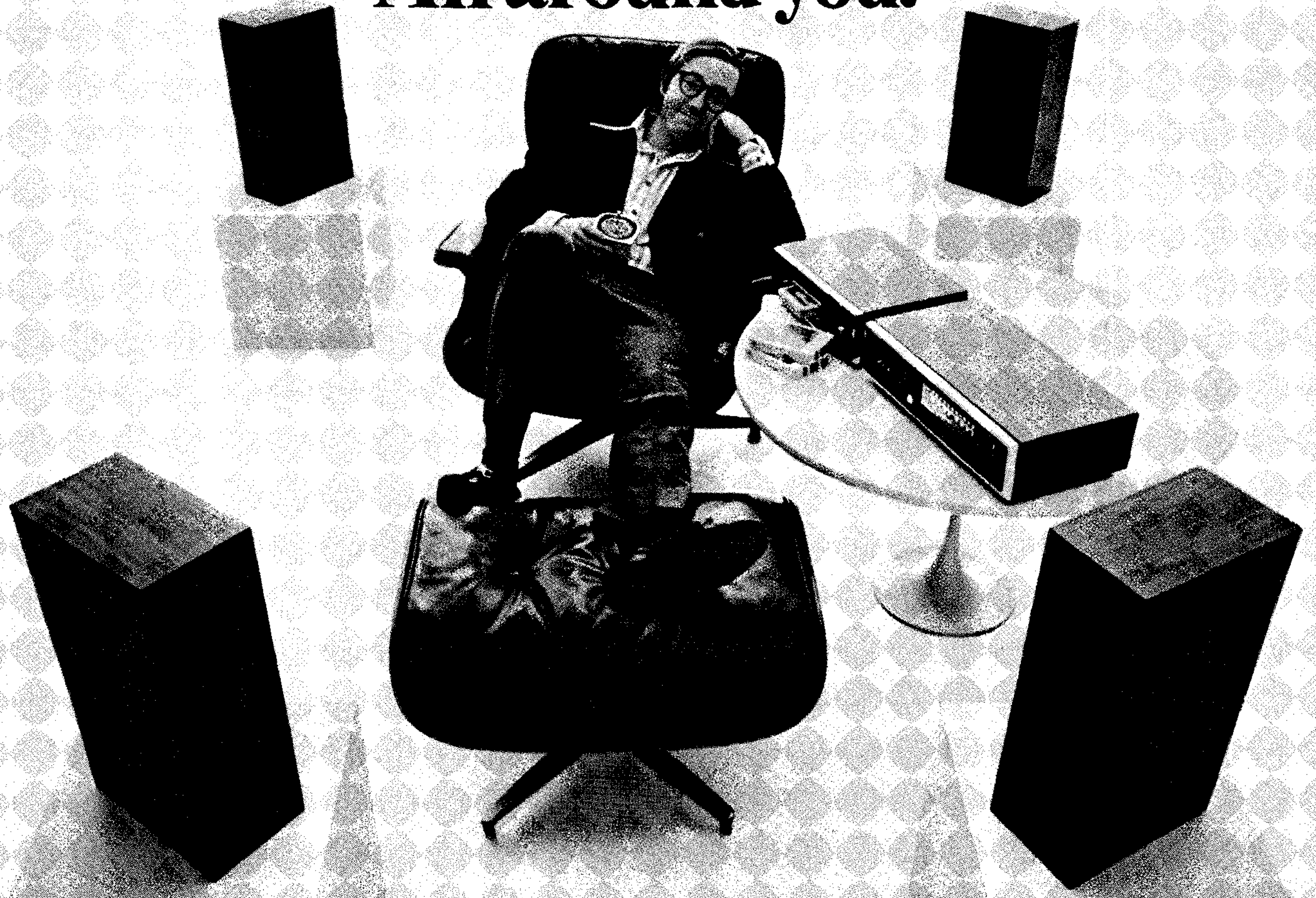

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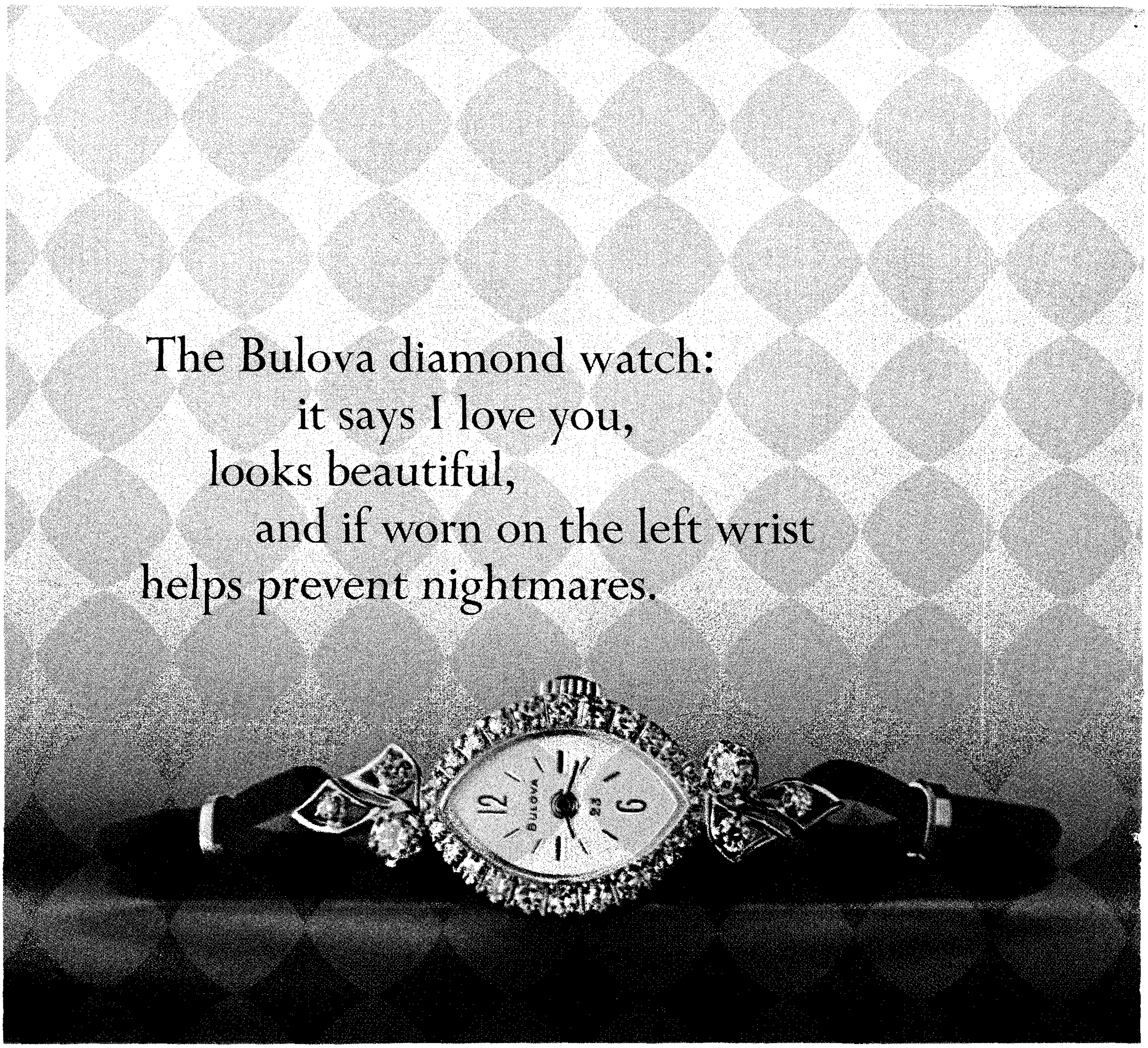

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and the fantasy is urbane. The whole elaborate joke gets awfully smug. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 2.)

Bedknobs and Broomsticks—Angela Lansbury in a feature from the Disney studio, partly animated and partly live action. (Music Hall.)

Believe in Me—With Michael Sarrazin and Jacqueline Bisset, directed by Stuart Hagmann. (Cinema Studio; starting Dec. 8.)

Born to Win—With George Segal, Karen Black, and Paula Prentiss, directed by Ivan Passer. (Juliet 2 and Cinema Studio; through Dec. 7.)

Boudu Saved from Drowning (1931)—Despite the problems of sound recording in 1931, Jean Renoir went out of the studio and shot this film on the streets and along the banks of the Seine, and so it is not only a lovely fable about a bourgeois attempt to reform an early hippie (Michel Simon is the shaggy-bearded tramp who spills wine on the table and wipes his shoes on the bedspread) but a photographic record of an earlier France. A beautifully rhythmed film that makes one nostalgic for the period when it was made. Not released in the United States until 1967. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 1.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and casually betrays him. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 9.)

Burn! (1970)—Gillo Pontecorvo's passionate, controversial epic about a slave uprising on a Caribbean island, told from a neo-Marxist, Frantz Fanonian point of view. Marlon Brando plays a British *agent provocateur* who personifies colonial manipulative policies as well as, by implication, the American involvement in Vietnam. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 6.)

The Butterfly—With Anna Kristina, directed by Alexis Neve. (Greenwich and Midtown; starting Dec. 8.)

Cabin in the Sky (1943)—The first film Vincente Minnelli directed—a joyful, stylized treatment of *faux-naïf* Negro folklore. "Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe," sings Ethel Waters, in one of the best roles of her career. The terrific Lena Horne is here, and so are Eddie Anderson and Louis Armstrong and John Bubbles and Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 1.)

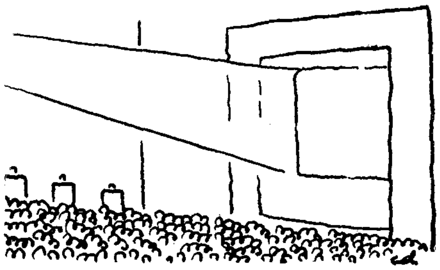
Carnal Knowledge—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects, and, in Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Cinema I.)

Catch-22 (1970)—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller's novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (Waverly; through Dec. 7.)

Cleo from 5 to 7 (1962)—One of the few films directed by women in which the viewer can sense a difference. The story is about the moods of a beautiful, chic popular singer (Corinne Marchand) during the two hours she waits to find out if she has cancer. Childish and fearful, she consults her horoscope and goes to a fortune-teller; she buys a hat; she rehearses a song; she cries. And throughout, the director, Agnès Varda, sustains an unsentimental yet subjective tone that is almost unique in the history of movies. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 7.)

The Clowns—Fellini's new picture, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between eccentric solitaries in a world of dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Dec. 7.)

La Collectionneuse—Eric Rohmer directs the third of his "Six Moral Tales," readying for "My Night at Maud's" and "Claire's Knee." This one, too, is full of summer—dazed with sun, bored, a study in the heresy of not enjoying a good time. Never were there so many brown limbs unengaged with each other. The film is about a drolly seen prig, but Rohmer's sense of the ridiculous isn't that sure. In French, with voice-over in English from the hero when he's thinking aloud, which has an oddly ventriloquial effect and makes you jump. (Garrick; Dec. 4.)



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The Crime of Monsieur Lange (1935)—Directed by Jean Renoir—not at the great peak of his "Rules of the Game" but very much by the same man. René Lefèvre plays M. Lange, technically guilty of murder but not morally. This is 1935, and he is at the bottom of the heap. We see him, looking hungry, spending as much time as possible in bed, writing Wild West stories that nobody reads. Jules Berry is his foppishly dressed employer, a gifted embezzler. Some scenes have the temperament of Restoration comedy. The film amounts to a fable about capitalism, to a caustic revenge farce, to an idyll sweetened by the grace of reprieve as the lovers on the run push their luck in a plundered interlude before the hero is caught. In French. (Thalia; Dec. 7-9.)

Cul-de-Sac (1966)—A slapstick comedy of horrors about an ugly, bald, whimpering, middle-aged homosexual (Donald Pleasence) whose beautiful young French wife (Françoise Dorléac) dresses him up in her nighties. This strange form of connubial bliss is interrupted by an American gangster (old gravel-voiced Lionel Stander himself). Roman Polanski directed this freak show. (St. Marks Cinema; Dec. 3-5.)

Death in Venice—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carry-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Dec. 8.)

The Devils—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, goings-over by apothecary, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it; the quiet vein of his early B.B.C. documentaries eludes him at the moment. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 7. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 8.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Waverly; through Dec. 7.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—The poet-doctor (Omar Sharif) isn't a strong enough protagonist to bind together the events of the Russian Revolution, and so one seems to be on the sidelines watching an enormous, romantic, historical pageant. David Lean put it all together (or tried to) from Robert Bolt's adaptation of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, and Rod Steiger milling about. (Trans-Lux East. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie; through Dec. 7.)

La Dolce Vita (1960)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life—high, low, or café—as seen through the satiric eyes of Federico Fellini. His direction is masterly, his cast is splendid. In Italian. (Elgin; Dec. 6-9.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Art; through Dec. 7.)

Everybody Sing (1938)—Not very bright (to put it generously) M-G-M musical, though the cast includes Fanny Brice and Judy Garland, as well as Allan Jones and Billie Burke. Edwin L. Marin directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 5-8.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others) and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has recently been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Kips Bay.)

The Fearless Vampire Killers (1967)—Directed, written, acted in, and disowned by Roman Polanski, in an imaginative exile's comprehensible convulsion to find his feet again. The film flails, but you can see the talent somewhere. (St. Marks Cinema; Dec. 3-5.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini, basking in sin, in the De Mille godlessness-is-lawlessness tradition. The fresco effect of the film becomes monotonous, as if his phantasmagoria of the pagan world were a theatrically staged panorama, set on a treadmill. In Italian. (Sutton; starting Dec. 3.)

La Femme Infidèle (1969)—Claude Chabrol's quiet and elegant thriller about the hidden violence of overcivilized people. Conventional, but very well made. In French. (Art; starting Dec. 8.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Mondays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 1:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The Fox (1968)—Two lesbians (Sandy Dennis and Anne Heywood) on a chicken farm, and along comes a marauding fox (Keir Dullea, with his voice lowered). If you haven't read the D. H. Lawrence novella, you might think that this was what it was about. Mark Rydell directed. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 1.)

The French Connection—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slam-bang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the lowlifer police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (Orpheum.)

The Gang's All Here (1943)—Busby Berkeley's own special brand of kaleidoscopic fantasy, turned into psychedelic surrealism by the electric reds and greens of 20th Century-Fox's color processing. Those who consider Berkeley a master consider this film his masterpiece. It is his maddest film, with chorus girls dissolving into artichokes; a banana xylophone; and Carmen Miranda in an avenue of giant strawberries with bananas sprouting from her head. Alice Faye sings the torch song "No Love No Nothing," and also introduces the "Polka-Dot" ballet, which passes description. With Benny Goodman and his orchestra. (Murray Hill.)

Ginger—With Cheri Caffaro, directed by Don Schain. (Juliet 2; starting Dec. 8.)

The Go-Between—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece from an L. P. Hartley novel about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house-party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress

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of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. Perfidious Albion basks in the sun and courteously destroys lives; the film partakes in the prevailing, pretty cruelty. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Going Home—With Robert Mitchum and Brenda Vaccaro, directed by Herbert B. Leonard. (86th St. East; through Dec. 7.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. Parts of them, that is. With the widening of the image, the actors have been reduced to torsos. (U. A. East; through Dec. 7.)

The Grasshopper (1970)—With Jacqueline Bissett and Jim Brown. Directed by Jerry Paris. (Gramercy; starting Dec. 8, tentative.)

Happy Birthday, Wanda June—With Rod Steiger, Susannah York, and George Grizzard, directed by Mark Robson. (Columbia II; starting Dec. 9.)

Her and She and Him (1970)—With Astrid Frank, directed by Max Pecas. (Greenwich and Midtown; starting Dec. 8.)

I Dood It (1943)—Red Skelton's best movie musical: the direction is credited to Vincente Minnelli, but there is some doubt about whether he directed all of it. It's a lavish M-G-M production, with a comedy-of-errors story about a pants presser who is mistaken for a millionaire, and it features Lena Horne and Eleanor Powell, and Hazel Scott at the piano in the extraordinarily intense "Jericho" number—which is in the hot, revivalist, jazzy style of twenties theatre. With Jimmey Dorsey and his orchestra. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 1.)

The Innocents (1961)—Jack Clayton's most shapely and elegant film, from Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw." Deborah Kerr is wonderful as the governess; the hysteria is movingly suppressed. The two children are played with chilling English social precocity. Screenplay by William Archibald, John Mortimer, and Truman Capote. The beautifully judged black-and-white camerawork is by Freddie Francis. Everything is in proportion, delicate, correctly ambiguous. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 2.)

Is There Sex After Death?—Porno-spoof with the usual sex scenes and the usual sex jokes. And the usual fatigue sets in, because the scenes and jokes in films of this type are repetitive and interchangeable. However, this one has some funnier-than-usual skits involving Buck Henry, Jim Moran, and Marshall Efron. Written and directed by Jeanne and Alan Abel. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous; Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Cinema II; starting Dec. 2.)

Johnny Got His Gun—Dalton Trumbo's own picture of his 1938 anti-war novel. The young hero has lost legs, arms, and face. The effort of the film is admirable, but the result makes you reel—from the mawkishness as much as from the medical details. Jason Robards is the father in the pastoral flashbacks. Intellect is so missing that the work comes out as more of an anti-amputation film than an anti-war film. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Midtown; through Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Dec. 7, tentative.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—Federico Fellini's unconvincing look at a mousy wife's fantasy life. (Her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals.) A peculiarly ungallant film, and a poor one. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Elgin; Dec. 3-5.)

King Lear—Paul Scofield in the title role. Directed by Peter Brook. (Paris.)

King of Burlesque (1935)—Not bad musical—trite story but lively performers. With Fats Waller as well as that entertaining comic Jack Oakie, and Alice Faye, Arline Judge, Dixie Dunbar, and Warner Baxter. Sidney Lanfield directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Dec. 9.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Sutton; through Dec. 2.)

The Landlord (1970)—About Manhattan real estate and racism. A rich white (Beau Bridges), ridden by a wildly overdrawn boozing mother (Lee Grant), buys a tenement to learn what it's like to be poor. With Pearl Bailey. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Symphony; starting Dec. 8.)

The Last Picture Show—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward, involving narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood, without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (Columbia I.)

Long Ago, Tomorrow—Doomed love between paraplegics, who must go through considerable wheelchair wiggling even to kiss. For people who want to be turned on by the sadness of it. With Malcolm McDowell and Nanette Newman, directed by Bryan Forbes. (Beekman.)

The Love Game (1960)—Philippe de Broca's wayward, featherweight comedy, one of the rare carefree films that came out of the early French New Wave and blessedly trivial. Geneviève Cluny is the girl who wants to get married; the whirling, dancing actor Jean-Pierre Cassel is the man trying to keep his freedom. Claude Chabrol plays a bit part. (This is the film that Godard used as the basis for "A Woman Is a Woman," but the original is far superior.) In French. (Garrick; Dec. 6.)

The Loves of Isadora (1969)—Isadora Duncan played by Vanessa Redgrave, dancing and acting with dazzling romantic range and a witty dash of bile. Karel Reisz's film is one of the very few movie biographies that possess intelligence about an innovator's great talent, and a structure that is ruled by character-sense instead of clodhopping chronology. It was wonderfully designed by Jocelyn Herbert and horribly cut around by Universal Pictures, which unwisely overrode Reisz's judgment. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 2-8.)

Man in the Wilderness—With Richard Harris, directed by Richard C. Sarafian. (Loew's Ciné.)

Medea—With Maria Callas, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian. (5th Ave. Cinema and Olympia; Dec. 1.)

Millhouse: A White Comedy—A documentary about Richard Nixon, directed by Emile de Antonio. The picture uses the same unscrupulous methods it accuses Nixon of using. (8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 7.)

Murmur of the Heart—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog. An exhilarating high comedy by the least known of the major French directors. In French. (34th St. East.)

The Music Lovers—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of porno-biography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. (Paramount.)

My Night at Maud's (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 5.)

My Uncle (1958)—Jacques Tati's gentle satire about depersonalization, plastics, and modern design. In French. (Thalia; Dec. 7-9.)

New Moon (1940)—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. The Iron Butterfly was still fluttering, but this was toward the end of that partnership, whose like, one hopes, will never be seen again. The songs ("One Kiss," "Lover Come Back to Me," "Stout-Hearted Men," etc.) are by Oscar Hammerstein II and Sigmund Romberg. Robert Z. Leonard directed. With Mary Boland. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 2-4.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—A series of episodes in the life of a dreamy, gullible little Roman streetwalker (Giulietta Masina). The last Federico Fellini film before his flamboyant style became overpowering, and perhaps his finest. In Italian. (Elgin; Dec. 3-5.)

On the Town (1949)—Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, Ann Miller, Jules Munshin, Vera Ellen, Florence Bates, and Alice Pearce in the Comden and Green musical, with the Bernstein score. Not as good as all that may make it sound. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed. (Olympia; starting Dec. 5.)

Parisian Belle (1930)—Based on the Broadway show "Good News," and originally released under that title. With Bessie Love and Cliff Edwards. The songs include "The Best Things in Life Are Free" and "I'd Like to Make You Happy." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 2-4.)

The People Next Door (1970)—The generation gap is a cliché, and this film adds a whole pile more evidence of that fact. (Juliet I and Symphony; through Dec. 7.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 6.)

Point of Order! (1964)—Joe McCarthy himself is the star of this documentary film, made from the original TV kinescopes of the Army-McCarthy hearings of 1954. (8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 7.)

The Priest's Wife—Sophia Loren as a pop singer, and Marcello Mastroianni as a priest. Dino Risi directed. Probably no one wanted it to turn out the way it did. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 7. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 8.)

Prism—Directed by Anitra Pivnick. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 2-8.)

Raga—A documentary on Ravi Shankar, directed by Howard Worth. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Dec. 5.)

Riot (1969)—With Jim Brown and Gene Hackman, directed by Buzz Kulik. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Dec. 8.)

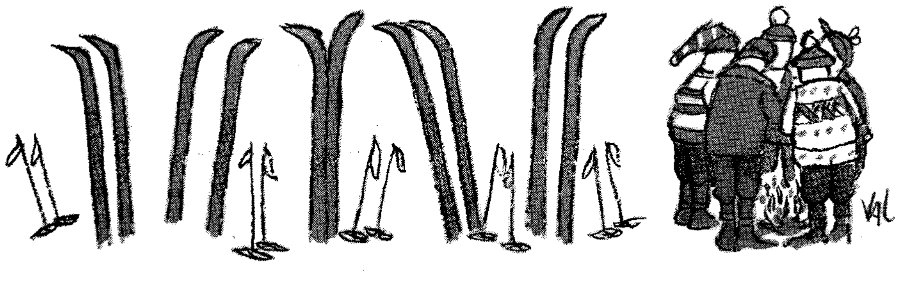
Sacco and Vanzetti—Would that it were better. With Riccardo Cucciolla and Gian Maria Volonte in the title roles. Directed by Giuliano Montaldo. (Baronet.)

A Safe Place—Even hardened moviegoers stumble out after a half hour of this one. With Tuesday Weld, Orson Welles, and Jack Nicholson, directed by Henry Jaglom. (Columbia II; through Dec. 8.)

Senso (1955)—Visconti on the *Risorgimento*. Farley Granger gives a wet performance in a part that Visconti wanted Marlon Brando to play, but Alida Valli has languorous splendor, and the intellectual spread of the film is very fine. The picture had great trouble with the Italian censors because of its anti-institutional interpretation of the sources of historical change. ("The military were beaten in 1866 because the regulars refused to enroll the volunteers," Visconti said to us once.) A wonderful movie with a big sweep. In Italian. (New Yorker; starting Dec. 9.)

The Servant (1964)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a spooky tale of corruption abovestairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (New Yorker; Dec. 2-8.)

Seven Brides for Seven Brothers (1954)—Stanley Donen directed this big M-G-M musical, which is marred by a holiday family-picture heartiness (the Americana gets rather thick), but which is, nevertheless, spirited. Howard Keel is the lead, with Jane Powell opposite him; the picture is unusual in featuring male



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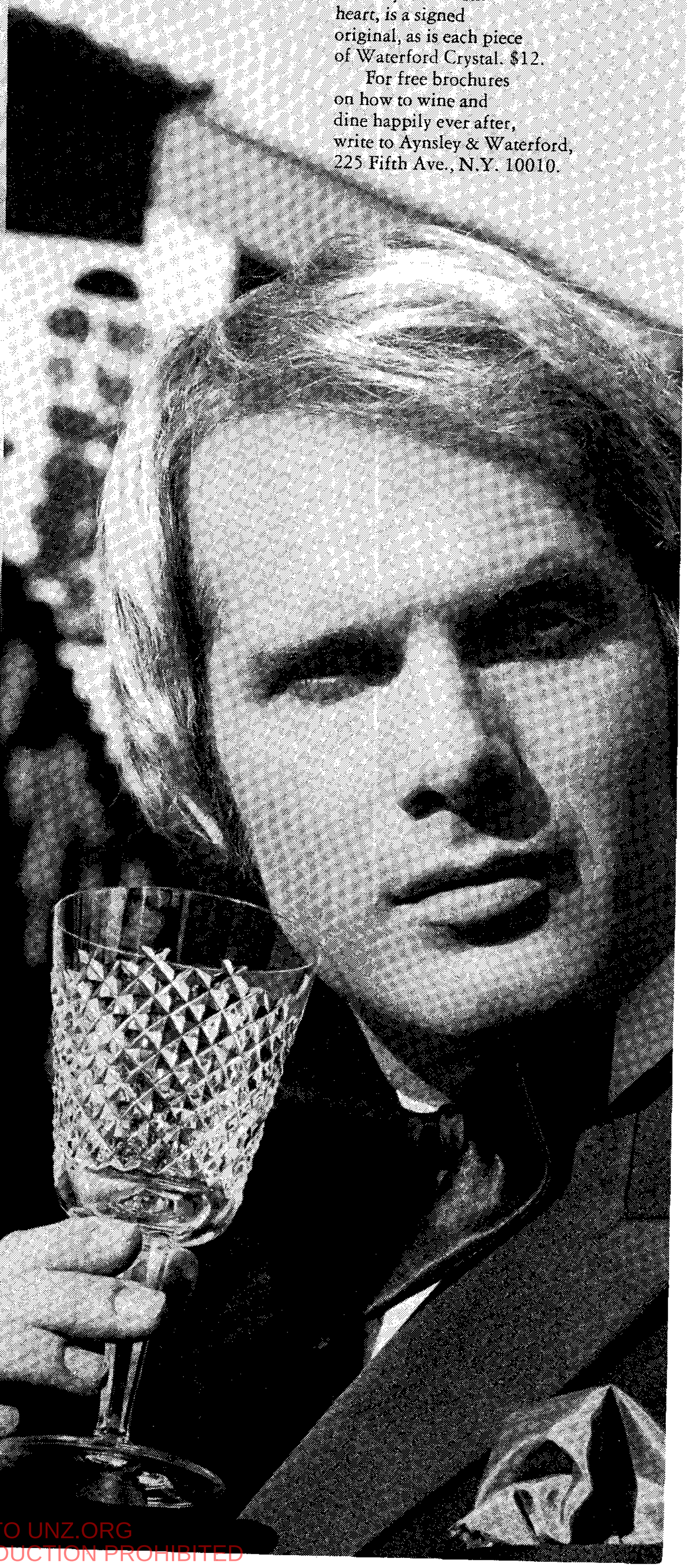

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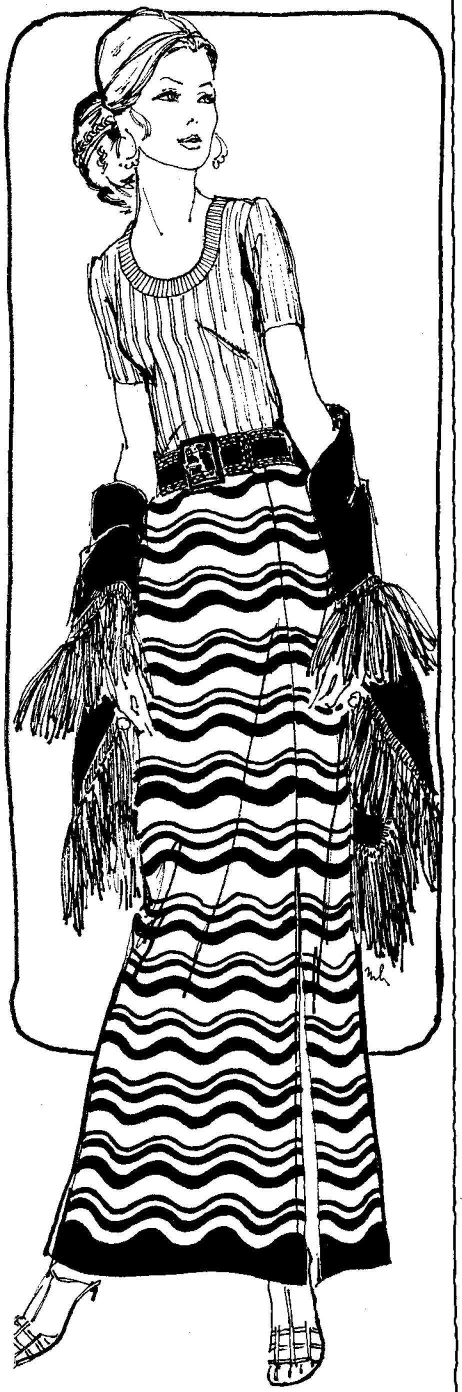

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dancers (Jacques d'Amboise, Tommy Rall, and Marc Platt, as well as Russ Tamblyn), who are most memorable in the "Lonesome Polecat" ballet in the snow. (Olympia; Dec. 2-4.)

The Silence (1964)—Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom are sisters traveling together in this Ingmar Bergman film—one of those that are generally (and accurately) described as bleak and brooding. In Swedish. (Elgin; through Dec. 2.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden and Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (Olympia; Dec. 2-8.)

The Ski Bum—Some U.C.L.A. film students took over the Romain Gary novel, soaked it in Fellini and Buñuel, and stuffed it with pot. Weird is a mild word for the result, but a few sequences are also weirdly good. With Zalman King and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Bruce Clark. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Dec. 7.)

Socrates—Roberto Rossellini's most recent film. In Italian. (New Yorker; Dec. 1.)

Some of My Best Friends Are . . .—Homosexuals. The boys in the band in a bar. With Candy Darling, Fannie Flagg, and Carleton Carpenter. Directed by Mervyn Nelson. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas.)

The Steagle—Crass stuff about a don with fantasies in the middle of the missile crisis. With Richard Benjamin, directed by Paul Sylbert. (Juliet 1, R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, and Symphony; through Dec. 7.)

Summer of '42—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting Dec. 8.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Coronet.)

Testament of Orpheus (1962)—Cocteau's film, with himself as the Poet, slightly awkward. The film is rich—too rich—in allusions to Cocteau's own earlier works and life, and the Cocteau legerdemain with disappearing and metamorphosed images seems aged and oddly spinsterish; all the same, he was a great man, good-natured and a true innovator. Worth seeing, especially if you have seen "Orpheus." In French. (Garrick; Dec. 3.)

This Man Must Die (1969)—Claude Chabrol directed this suspense movie about a father who sets out to avenge the hit-and-run murder of his son, but it's so shallow and so unhurried that it dies on the screen. From Nicholas Blake's novel, "The Beast Must Die." In French. (Art; starting Dec. 8.)

Thoroughbreds Don't Cry (1937)—Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, and Sophie Tucker in an oddball M-G-M film, directed by Alfred E. Green. There's a good song—"Got a Pair of New Shoes." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 5-8.)

Topele—An Israeli film. (Regency; through Dec. 7.)

El Topo—Bloody head movie. Directed by, and with, Alexandro Jodorowsky. (Forum.)

The Touch—A new Bergman film from a great period, like "Persona" and "The Passion of Anna." The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. They live on bits and pieces of time, between gentleness and rage. The film is the best about kinds of love that Bergman has ever made, exact and very touching. Gould speaks English to Bibi Andersson; the married couple speak Swedish between themselves. The practical solution is aesthetically eloquent: two worlds, one closed, one raw and hesitant. (Art; through Dec. 7.)

T. R. Baskin—Baroque in its stupidity. Candice Bergen, looking like a million dollars, as an alienated, friendless typist in Chicago. The movie feminizes alienation by turning it into whimsy. Herbert Ross directed. (Tower East.)

The Trojan Women—Despite the makeshift style of the film, the great play catches one by the throat, and by the most legitimate of all means—its simplicity. With Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Geneviève Bujold, and Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Fine Arts.)

200 Motels—With Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention. (Plaza.)

Up Tight (1968)—With Raymond St. Jacques and Ruby Dee, directed by Jules Dassin. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Dec. 8.)

Villain—With Richard Burton and Ian McShane, directed by Michael Tuchner. Worn-out. (Cinema Studio; starting Dec. 8.)

Wait Until Dark (1967)—A thriller about a blind girl who gets involved with a gang of crooks. Audrey Hepburn is the heroine and makes the picture worth seeing. Directed by Terence Young. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Dec. 8.)

Wake Up and Live (1937)—Alice Faye in a tuneful B picture from 20th Century-Fox (not pretentious and heavy, like the South American and "period" follies, in which she usually looked numb). With Patsy Kelly, Walter Winchell, and Ben Bernie. Sidney Lanfield directed; the songs by Mack Gordon and Harry Revel include "There's a Lull in My Life." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Dec. 9.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, with the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. Directed by Robert Wise. (86th St. East; starting Dec. 8.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose of his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't really work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (Symphony; starting Dec. 8.)

Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?—Ulu Grosbard directs this Manhattan fable, written by Herb Gardner, about a pop songwriter played by Dustin Hoffman. The writer is split down the middle; the world says he is a success, he says he is a failure. The scenes that include Barbara Harris or David Burns are tender and funny, but the whole idea leans on a convention of psychoanalytic slapstick that is going to be incomprehensible a couple of decades after the epoch of the couch. (Gramercy; starting Dec. 8, tentative.)

Who Says I Can't Ride a Rainbow—With Jack Klugman, directed by Edward Mann. (Guild.)

Winter Light (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs with simplicity and assurance a bleak tale of a minister (Gunnar Björnstrand) who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellow-men. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Elgin; through Dec. 2.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (Paramount.)

WR—Mysteries of the Organism—A Yugoslavian film, directed by Dusan Makavejev. (Cinema II; Dec. 1. . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema; starting Dec. 2.)

'X'—The Man with the X-Ray Eyes (1963)—Not as cut-and-dried as most low-budget sci-fi thrillers; some novel ideas help to sustain interest in this Roger Corman movie, though eventually it goes the tired old moralizing route, and scientific "transgression" results in doom. A solemnly serious Ray Milland is the scientist whose experiments result in the X-ray vision that torments him; Don Rickles helps to redeem the stereotyped role of the carny man who exploits him. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 2.)

Z (1969)—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras's extraordinary thriller is based on recent Greek history. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (New Yorker; starting Dec. 9.)

Zatoichi Meets Yojimbo—With Shintaro Katsu and Toshiro Mifune in the title roles, directed by Kihachi Okamoto. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema.)

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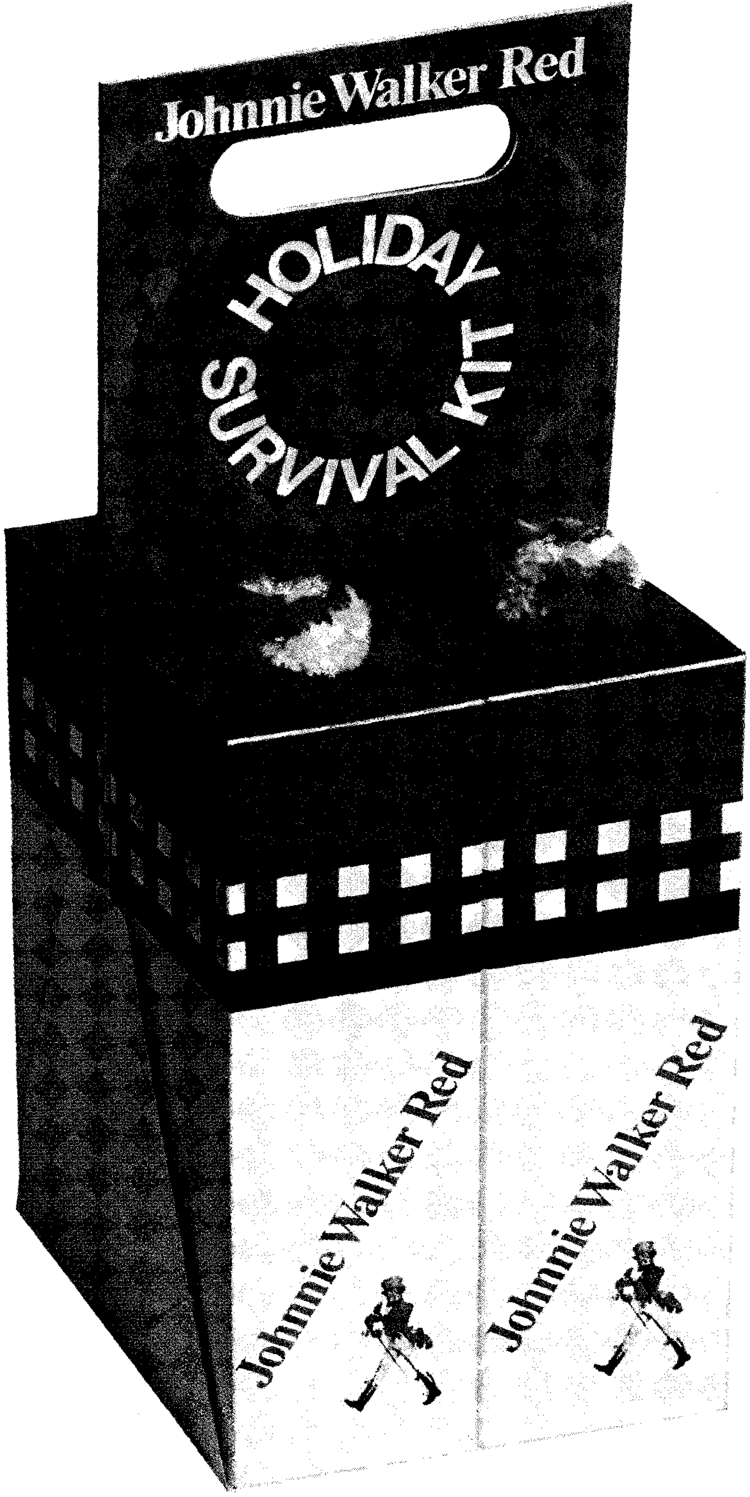
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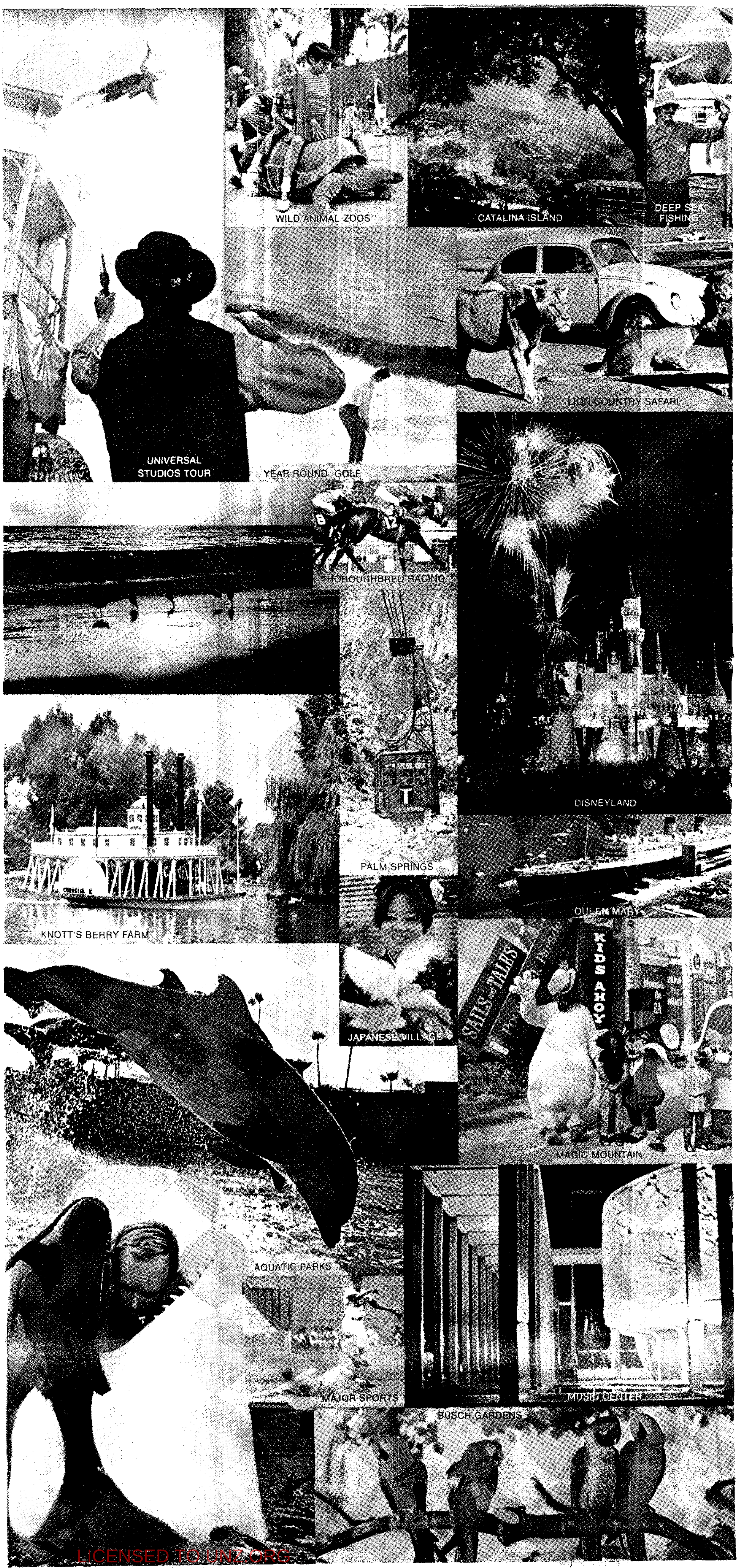
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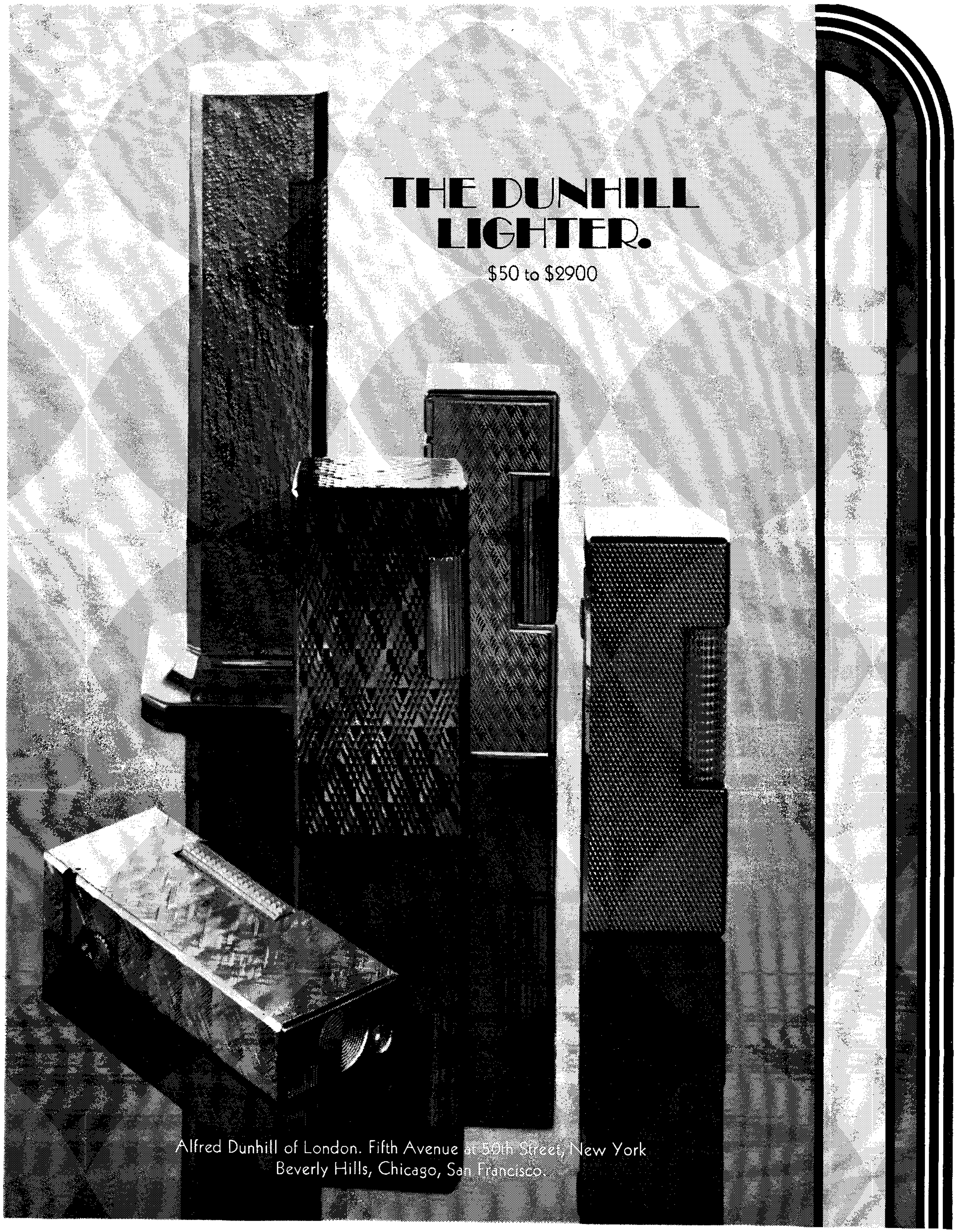
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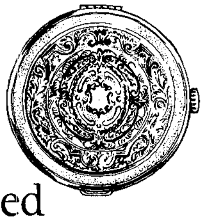

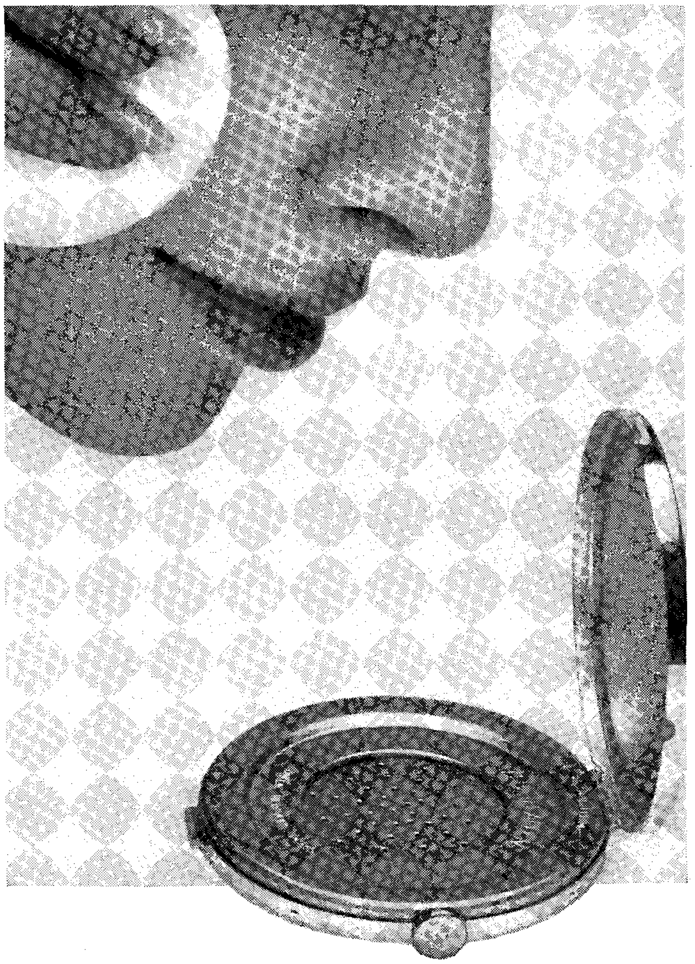

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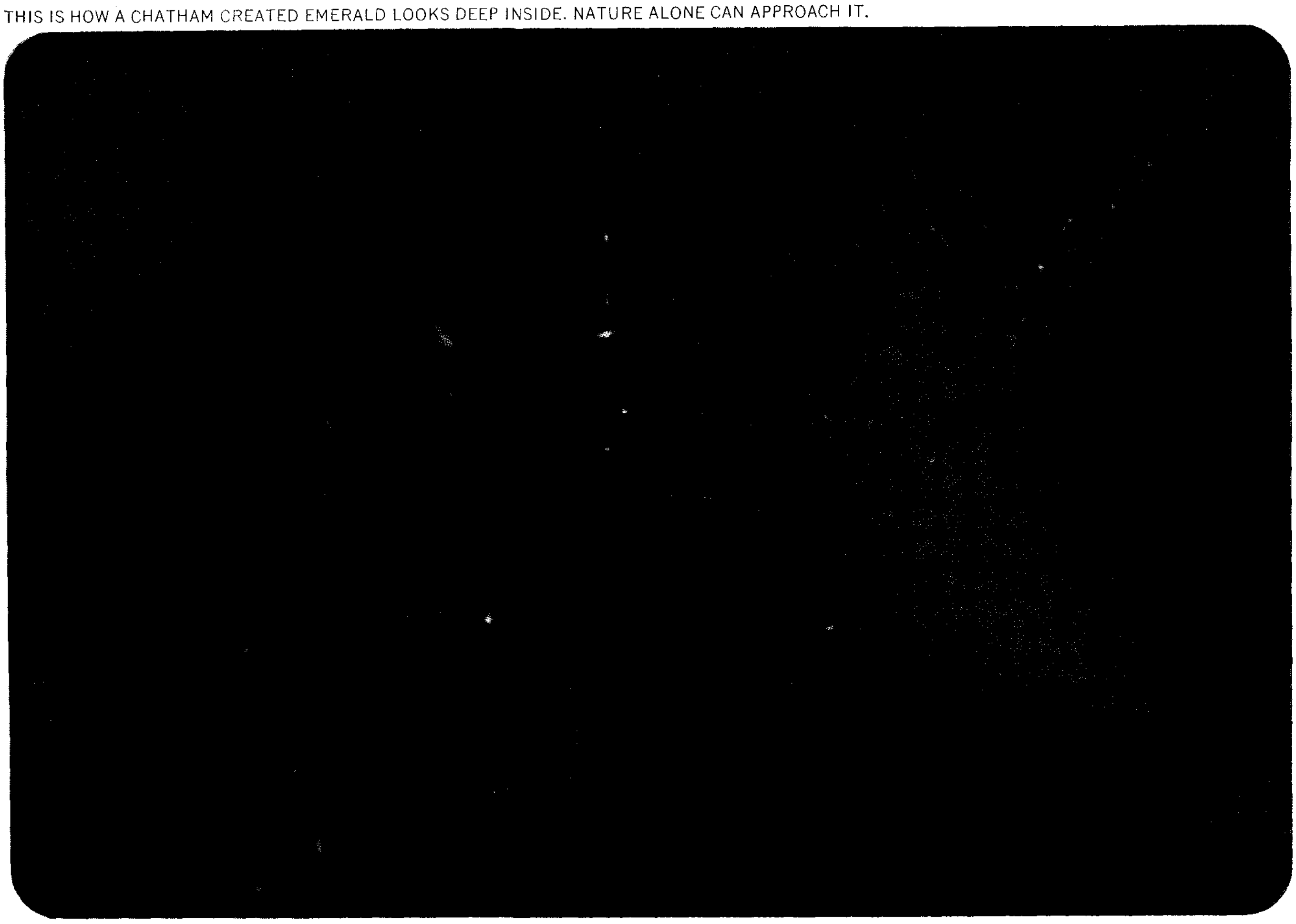

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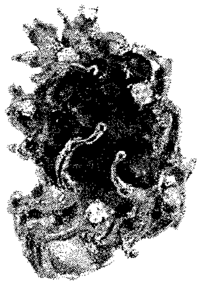

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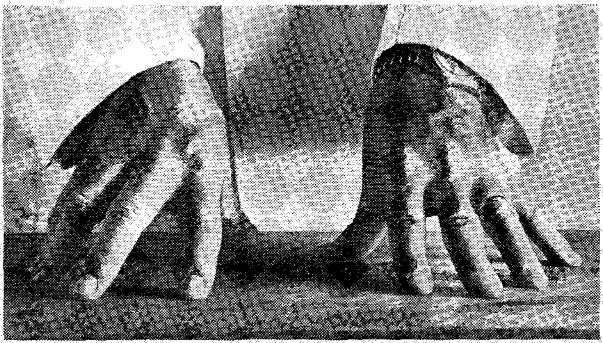

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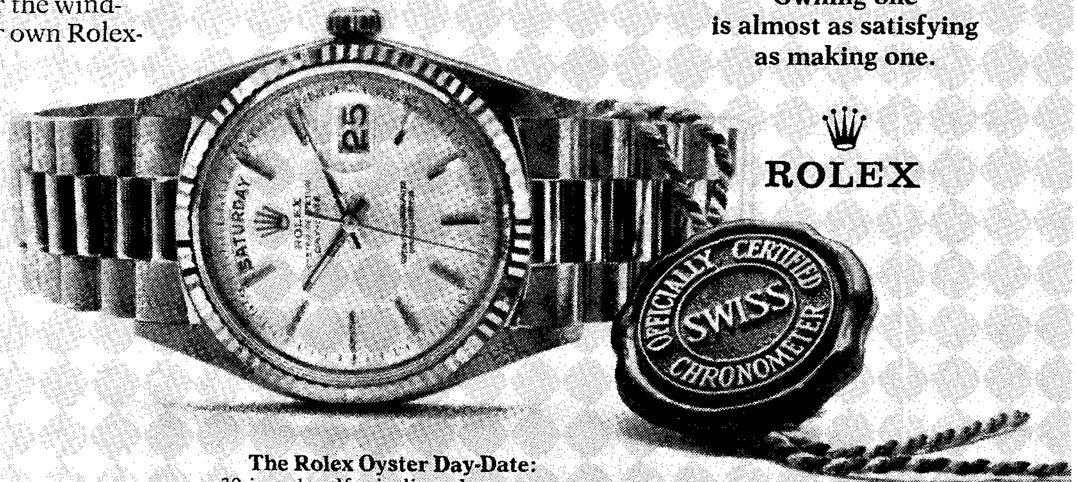

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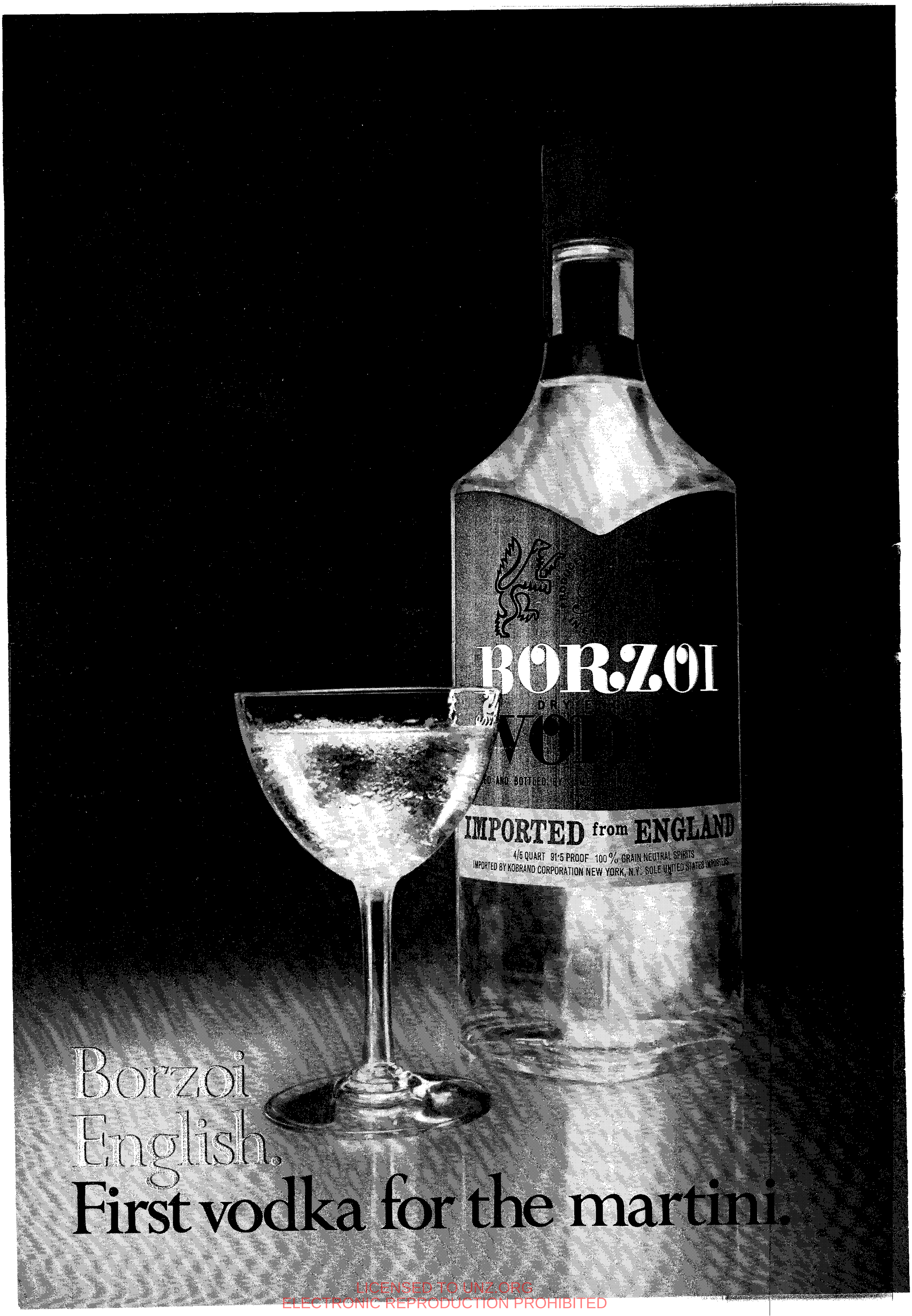
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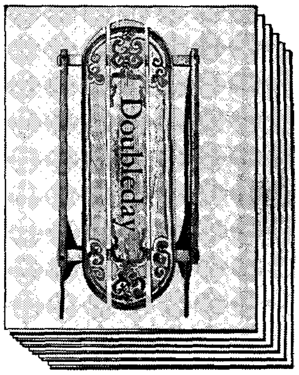

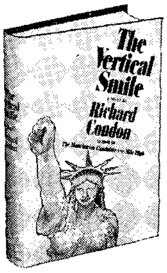

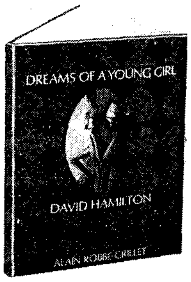

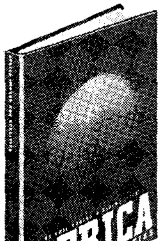

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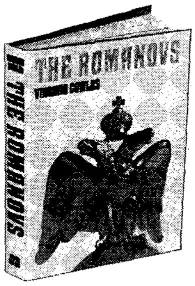

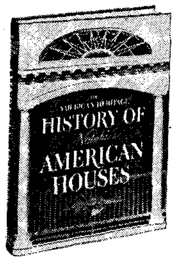

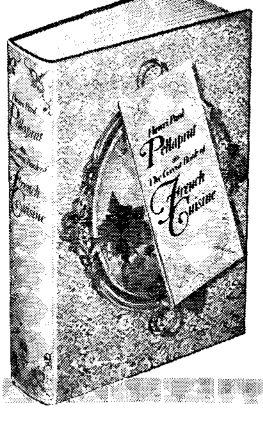

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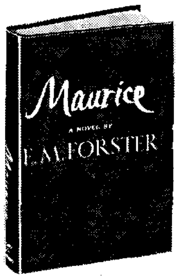

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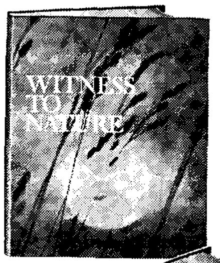
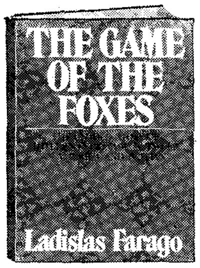

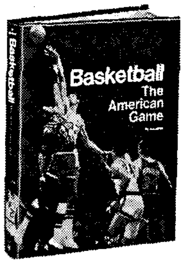
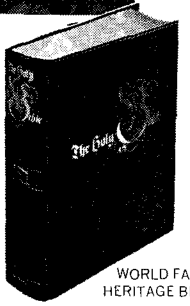
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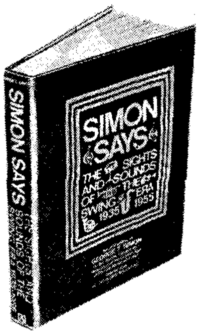
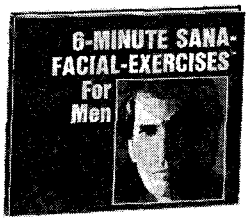
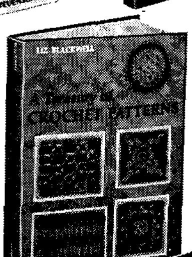
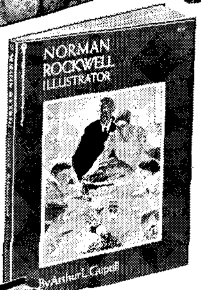
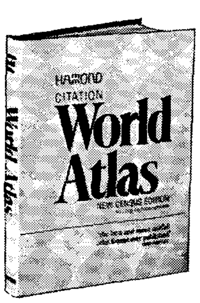
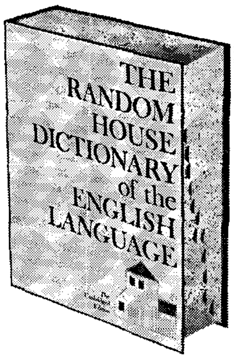
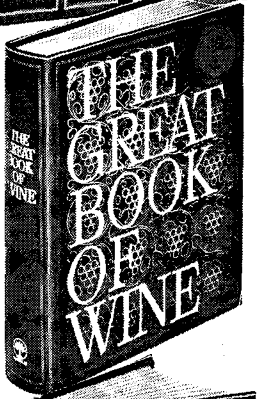
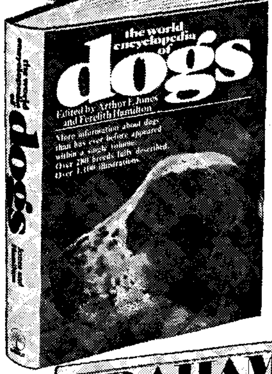
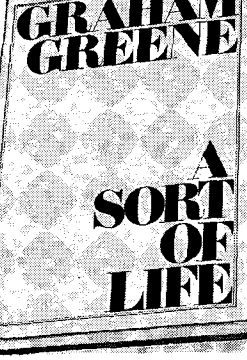

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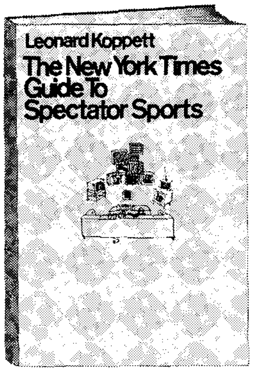
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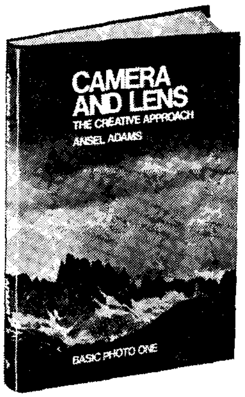
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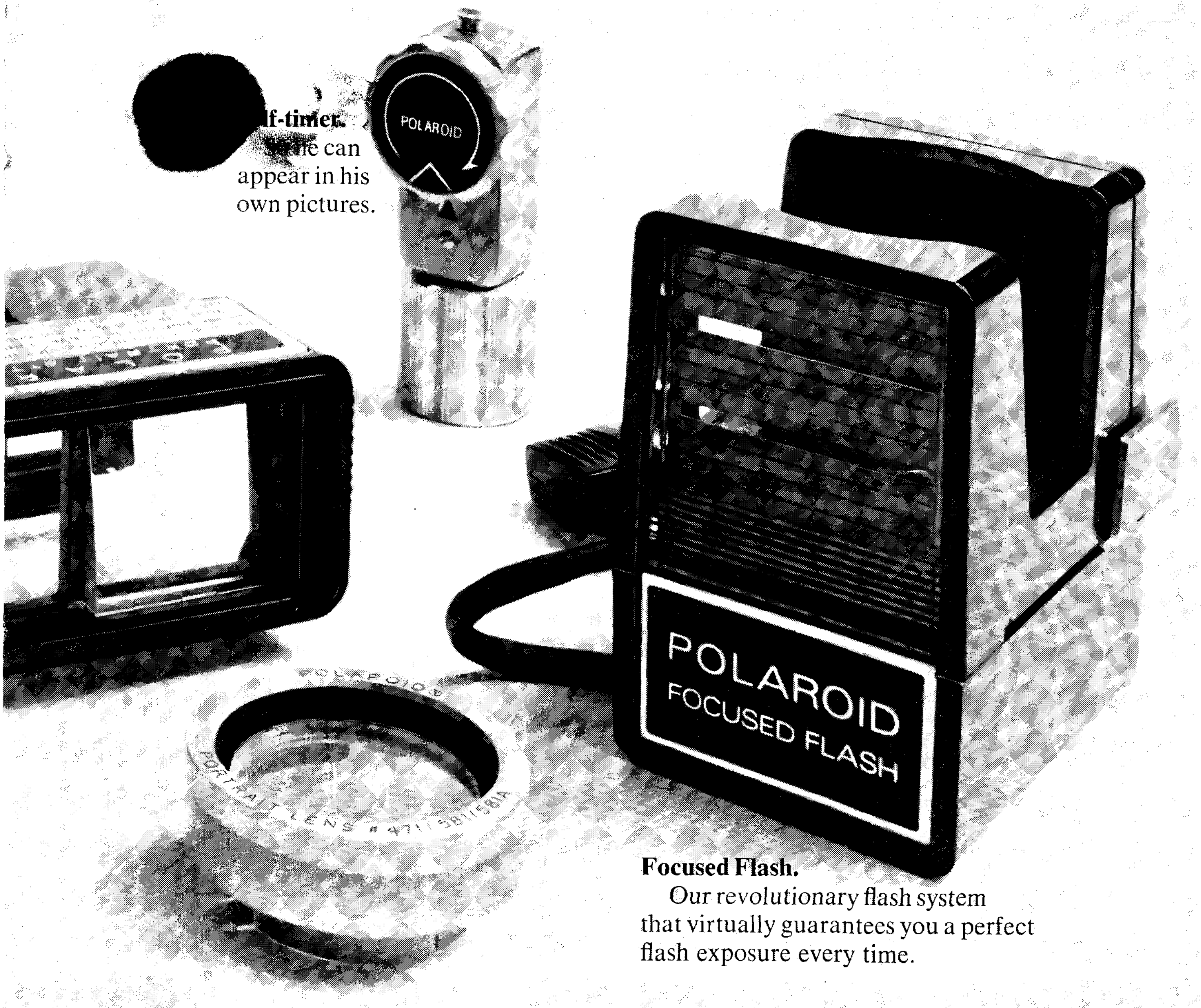

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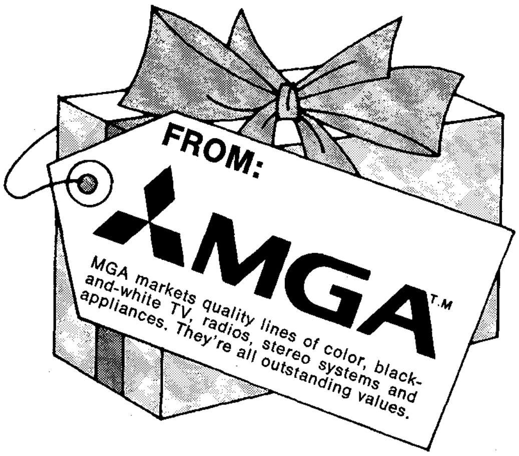

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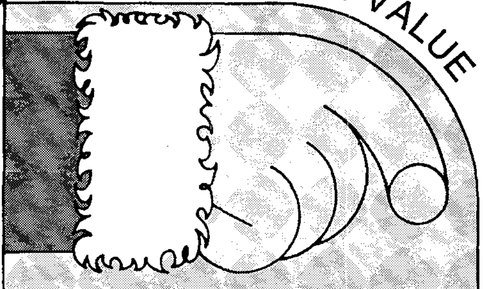
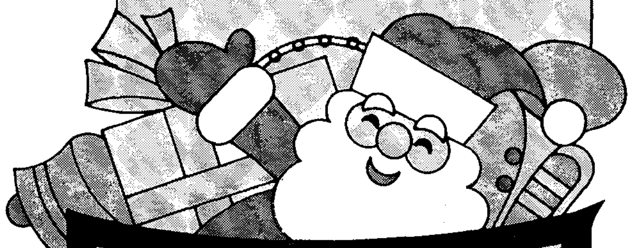
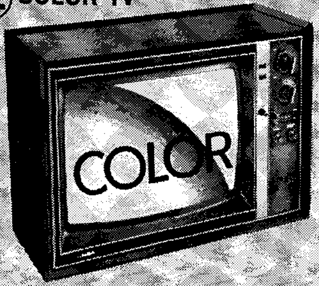


MGA, a member of the century-old Mitsubishi Group. We sell factory-direct to selected dealers, so there's no middleman profit. Instead, your money buys more gift value.



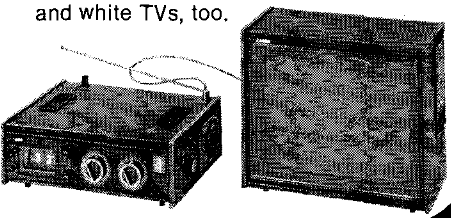
①. COLOR TV



The CS-195 19" diag. measure color TV above features Pushbutton Color Lock, AFT, and a 25-position UHF tuner. Plus a solid-state, glide-out fold-open chassis for extended life expectancy and easier service. See a full range of MGA color TVs at your dealer.

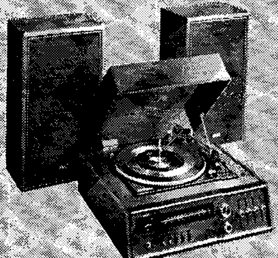
②. BLACK AND WHITE TV...PLUS

Something unique from MGA: remote control TV with AM/FM radio, digital clock timer. The BS-135's solid-state sophistication lets you operate all functions of all components from the bedside master control center. Your dealer has other MGA black and white TVs, too.

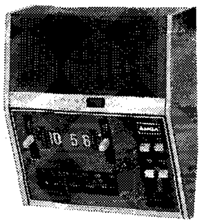


③. STEREO SYSTEMS

Try finding better sound for your dollar than the MGA SM-20 Bookshelf Stereo Music System. This unit has AM/FM radio, full size turntable, magnetic cartridge, anti-skate control, air suspension speakers and more. Complete with built-in jack terminals for accessories. We don't think there's a better value.



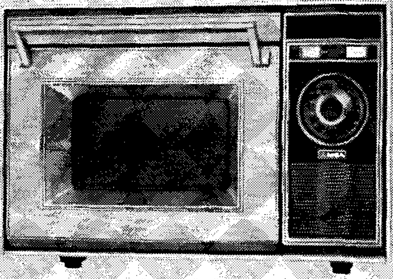
④. RADIOS



Here's our AM/FM Digital Clock Radio, the RWF-82, with wide-angle, back lighted face for table or wall use. Features include drowse switch, FM/AFC, sleep-switch, gliding clock numerals that don't make a sound.

⑤. ELECTRONIC OVEN

The gift that can't be beat for the lady on the go. MGA's ET-60 Mobile Electronic Oven. Cooks in a fraction of conventional cooking time, with the mobility to use anywhere there's a grounded standard household outlet.



The business of making Scotch: it's become too much of a business.

You've probably never had the opportunity to drink a fifteen year old Scotch.

And the reason, once you've stopped to think about how popular Scotch is today, is really quite simple.

There just aren't many profit-minded businessmen about to wait fifteen years for their Scotch to fully mature, when without too much trouble they can sell a five or eight or twelve year old Scotch.

After all, business is business.

But we go back over 200 years to a time when making Scotch was more of an art than a business. With a way of doing things, that though perhaps a little on the impractical side in today's light, has not been without its reward. For nine successive reigns the House of Justerini & Brooks has been the holder of the Royal Warrant.

Thus it is that in the world where business usually comes first, in a world that continually strives for the new, the changed, the expedient, we are pleased to present you with a Scotch made the way Scotch was meant to be made.

Fifteen year old Royal Ages.

Royal Ages is another experience in Scotch. Unbelievably comfortable to the experienced palate. A smooth, calm tasting Scotch with not the slightest hint of a rough edge. It is, in short, Scotch at its best.

Fifteen year old Royal Ages. One sip and we think you will agree it was worth the waiting.

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JUSTERINI & BROOKS
ESTABLISHED 1749
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FIFTEEN YEARS OLD
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
86 PROOF PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
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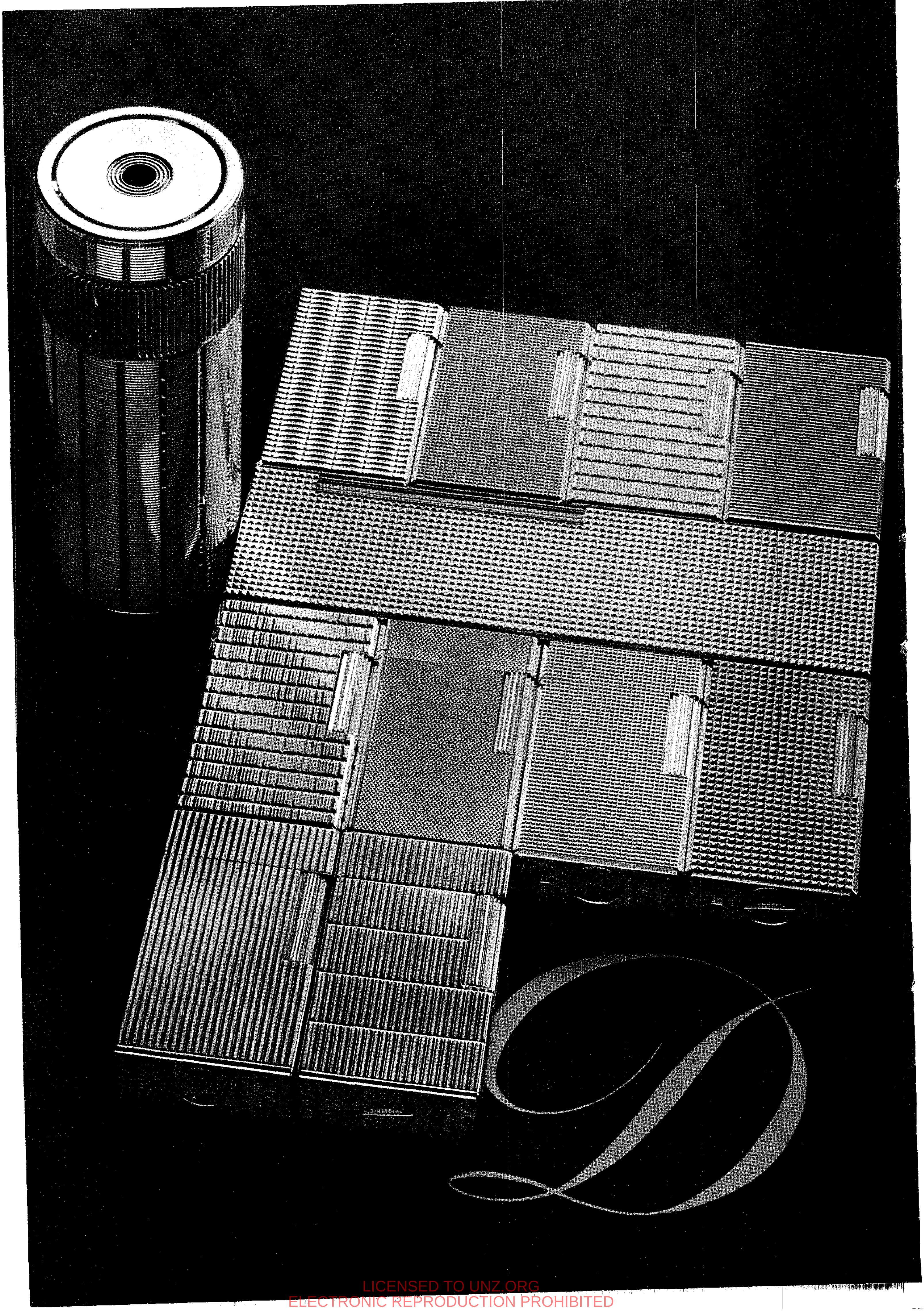

The S.T. Dupont lighters. They're almost too good to give away.

At first glance, S.T. Dupont lighters might appear to be perfect gifts. They are handsome. They work beautifully. They are made with a craftsmanship that today is practically extinct.

But there is one little problem. They are very difficult to part with.

Once you've found out they are made so carefully that it takes two months to make even the humblest of S.T. Dupont lighters.

That they are plated with gold or silver twice the thickness used for other lighters. Engraved with a pattern that is unusually deep and sharp, because it was carved by a diamond.

That S.T. Dupont lighters are made from a single block of metal, so each lighter will always fit together as solidly as though it were still one single block. And that every single lighter goes through two weeks of testing to be sure it functions perfectly.

When you give an S.T. Dupont, you have your choice of the world's 28 finest lighters. In solid 18 carat gold. In heavy gold or silver plate. In table or pocket models.

And once you've made your choice, the trouble is apt to begin.

You become attached to it.

Because of the heavy, satisfying way it feels. Because of its classic simplicity. Because of the care and precision and respect with which it was made.

But try to remember you bought it as a gift.

And give it away.

After all, someone else may come to appreciate it almost as much as you do.

S.T. Dupont
OF PARIS

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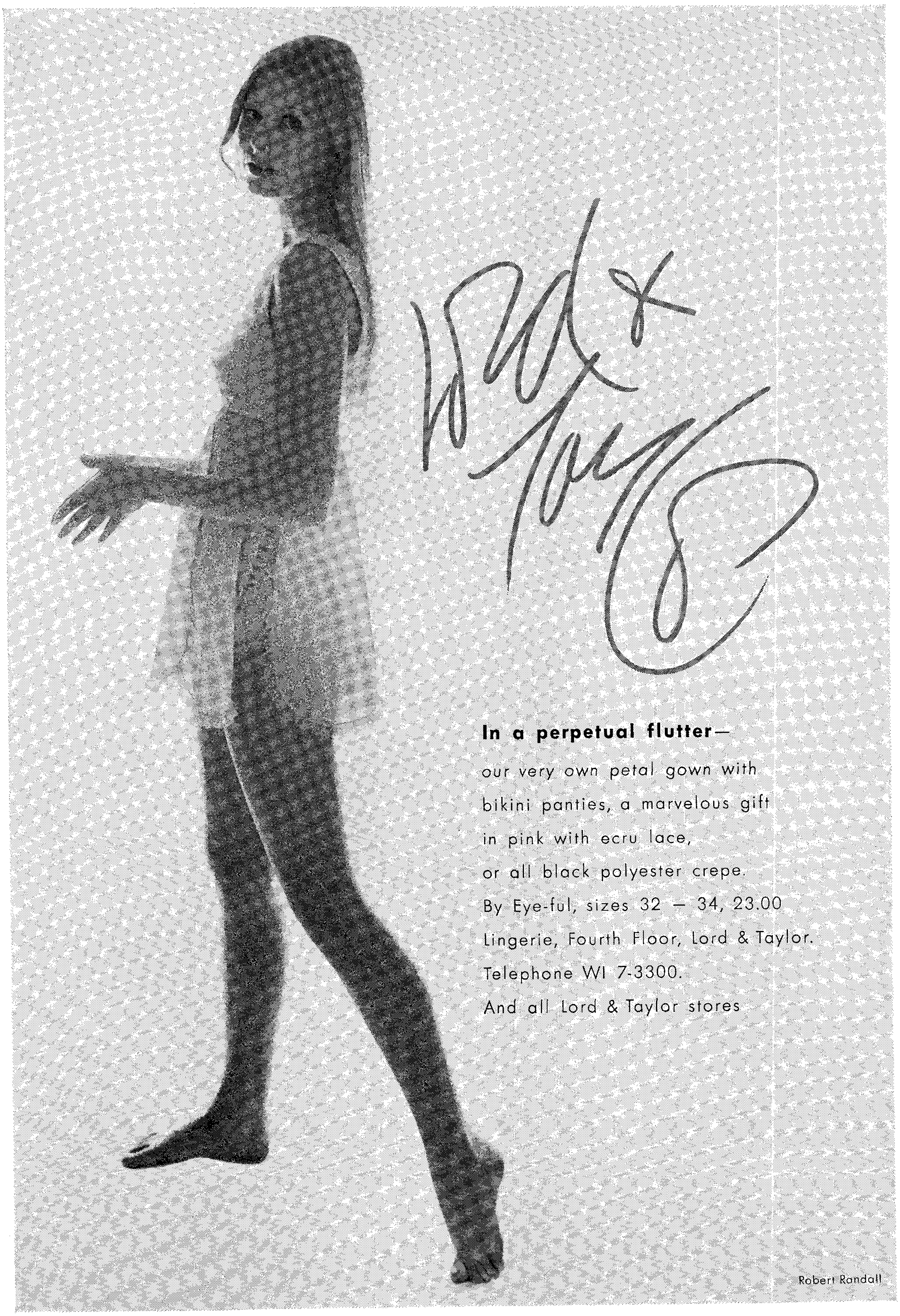
At fine jewelers, department stores, tobacconists in 120 countries throughout the world.
For store nearest you, see page 126.
S.T. Dupont, 8 bis rue Dieu Paris 10e · S.T. Dupont Corporation 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022



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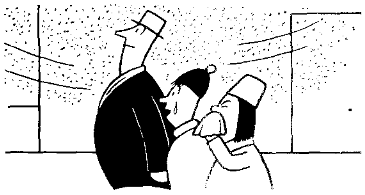
Robert Randall

THE
NEW YORKER

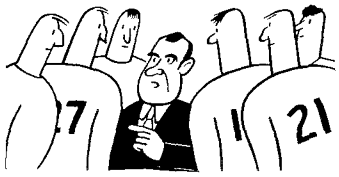
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

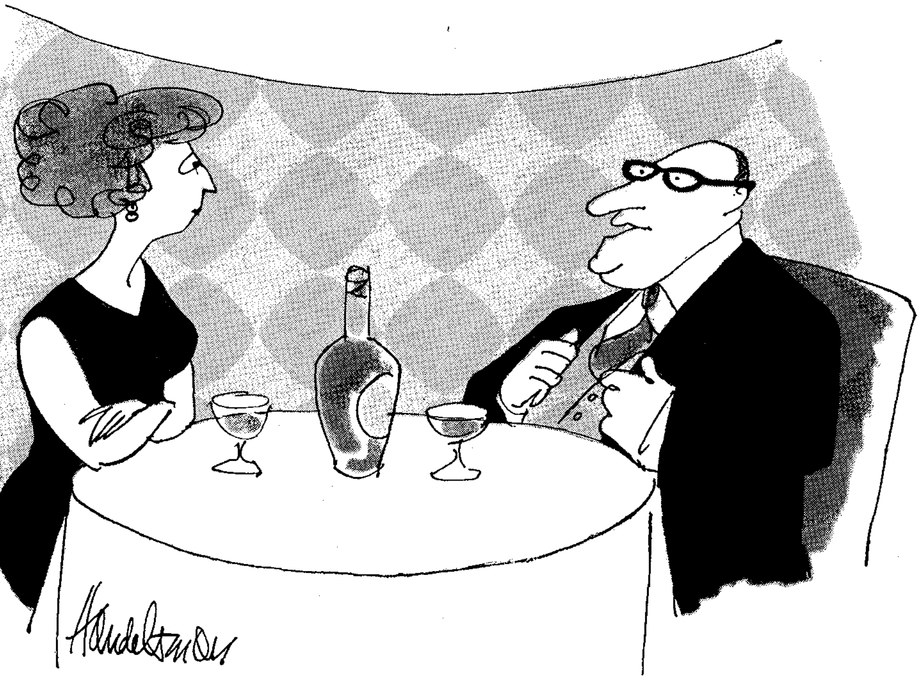
THIS is evidently one of those mornings, one of those ecological-consciousness-raising mornings. Soot. Smog. Sulphur dioxide. Bits of ash on Madison. Falling metal on Fifty-seventh. Potassium in the wind somewhere—or is it prussic acid? "Father, how come we have colds when it isn't winter?" the darling children ask.



"Go wipe your faces, children," we reply. "Have you not heard? There is a rain of hubcaps in downtown Stamford. Nerve gas is blowing in from Jersey. The Mayor will open Prussic Acid Plant No. 3 at four o'clock. Speeches. Cocktails. Count your blessings." O *dreary* ecology! O *banal* emphysema! We immediately announce the institution of a new award for Excellence—or, at any rate, Prominence—in the field of Trendy Ecological Advertising. We call it the Henry David Award, in honor of the late Henry David Muldoon—the nineteenth-century ecological-advertising eccentric who developed the now legendary "Andrew Carnegie Fishes There, Too!" slogan, rose to brief fame with his "Edward Harriman *Cares* About Cows" campaign for the Union Pacific, but then tragically overreached himself with his pioneer jingle "It's the *Re-al* Thing!" for the Standard Oil trust and fell rapidly into obscurity and disgrace. A prophet before his time, we say, is better than no prophet at all. Our first Henry David Award goes to a Texaco ad, "We Swim in It, Too." Ah, the picture is lovely. All that blue water. Blue-green water. The thin golden rays of the sun on the horizon. Clearly the Caspian Sea—we have never seen the Caspian Sea looking prettier, although there are no Texaco natators to be seen in it. Probably underwater. With the sun's rays like that, you could doubtless see for miles. Imagine! Texaco executives diving for sunken triremes in the Caspian Sea after a hard day on the rigs! It is a fine picture, we agree, but not necessarily a great picture. Not necessarily an award-winning picture. After all, we are not going to toss away a Henry David each year for just another Burne-Jones view of the Caspian Sea. But the prose? Yes. The award goes to the prose. We will simply quote it here: "Long before all the headlines on ocean pollution, Texaco's tanker-operating procedures prohibited the dumping of oil at sea. Anywhere. Anytime." Sounds of cheering and applause. Crowd of men in derby hats at the back of the square throw their hats in the air. Muffled "Huzzah!"s. Then: "This is our commitment, that we will never willfully pollute the beaches of our world." Wild cheering. Stamping of feet. Man in pepper-and-salt suit slaps funny-looking man in straw boater (Cecil Kellaway) on the back. Funny-looking man falls down. Laughter. Woman runs up with tears in her eyes. "Oh, Harry, did you hear that? 'Our world,' he said, Harry." Harry—for it is he—clasps her tenderly. "I heard it, Sukie-May. I also heard 'never willfully pollute.' I wish your Pa were alive to see this day." They kiss. The voice continues: "After all, we swim in the same waters you do." Hushed silence. Sound of ocean waves. Sound of oil-company people swimming in ocean waves. Cecil Kellaway picks himself up off the floor. "I'll drink to that," he says. Some of the men are crying. The crowd begins to drift away. The bartender is cleaning glasses. Sukie-May and Harry walk off arm in arm. "The *same* waters, Sukie-May," he keeps saying. "They swim in the *same waters* as you and me." "Oh, *Harry*," she giggles. Offstage, the Victor Ventura Singers conclude the Texaco Anthem.



"NIXON Pays Surprise Visit to Redskins, Gives Pep Talk," runs the headline in the *Times*. Part of the text goes, "The President strolled unannounced onto the practice field near Dulles airport in the Virginia countryside, chatted and joked with the players, called a play—a screen pass—and told Coach George Allen, 'I'd like to have a reservation for the playoffs.' In a fifteen-minute pep talk to the players, Nixon likened a football team to a country. The test of both, he said, 'is when it's lost one, it doesn't lose its spirit.' Shortly after lunch he decided on the spur of the moment to drive the twenty-five miles to the practice field. Wearing a gray overcoat to ward off . . ." *Spur of the moment! Twenty-five miles! A screen pass!* What has happened to the lonely vigil of the Chief Executive, we thought. What has happened to the soul-searing isolation of the highest office in the land? What, indeed, has happened to the screen pass? Quarterbacks, it seems to us, are throwing more screen passes this season, and fewer of them are getting anywhere, although doubtless the reason that quarterbacks are throwing so many screen passes is that most of the players are by now so falling-down injured that few of them can run much beyond the line of scrimmage two times in a row. One wonders what the Presidential position is on the new artificial turf. "It is like the backbone of this great country," we can imagine the President saying. "Granted it gets a bit slippery when wet, and now and then will give the old smasheroo to a kneecap—but it endures, gentlemen, it endures." On the other hand, would Lincoln have said it any better? Would Bismarck? Would Bismarck have called a screen pass? We doubt it. Neither Lincoln nor Bismarck nor Napoleon nor any of the other Former Greats, as far as we can tell, participated in any meaningful way



"Mr. Gedney's wife does not understand him. She objects to Mr. Gedney's habit of referring to himself in the third person."

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in athletics, and although the Duke of Wellington made that old-timey observation about "the playing fields of Eton," there is no conclusive evidence that he was ever *on* them—at least, not in the proper togs, or playing for a proper team. So much for the Old Way. Back to the *Times*' article: "Sonny Jurgensen, the quarterback, referring to Sunday's 13–0 loss to Dallas, responded, 'Where were you when I needed you?' Nixon observed that he had played football in his Whittier College days, but said, 'I played on the C team . . . and I didn't even make that.' " We are lurching toward—in fact, we may already be in—the Joyous Yuletide Season, and right now we are doing our damnedest to rev up a little good will toward men. "How to go, Mr. President!" is what we say. "It is time to stop kicking Nixon around! How to call that screen pass! The C team at Whittier was *really* rough to get on that year!" And so forth. Maybe we can even make a deal. We'll handle the good will toward men, and the President, on the spur of the moment, will drive twenty-five miles back to Washington and handle the peace on earth. How to go, team!

Museum Auction

ALONG with five hundred others, we attended an auction at the Museum of Natural History the other night; it was preceded by drinks in Education Hall, where the sale was to be held, and where ninety-nine objects to be auctioned were on display (seven other attractions were tours or trips), and by a dinner in the adjacent Northwest Coast Indian Hall. A pretty girl handed us a catalogue, bound in vivid pink, whose entries proclaimed it a collector's item itself: of a Masai spear, "Good for goading pigs or pushing things back onto the top closet shelf;" of a reptile-skin-covered harp from the Sudan, "Needs tuning badly, but then, baby, you're off to Woodstock!"

"The whole point is to raise money for operating expenses," Mrs. Hector Prud'homme, of the Museum's Women's Committee, who organized the event, told us as we joined a group that was touring the treasures. "We got the idea of having a sale of old furniture last spring, but then we thought we shouldn't just have rolltop desks and so on, so we went around to the curators for other things—not things from the regular collections, of course. The curators were very generous. They gave us mostly stuff from their departments that had little or nothing to do with the departments—a couple of old Army medical-instrument boxes from the Department of Animal Behavior, for example, and a life-size bronze lobster."

We noted this crustacean on top of a rolltop desk, which was also surmounted by a green-glass-shaded desk lamp and a glass specimen jar three feet high.

"Large enough for me to keep my coffee in," a woman said.

"Nobody knows where the lobster came from," said L. F. Boker Doyle, a life-size (six-foot-five) Museum trustee, who was one of the evening's two auctioneers. "I auctioned several hundred surplus hot dogs recently at the West Side Montessori School, of which I'm a trustee, so I've had some experience. You remember when Murph the Surf and his pals stole all those gems from the Museum? There's the bench from whose seat they grabbed the squeegee that enabled them to reach into the cases."

"Friends have given some of the objects," said Gardner Stout, the Museum's president. "There are several stuffed animals, but nothing of scientific value. I don't think we want to be just a zoo of stuffed animals anyway. Here's the chairman of our board." He indicated a plaster bust of a grumpy-looking male gorilla.

On our way to dinner, we passed a dinosaur skeleton. "This is Mr. Doyle's skeleton when he was a young man," said William T. Golden, another trustee. "You can tell from its height."

Thanks to some rather leisurely catering—seafood Newburg and frozen chocolate éclairs amid the Indian Hall's totem poles—the guests filed into the auction an hour late, at nine o'clock. President Stout mounted the podium. "You will find some immediately returnable wedding presents," he said, and he turned the evening over to Mr. Doyle, who, master of a machine-gun patter, rapidly disposed of fifteen items, among them a plaster rhinoceros head ("Do I hear fifty dollars?. . . One hundred dollars. . . . Look at the size of it! Enormous! Worth a thousand dollars!. . . Sold at a hundred and twenty dollars"); the lobster, for a hundred and seventy dollars; the specimen jar, for a hundred dollars; the Murph the Surf wooden settle, for fifty dollars; and, to our unbounded admiration—for we had tested it and found it dangerously rickety—a wooden step stool ("recently in use in our library"), for a hundred and twenty-five dollars.

No. 15, a behind-the-scenes tour of the Museum for a class of schoolchildren, went for five hundred and fifty dollars, and Thomas McCance, Jr., another trustee and another virtuoso, a trifle more relaxed than Mr. Doyle, inherited his mantle for a run of ten items. "It's gorgeous, whatever it is," Mr. McCance wound up, of a steatite Chinese-pagoda scene (a hundred and fifty dollars), and back came Mr. Doyle. "One of those incomparable items," he said, in part, of a group of nasal plaster casts. "Think of hanging twenty animal noses in your living room! Plaster noses! No eyes! Just noses!... All those noses for two hundred and fifty dollars! What a windfall for you, sir!"

Well, so it went, alternating between Mr. Doyle and Mr. McCance, until, at eleven o'clock, Mr. Doyle rose to new heights. "This is the time that we sell the president of the Museum, Gardner D. Stout. A trip for six to Jamaica Bay, guided by the noted ornithologist Gardner Stout! Have I got four hundred dollars for Gardner Stout? Come *on!*... Sold at five hundred dollars! Gardner, will you stand up?"

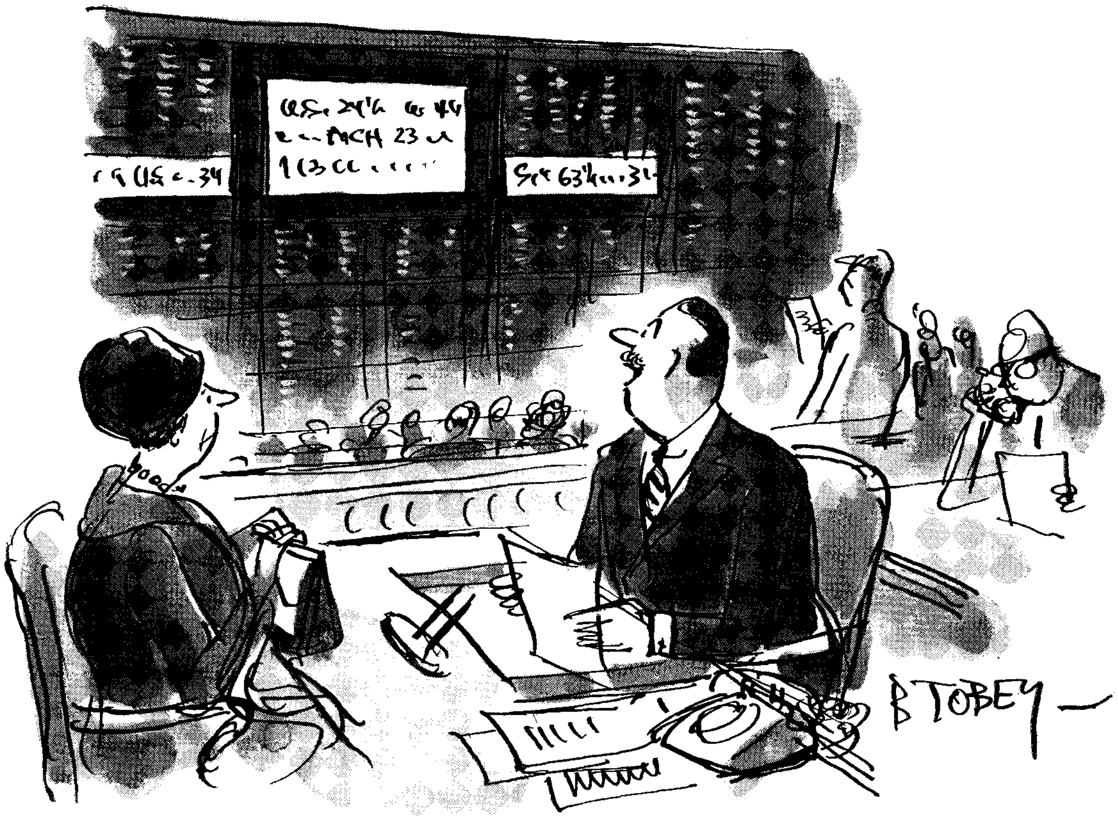
We stood up and left fifteen minutes later, just as Mr. Doyle was saying, of No. 66, another settle, "Sold to my wife for fifty dollars, God damn it!"

We called the Museum the next day, and found that the sale had ended at twelve-fifteen, with thirty-two thousand dollars in the till for operating expenses.

Kennedy on Fifth Avenue

SENATOR EDWARD M. KENNEDY walked rapidly up Fifth Avenue early one recent evening, followed by reporters from a Boston paper, *Time*, *Playboy*, and the *Village Voice;* two photographers; and various others, including us, heading for the Hotel Pierre. Kennedy had arrived by shuttle from Washington a bit earlier, gone to the Kennedy family's apartment in midtown, shifted from a dark, conservative suit to a snappy tuxedo, and then set forth on foot to make speeches at two back-to-back dinners—a Brandeis University alumni banquet (at the Pierre) and a tenth-anniversary testimonial to Representative William Fitts Ryan (at the St. Regis). He looked handsome and happy as he moved along, chatting and laughing; he has a quick, flashing smile, an amused and easy way with people, a lot of spontaneous warmth, and the familiar dry family humor. An Art Buchwald column entitled "Ted Protests Too Much" had appeared in the *Post*, saying, "Every time you pick up the newspaper there is another story about Teddy Kennedy confirming he is not a Presidential candidate in 1972. It isn't the denial that has people confused as much as *where* Sen. Kennedy denies it." Buchwald gave some hypothetical examples: "Windy Falls, Iowa—Sen. Edward M. Kennedy told a cheering throng of 10,000 persons at the Windy Falls County Fair that he would not accept.... New York—Sen. Edward Kennedy spent 14 hours in New York City yesterday in a whirlwind tour. A Kennedy aide said that [Kennedy] wanted to take his message that he was not a Presidential candidate personally to all the five boroughs...." We asked the Senator if he had seen Buchwald's column, and he gave a delighted laugh. "Yes," he said. "I called him up about it this afternoon." He paused for a second. "I told him I was calling from Miami."

In addition to repeatedly asserting his non-candidacy, Kennedy had made some forceful speeches in recent months. At the Harvard Law School Forum in September, for example, he said, "Richard Nixon was elected in 1968 because people like you sat on their hands. They did not work in the campaign because their own candidates had been lost in Los Angeles or Chicago. They did not vote because they thought they had a Tweedledum-Tweedledee choice. And so Richard Nixon won with fewer votes than he had when he lost in 1960... while five and a half million potential voters under twenty-five stayed home. And so we have Warren Burger in place of Earl Warren. And so we almost had George Harrold Carswell. And so we have Otto Otepka. And we have John Mitchell and Richard Kleindienst and Will Wilson and Robert Mardian and a host of defeated Republican office-seekers sitting where John Doar and Ramsey Clark and John Douglas and Burke Marshall once sat. And we have a return to trickle-down economics and trickle-up unemployment. We have the Southern strategy and benign neglect, the dismantling of the anti-poverty program, and political tests for federal employment. We have vetoes on housing and health and employment legislation. We have the Commander-in-Chief going out of his way to support both William Calley at My Lai and Nelson Rockefeller at Attica. And we have Spiro Agnew." At the award dinner of the B'nai B'rith Anti-Defamation League in New York in October, he had said, "The people responsible for filling four Supreme Court vacancies in less than three years are the same people who have played fast and



"Up another eighth, Mrs. Harrelson. Every little bit added to what you've got makes a little bit more."

loose with the Constitution for nearly three years. . . . They see the Constitution as a burden, an obstruction to be overcome. . . . For the first time since King George, they have succeeded in imposing prior restraints on that most basic American ideal, freedom of the press. . . . They institute criminal proceedings against Daniel Ellsberg in a matter of hours . . . but they take fifteen months to decide that the killing in cold blood of four unarmed students at Kent State requires no grand jury. . . . To succeed in debilitating the Constitution, the Administration must first debilitate the Court."

Kennedy crossed Fifth Avenue and walked into the Pierre, and ran into an ambush of reporters and TV lights outside the ballroom. A lot of microphones were thrust into his face, and—against a background of rattling dishes from the nearby dinner—he answered questions in the glare.

"Sam Yorty announced his candidacy today, Senator. What do you have to say about that?"

Kennedy paused, then grinned. "What do you *want* me to say about him?" he inquired.

He was asked about Phase Two ("I do feel the Administration approach is heavily weighted in favor of business"), and he talked about tax packages, and John Lindsay (he said Lindsay should enter the primaries; if Lindsay won the nomination, Kennedy would support him). Kennedy was told, "Agnew criticized you today." He grinned again. "Just today?" he asked, and then he moved into the fancy pink ballroom.

A violin, saxophone, bass, and piano that were providing discreet, lilting dinner music were overridden by applause as Kennedy walked in, the well-dressed alumni standing up at the pink tables and clapping until he reached the dais.

"I don't accept speaking engagements outside my state of Massachusetts," Kennedy began, speaking beneath a large blue Brandeis banner, "because when I do people accuse me of seeking higher office. But Brandeis is really a Massachusetts institution, so that's why I'm here tonight."

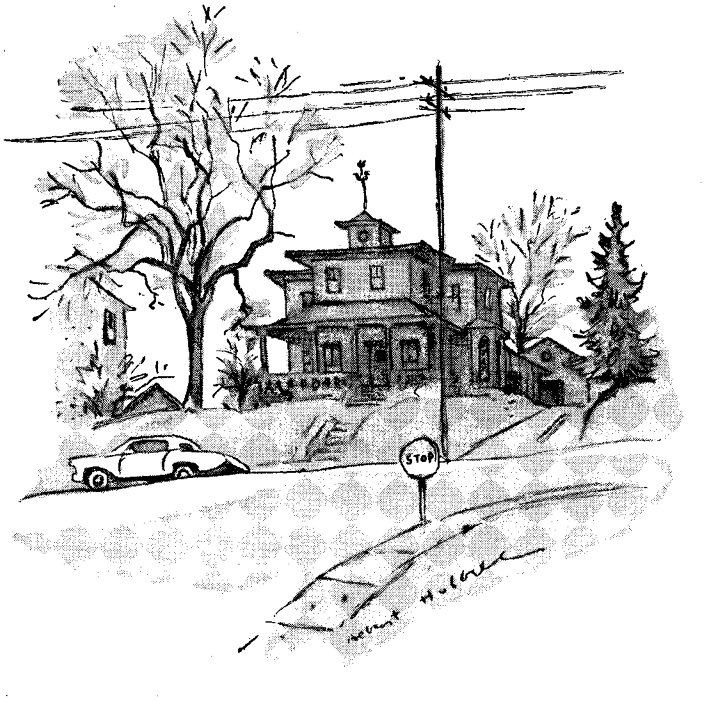
At one side of the ballroom, reporters and photographers settled down at two tables and were briskly served a dinner of fruit cocktail, roast beef, salad, ice cream, wine, and coffee as Kennedy delivered a general criticism of the Administration.

"We could have a plan to end the war *now*, instead of one designed to 'be judged at the time of the campaign, rather than now,' as the President put it last week. . . . We could have a nation which does not answer the complicated question of amnesty, for the tens of thousands of young men who have accepted imprisonment or have gone to Canada and elsewhere to avoid the war, with a cruel and simple 'no,' as the President did at his press conference last week." He recalled the nomination of Louis Brandeis to the Supreme Court in 1916 and the bitter fight for confirmation ("When it was all over . . . Brandeis had been confirmed forty-seven to twenty-two, on almost a straight party-line vote"), and said, "Truth and justice were the victors." He discussed the Rehnquist nomination to the Court at length: "[Rehnquist] has been the prime defender of the Administration's most backward Constitutional positions. . . . He is more worried about a legislative or judicial chill on Executive investigative activities than he is about investigative chill on individual liberties. He thinks that the country may now be 'faced with a choice between liberty and order,' and his positions leave no doubt where he stands. . . . He did not see his role in the Department of Justice as assuring that its activities were either just or Constitutional; his only concern was that a reasonable advocate could make a tenable argument to support a given action, no matter how close to the edge of a Constitutional precipice. Was this merely the natural course for a 'Constitutional conservative'? Or was it the insensitivity of a confirmed authoritarian?"

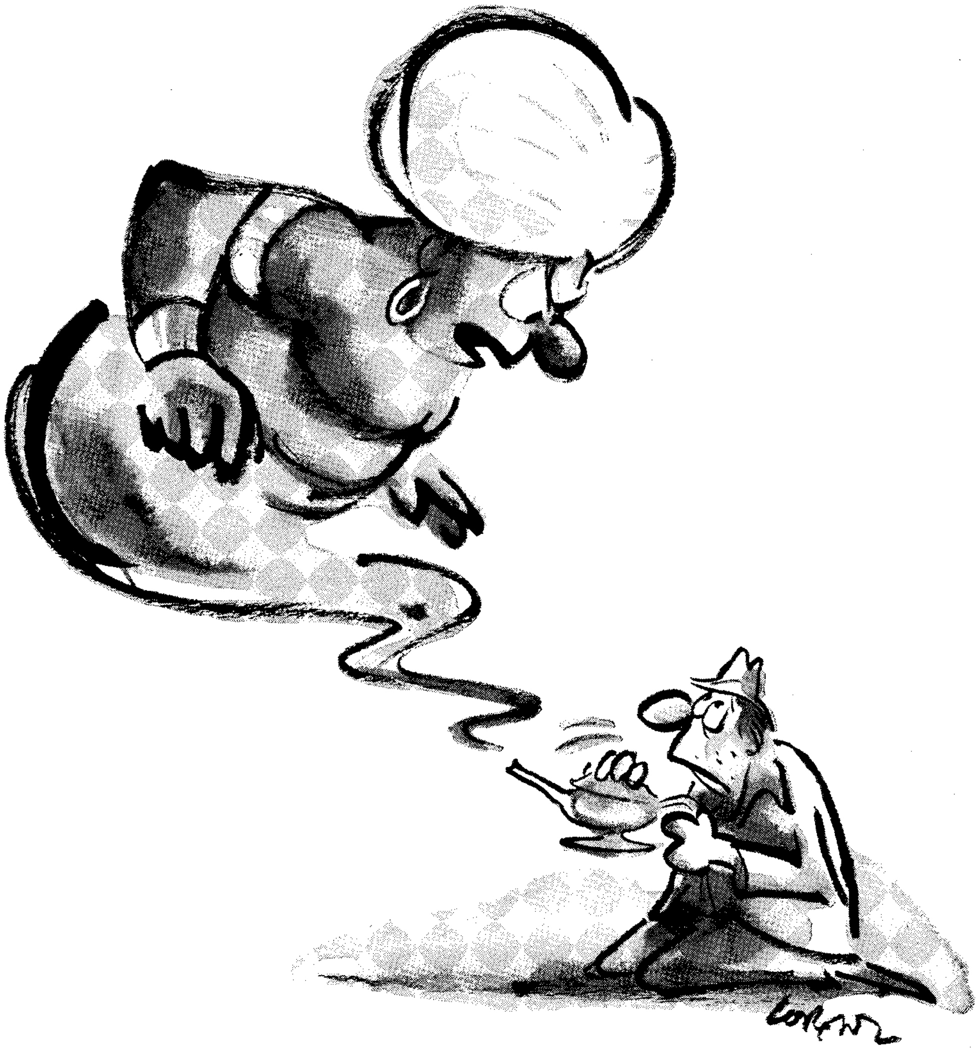
Kennedy said that within the Administration "problems are seen not as challenges and opportunities but as flaws in the image of our society," and he continued, "Our leaders seek to play upon our fears, our prejudices, our basest reflexes . . . for apparently they have confidence neither in themselves nor in the rest of us. . . . They cut off or constrain the programs with a potential for generating human change. The dams stay; the community action programs go. Thumbs up on SST; thumbs down on aggressive legal-services programs. Yes on bugging and wiretapping; no on civil rights and national health insurance. . . . They are afraid of the Constitution. They are afraid of liberty. They are afraid of justice." Kennedy ended with a quotation from Brandeis ("The greatest dangers to liberty lurk in insidious encroachment by men of zeal, well-meaning but without understanding"), and there was sustained polite applause, suggesting that the examination of Rehnquist's credentials might have been a bit detailed and grim for an audience basking in the afterglow of a Pierre banquet.

On his way out of the hotel, Kennedy was informed by a reporter that a news service had put on the wire Kennedy's pre-dinner remark that he would support John Lindsay for the Presidency, without mentioning the matter of Lindsay's first winning the nomination. Kennedy cleared that up briskly ("Lindsay's candidacy would strengthen the democratic process . . . increase the dialogue. . . . If he were to win the nomination, I would support him") and then headed for the street. Walking out onto Fifth Avenue, he set a fast pace downtown toward the St. Regis and the Ryan dinner.

We had had a chance to sit down with the Senator earlier, and we had asked him about his trip last summer to West Bengal, where he observed some of the refugees from East Pakistan. (Kennedy is chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Refugees.) "I feel it's the greatest human disaster of our times," he had said. "Forty-three hundred children dying each day—the cruellest kind of genocide the world has seen. Millions



of refugees along the road to Calcutta. Overcrowded refugee camps, makeshift centers, jammed hospital wards—the sadness, the misery, the despair, the loss of these people. I saw a fourteen-year-old boy paralyzed with a bullet in his spine, in a hospital; he'll never walk again, and he still sees the nightmare of his parents shot in front of him. I saw a nine-year-old girl who hadn't spoken in four months, since a night of atrocities. I saw children with bayonet wounds. It's essential to halt the violence and to achieve a political settlement." Kennedy had urged a number of relief measures, but the results had been—and remain—slight. "I know the arms 'pipeline' to Pakistan is now at last closed. But our policy is still guided by the traditional approach. The Administration continues to fight for military aid to Greece; it supports the internal-security program in Brazil that suppresses opposition; it sends our Vice-President around the world to see dictators. Our foreign policies are often inexplicable in terms of the human dimension. My overview of foreign policy is that it should be more expressive of our ideals, our sense of human concern. Two hundred people are born every minute—a hundred and sixty of them black, red, brown, yellow—and half will be dead before one year. And half of the survivors will die before they are twelve years old. Our foreign policy ought to be directed toward human needs—the areas of poverty and disease and social justice. That's what we've got away from. I think it can be changed, turned around; it has to be. The country is asking for a challenge—a challenge to meet the problems we're facing, a challenge for new directions—and the missing ingredient in today's life is that the challenge is not presented. People then look inward to their own particular interests, and move away from the commonweal and the public good. There is a lot of fear: workers are frightened of losing their jobs; businessmen are frightened of loss of business and business opportunities (their fear is reflected in low stock prices); young people are fearful of continued war; blacks fear whites; whites fear blacks. Instead of being quieted, these fears are being played on and to. People need a belief in themselves, a belief in the country, and a belief that there are human solutions to human problems. We can control our destiny, but it's a spirit, an inspiration, a sense of hope that's missing today. The ability to cope comes after that."



" 'Chicken salami on rye, with a slice.' That's a wish?"

Striding along down Fifth Avenue, with the reporters and photographers streaming behind, Kennedy talked and laughed with Tim Hanan, a New York lawyer who was a law-school classmate of his and who has participated in various Kennedy campaigns. A long-haired taxi-driver swerved his cab close to the curb at Fifty-seventh Street and waved to Kennedy. Then, turning east on Fifty-fifth Street toward the St. Regis, Kennedy was suddenly face to face with a howling demonstration: placards addressed to "Sen. Kennedy" were being waved, a crowd charged toward him, and a skinny, semi-hysterical young man lunged at him with a placard, stumbling and shrieking, "What is your position on Gay Liberation?" In the sudden tumult, a man in a raincoat—possibly a plainclothesman or a detective—grabbed the young man and threw him against the wall of the hotel. The hysteria and shoving escalated. Kennedy made it to the steps of the St. Regis, then turned and invited a couple of the protesters inside to talk with him. A tall, blond young man with a pigtail went up the steps after him, calling back to the others, "Calm down! Martin, calm down, please! He's asked two of us in," and he tried to enter the hotel. The police started to bar his way, but Kennedy, standing just inside the lobby, ordered, "Let that fellow in." He stood listening attentively as the young man explained, calmly but earnestly, "Gay people have been deprived of their rights. We have gay veterans from Vietnam. . . ." It was a long discourse, with Kennedy nodding and giving occasional replies, and the young man seemed rather gratified to have had a hearing. Then Kennedy went upstairs to the Ryan banquet, in the St. Regis Roof, and a few moments later he was explaining to the audience of four hundred the invitation he had received to speak at the dinner. "They told me 'We're looking for a young, intelligent Democrat with national ambitions—and we can't get Dick Aurelio.' " He delivered a tribute to Ryan, ad lib, and then once again began talking about Rehnquist and the Supreme Court.

FLYING TO AMERICA

18 March

SING, goddess, the brilliance of Perpetua, who came then to lend her salt-sweet God-gift beauty to the film. Sing the beauty of the breasts of Perpetua, like unto the cancelment of an action at law against you, sing the redness of her hair, like unto the anger of Peleus' son who put pains a thousandfold upon the Achaeans. Sing the hauteur of Perpetua, like unto that of a thief of fine porcelains, sing the movement of her naked leg under the long gray gown, like unto the progress of that sad song, the Borodin Quartet in D Major. Sing the whiteness of her brow, like unto a failed poem pulped into Erasable Bond, sing her sudden smile, like unto the shriek of that swan which hid Zeus the powerful. Sing, goddess, the rancor of Perpetua, which is plain to see, sing her gold-glistering trumpet, with which she promulgates her rancor and earns her daily bread, by the sweat of her lip. Sing, goddess, the mystery of Perpetua, of which I cannot speak, without undue emotion, sing her stern eye, which tells me that, among the sons of men, I am not worthy.

Perpetua showed us her breasts.

"Yes, they're wonderful," I said.

All of the members of the crew were smiling.

She has just left her husband, Harold.

"Order is not interesting," Perpetua said. "Disorder is interesting."

"Thank you, Perpetua. Ezra will call you when we're ready for you."

20 March

Two days of inactivity.

The script is terrible.

Ezra said: "This script is no good."

I maintained a grave and thoughtful silence. Then I asked: "Who have you hired?"

"Joan," Ezra said. "Marty. Mitch. Marcello."

"Who are they?"

"Marty," Ezra said, "is a C.O. whose draft board requires him to work for extremely low pay at some hardship in a job with provable social utility."

"Are we that?"

"I presented us as a leprosarium."

This was reasonable.

"Mitch," Ezra said, "has come from the asylum."

"Which?"

"The Maryland Motherhouse of Our Lady of Perpetual Chagrin."

"Is he a nun?"

"He is not."

"In what capacity was he there?"

"In the capacity, borderline case."

"Very good. Go on."

"The podesta's brief against Marcello," Ezra said, and paused, "I have chosen to disbelieve."

"And Joan?"

"Mail fraud."

Mail fraud is not something that bothers me much.

"O.K., Ezra. You have done a good job. Monday we begin."

"How?" Ezra asked. "With this script?"

"Have you never heard of grace?"

21 March

I heard a noise outside. I looked out of the window. An old woman was bent over my garbage can, borrowing some of my garbage. They do that all over the city, old men and old women. They borrow your garbage and they never bring it back.

My apartment is nearly empty. I've thrown everything out. Books, pictures, most of the furniture. The parquet needs a waxing, its brown has changed to brown-gray. The plants are withering because I don't water them. My wife and child are gone.

The telephone rang. It was the genius (one of the people we've hired for the film).

"They haf removed the tooth," he told me.

"Fine. Did it hurt?"

"Not so much. But I am worrying."

"What about?"

"I haf the tooth. Which in your opinion museum should I donate it to—the Smithsonian or rather the Metropolitan?"

"The Smithsonian. Absolutely the Smithsonian."

22 March

Thinking about the "Flying to America" sequence. This will be the film's climax. But am I capable of mounting such a spectacle? And will the man from Brewers' Natural (the bank that put up the money for the film) understand?

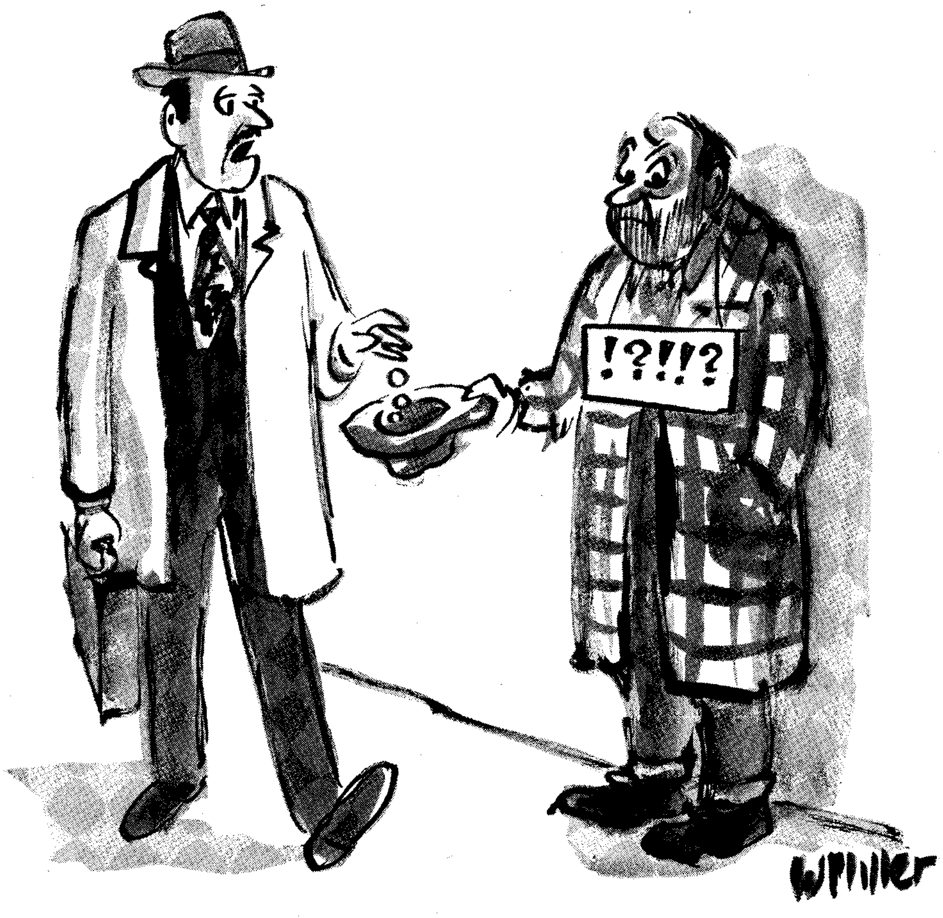
23 March

The first day of shooting. I took the crew to the desert. Perpetua came along to watch. It was necessary for me not to watch Perpetua watching.

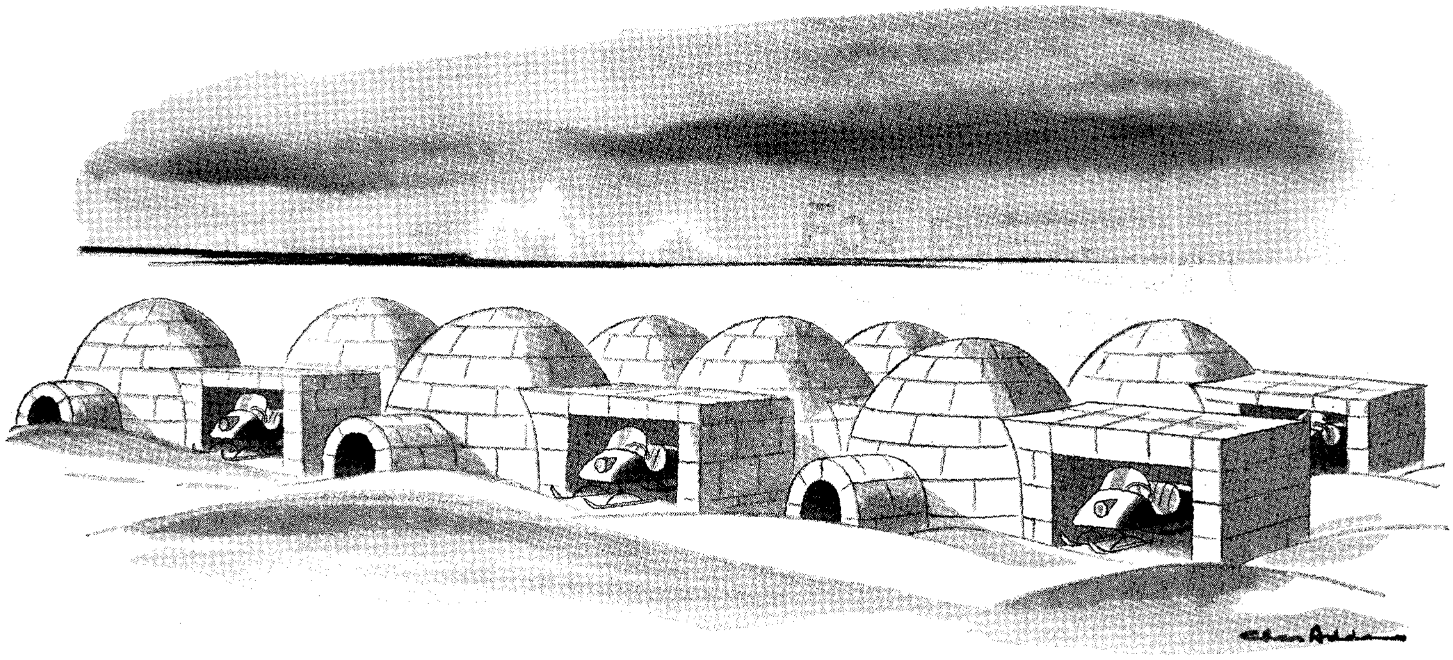
"Tom," Ezra said, "we should have stars."

"No stars," I said.

"Stars have bigger heads than ordinary people," Ezra argued. "Bigger heads photograph better."



"Well put, my good man."



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"No stars."

Shooting in the desert was a mistake but an instructive mistake. I blew my whistle. The crew gathered around. I explained the sequence. We'd be shooting two parallel blue lines each one a mile long. I could smell resistance. Resistance-pheromones being released all around me.

Ezra took me aside. "What they object to is not the sequence but the whistle. They don't like to be whistled at."

I threw the whistle high in the air.

The whistle stayed up in the air for a long time.

Everyone looked at the whistle.

We shot the two parallel blue lines each a mile long.

Something wrong. The scene has no movement, no impact.

What about printing the words of Christ in red, across the bottom of each frame?

Dismal to want to succeed but I can't help it. I watched the whistle, still in the air.

25 March

I was once a monster of a kind. I was bookish. Half man, half book.

No longer. Now I am worried about making the film.

Even today I am tempted to go to the library and find a book about great trumpet playing and read it so that when the moment comes (Perpetua is a trumpet player, with the New World Symphony Orchestra) I can discourse knowledgeably on the subject. I resist the impulse.

"And is it not the case," said Ezra when we first met, "that I have been associated with the production of nineteen major motion pictures of such savage originality, scalding *vérité*, and honey-warm sexual indecency that the very theatres chained their doors rather than permit exhibition of these major motion pictures on their ammonia-scented gum-daubed premises? And is it not the case," said Ezra, "that I myself with my two sinewy hands and strong-wrought God-gift brain have participated in the changing of seven high-class literary works of the first water and four of the second water and two of the third water into major muscatel? And is it not the living truth," said Ezra, "that I was the very man, I myself and none other without exception, who clung to the underside of the camera of the great Dreyer, clung with my two sinewy hands and noble well-wrought thighs and cunning-muscled knees both dexter and sinister, during the cinematization of the master's 'Gertrud,' clung there to slow the movement of said camera to that exquisite slowness that distinguishes this masterpiece from all other masterpieces of its water? And is it not chapter and verse," said Ezra, "that I was the comrade of all the comrades of the Dziga-Vertov Group who was first in no-saying, firmest in no-saying, most final in no-saying, to all honey-sweet commercial seductions of whatever water and capitalist blandishments of whatever water and ideological incorrectitudes of whatever water whatsoever? And is it not as true as Saul become Paul," Ezra said, "that you require a man, a firm-limbed long-winded good true man, and that *I am the man* standing before you in his very blood and bones?"

"You are hired, Ezra," I said.

27 March

Thinking of sequences for the film.

A frenzy of desire?

Sensible lovers taking precautions?

Swimming with horses?

28 March

Today we filmed the genius. I made no attempt to frame or place him. We simply stood him in front of the camera and let him speak.

"Divorce in Indonesia now costs a penny," the genius began. "Architecture students in China must now build with their own hands whatever they design. The plan . . . the plan offers metabolic support to ninety-nine per cent of reality as well as peak load servicing of maximum social stress. Under omni-favorable conditions no one will ask you any questions and you will be able to go your way utilizing our two great options, trial and error.

"There is no limit to what can be accomplished," the genius said. "That is unfortunate, I would prefer a limit. The latest schedules call for a rate of growth in the corruption of public officials of something like twenty-two per cent per annum. This 'noise' in the system is a good thing. Successful administration endangers antigrowth positions.

"The sudden world population bulge offers no threat, contrary to certain opinions expressed in the newspaper. Preterminal mummification of the deserving poor has been spoken of but

I don't think we'll actually do it—not yet. Managerial capabilities and leadership potential may yet be discovered in you, predicted by your colored felt-pen drawings as a child, but not noticed at that time. These qualities offer possible new solutions that should not be discounted until progressive failure phases have been worked through. 'Pipe' dreams, which allow brine to cool passions and oil to flow under the ice, should be sought after. Better people yet unborn will evolve still other methods, doubtless superior to our own, yet retaining a flavor of improvisation, poking around, smashed thumbs, chemical accidents. It is difficult to do anything right, the first time. As one erects slatted fences in order to control dune formation, so we mix vodka and vermouth in a fully bundled hard- and software operation designed to soothe those of our clients whose jitters incapacitate them for ordinary life. Cyclic event-recurrences distress those who had hoped that rewards and punishments would change places, that painting things with red lead would retard lust, that Breton would not patent the soluble fish, that in the fires along the coasts at midsummer, witches are not being burnt, really. That is all I have to say, at this time."

"You did very well," I said to the genius.

"Yes!" he said. "I think so!"

2 April

Just saw, on the street, a man in yellow shorts, orange shirt, orange straw hat. He was carrying three naked putters and a book, the latter decently dust-jacketed. And he was shouting, shouting at the top of his lungs:

"I am angry!

"I am very angry!

"I am *extremely* angry!

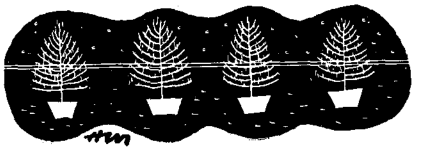
"Oh, I am so angry!

"I am furious!"

Something for the film?

3 April

TODAY we shot "country music." These country boys, despised and admired, know what they're about. The way they pull on their strings—the strings of their instruments and the strings of their fates. Bringing up the bass line here, inserting "fills" there, in their expensive forty-dollar Western shirts and plain ordinary eight-dollar jeans. We're filming a big battle dance in Rogers, Tennessee. It's the first time the crew really has had something to chew upon, and everyone is slightly excited. We set up backstage trying not to get in the way. Four bands are competing at the Masonic Temple. The musicians are unscrewing their flasks and tasting the bourbon inside, when they are not lighting their joints and pipes and hookahs. Meanwhile they're looking over the house, a big pile of stone erected in 1928, and wondering whether the wiring will be adequate to the demands of their art. The flasks and joints are being passed around, and everyone is wiping his mouth on his sleeve. And so the ropes holding the equipment to the roofs of the white station wagons are untied, and the equipment is carried onto the stage, with its closed curtain and its few spotty worklights shining. The various groups send out for supper, ordering steak sandwiches on a bun, hold the onions or hold the lettuce, as individual taste dictates. We send out for supper, too. The most junior member of each group or a high-ranking groupie goes over to the café with the list, an envelope on which all the orders have been written, and reads off the orders to the counterman there, and the counterman says, "You with the band?" and the go-for says, "Yup," succinct and not putting too fine a point on it. Meanwhile the ushers have arrived, all high-school girls who are members of the Daughters of the Mystic Shrine Auxiliary, wearing white blouses and blue miniskirts, with a red sash slung across their breasts tied at the hip, a badge of office. These, the flower of Rogers' young girls, all go backstage to look at the musicians, and this is their privilege, because the performance doesn't begin for another hour, and they stand around looking at the musicians, and the musicians look back at them, and certain thoughts push their way into all of the minds gathered there, under the worklights, but then are pushed out again, because there is music to be performed this night! and one of the amplifiers has just blown its slo-blo fuse, and nobody can remember where the spare fuses were packed, and also the microphones provided by the Temple are freaking out, if one can say that about a microphone, and in addition the second band's drummer discovers that his heads are soggy (probably a result of that situation outside Tulsa, where the bridge was out and the station wagon more or less forded the river) but luckily he has brought along a hot plate to deal with this sort of contingency, and he plugs it in and begins toasting his heads, to bring them back to the right degree of brashness for the performance. And now the first people are filling up the seats, out in front of the curtain, some of them sitting in seats that are better, strictly speaking, than those they had paid for, in the hope that the real owners of the seats will not show up, having been detained by a medical emergency. All of the musicians take



NIGHT FRIENDS

Terror we expect, but we are always surprised by love.—Thomas Williams.

What you taught me
and how I remember it
when I lie in the dark
I write on the cold trees.
I see what you see through the corners of my eyes.

Walking slowly,
we touch the empty silences
that lie in wait, settling to slow
decay.
We are here. These gray weathered branches
are facts.

You meet me, your eyes, your lips, your yellow
hair blown among long grasses.
There you are.
This is the way it seems to happen.

I am insane with words, with grief.
I am alone.
For two days now the one sound inside my head
has been your name.

—S. J. Marks

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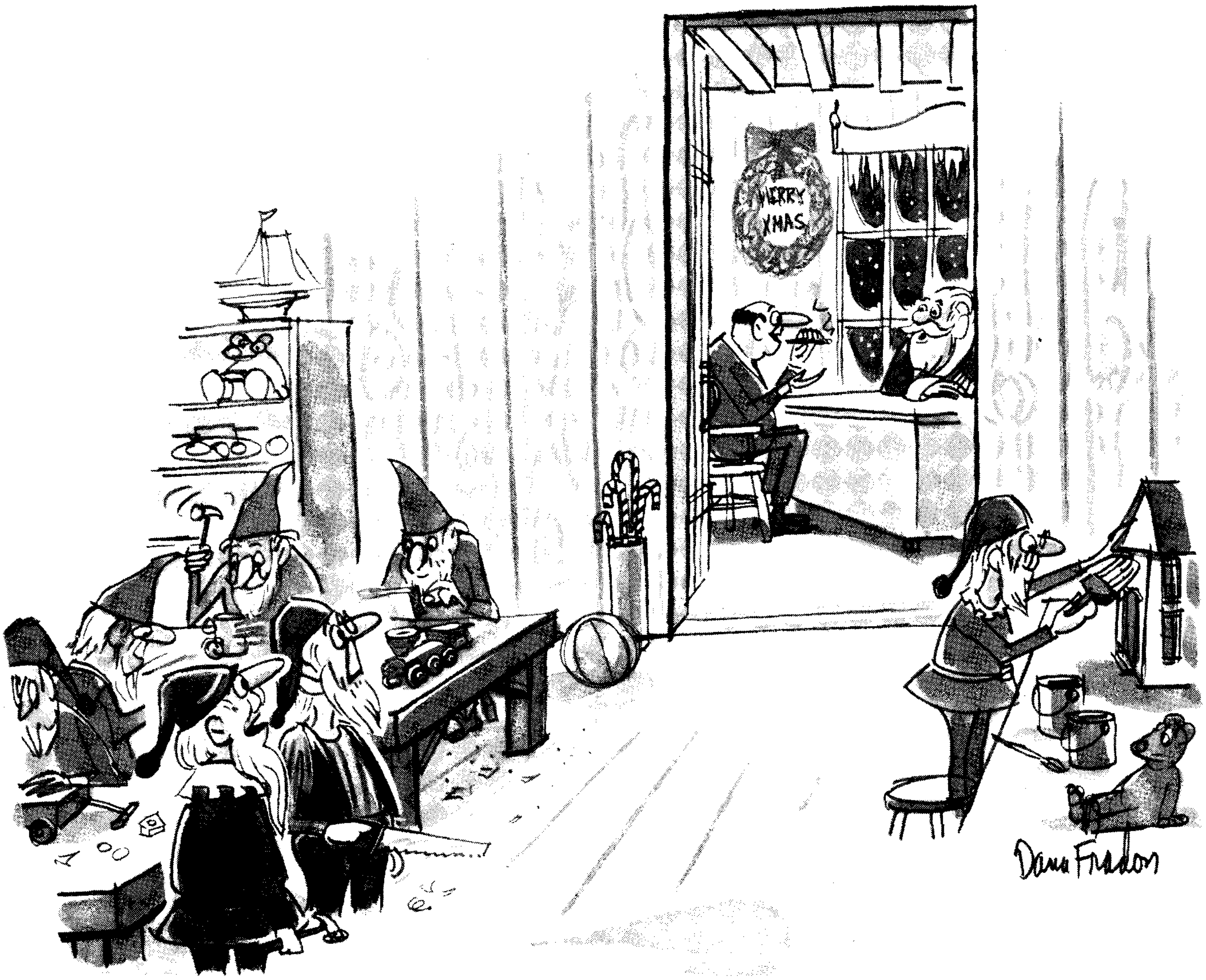
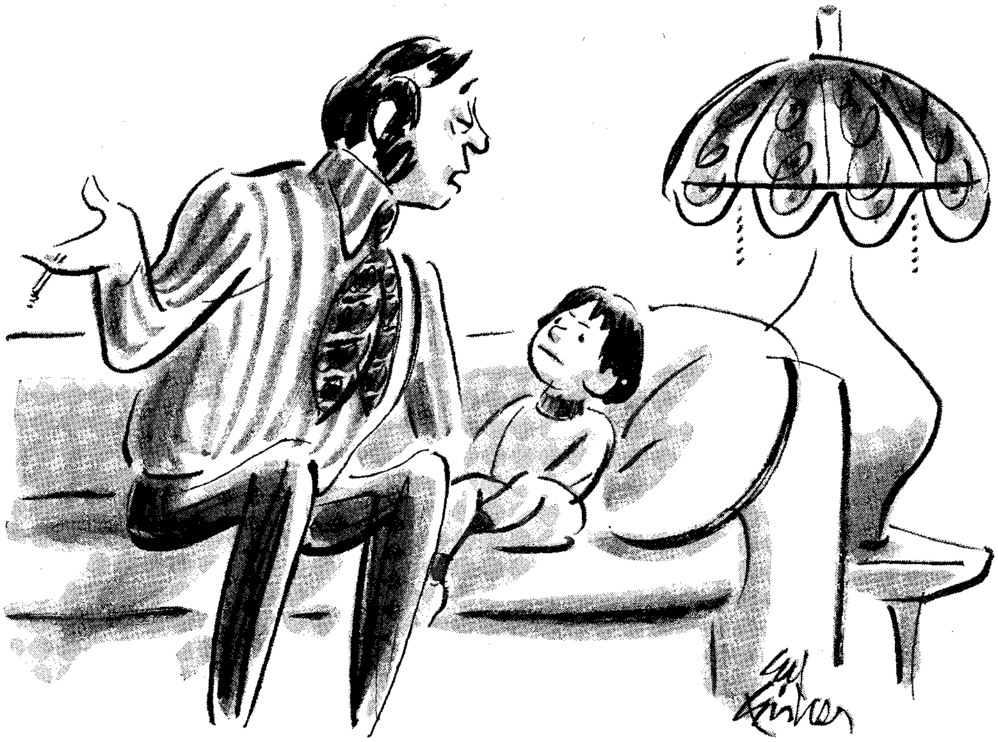


"Looks like there's some truth to the rumor we're being taken over by Boise Cascade."

• •

turns in looking out over the auditorium through a hole in the closed curtain, counting the house and looking for girls who are especially beautiful. And now the m.c. arrives, a very jovial man in a big white Western hat, such as the Stetson company has stopped making, and he goes around shaking hands with everybody, cutting up old touches, and the musicians tolerate this, because it is a part of their life. And now everybody is tuning up, and you hear parts of lots of different songs, fragments clashing with each other, because each musician has a different favorite bit that he likes to tune up with, although sometimes two musicians will start in on the same piece at the same time, because they are thinking alike, at that moment. And now the hall is filling up with people who are well- or ill-dressed, according to the degree that St. Pecula has smiled upon them, and the Daughters of the Mystic Shrine are outside, with their programs, which contain advertisements from the Bart Lumber Yard, and the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise, and the House of Blue Lights, and the Sunbeam Vacuum Cleaner Company, and the Okay Funeral Home. A man comes backstage with a piece of paper on which is written the order in which the various performers will appear. The leaders of the various groups drift over to this man and look at his piece of paper, to see what spot on the bill has been given to each band, while the bandsmen talk to each other, in enthusiastic or desultory fashion, according to their natures. "Where'd you git that shirt?" "Took it off a cop in Texarkana." "How much you give for it?" "Dollar and a half." And now everybody is being careful not to drink too much, because drinking too much slows down your attack, and if there is one thing you don't want in this kind of situation it is having your attack slowed down. Of course some people are into drinking and smoking a lot *more* before they play, but that's another idea, and now the audience on the other side of the closed curtain is a loud presence, and everyone has the feeling of something important about to happen, and the first band to perform gets into position, with the three guitar players in a kind of skirmish line in front, the drummer spread out behind them, and the electric-piano player off to the side somewhat, more or less parallel to the drummer, and the happy m.c. standing in front of the guitar players, with his piece of paper in his hand, and the stage manager looking alternately at his watch and at the people out front. One of the musicians borrows a last cigarette from another musician, and all of the musicians are fiddling with the controls of their instruments, and the drummer is tightening his snares, and the stage manager says "O.K." to the m.c., and the m.c. holds up his piece of paper and prepares to read what is written there into the bunch of microphones before him, and the houselights go down as



"Sure enough, when winter came, the carefree, hedonistic grasshopper died. But the ant died, too, without ever really having lived at all."

• •

the stage lights come up, and the m.c. looks at the leader of the first group, who nods complacently, and the m.c. shouts into the microphones (from behind the closed curtain) in a hearty voice, "From Rogers, Tennessee, the Masonic Temple Battle of the Bands, it's Bill Tippey and the Unhappy Valley Boys!" and the band crashes into "When Your Tender Body Touches on Mine," and the curtains part, and the crowd roars.

We filmed all this, for the film.

9 April

A brief exchange with Perpetua about revolutionary praxis.

"But I thought," I said, "that there had been a sexual revolution and everybody could sleep with anybody who was a consenting adult."

"In theory," Perpetua said. "In theory. But sleeping with somebody also has a political dimension. One does not, for example, go to bed with running dogs of imperialism."

I thought: But who will care for and solace the running dogs of imperialism? Who will bring them their dog food, who will tuck the covers tight as they dream their imperialistic dreams?

"My group says I should not be associated with you or with the film," Perpetua said. "They say you have no more political consciousness than a cat."

"But that's what the priests used to say. They said I had no more religion than a cat!"

"The group says you're a skeptic."

In truth I am a monster or ex-monster. But ex-monstrousness however hard won is not a position entitling one to ride the first elephant in this particular parade.

"I'll work on it, Perpetua."

12 April

Somebody knocked on my door (a rare event). I undid the various locks top to bottom—like unbuttoning a shirt. A man standing there. He handed me a business card.

L. John Silverman
Attorney-at-Law

"Did you want to see me?"

"Are you Mr. Rush?"

"Come in."

Mr. Silverman was a large man with a red face who looked a great deal like the late Wallace Beery.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Silverman? Have a seat."

"It's about your picture," Mr. Silverman said. "I represent some folks—a consortium, you might call it—who are very interested. The long and short of it is, we'd like to buy in."

"Why?"

"From what we've heard you're making a very peculiar picture. Idiosyncratic and kinky."

"Oh I wouldn't say that. Not exactly."

I thought: Isn't consorting a crime?

Mr. Silverman leaned forward earnestly.

"You young filmmakers are the key to the whole situation today. The rest of the industry is arse over teacup."

"Mr. Silverman I can hardly be called a young filmmaker. I'm thirty-nine."

"Don't matter. Don't matter. I hear your picture is solid gold."

"I'm just shooting a lot of raw material right now."

"The question is, will you let us come aboard?"

"I'd rather not, to be frank. Brewers' Natural is handling the whole deal and our relations with them are a little delicate and I'd hate to rock the boat at this point."

Mr. Silverman became agitated. He reached into his coat pocket and withdrew a plastic vial containing yellow pills and popped one into his mouth without even asking for a glass of water. The pills were not hard to recognize—Valium, a tranquillizer I've often used myself.

"I know, I know," Mr. Silverman said, catching my expression. "It's a crutch." Then, businesslike: "Mr. Rush, I just want to leave you with one thought."

"One thought?"

"There's such a thing as too much individualism."

"There's such a thing as too much individualism?"

"You'll be hearing from us," he said, and stomped from the room.

13 April

Then I Thomas son of Titus took thought with myself about what measures might be taken against the threat. I devised then in my mind many fine punishments of the first water for anyone who might dare trifle with our enterprise in any way great or small. On the first day the trifler will be hung well wrapped with strong cords upside down from a flagpole at a height of twenty stories. On the second day the trifler will be turned right side up and rehung from the same staff, so as to empty the blood from his head and prepare him for the third day. On the third day the trifler will be unwrapped and attended by a licensed D.D.S., who will extract every other tooth from the top part of his jaw and every other tooth from the bottom part of his jaw, the extractions to be mismatching according to the blueprint supplied. On the fourth day the trifler will be given hard things to eat. On the fifth day the trifler will be comforted with soft fine garments and flagons and the love of lithesome women so as to make the shock of the sixth day the more severe. On the sixth day the trifler will be confined alone in a small room with the music of Karlheinz Stockhausen. On the seventh day the trifler will be pricked with nettles. On the eighth day the trifler will be slid naked down a thousand-foot razor blade to the music of Karlheinz Stockhausen. On the ninth day the trifler will be sewn together by children. On the tenth day . . .

14 APRIL

Thinking about my father.

My father was a drinker, favoring vodka. Vodka is for people who wish to conceal their anger. Sometimes my father concealed his anger in the middle of the afternoon, mostly he concealed his anger around dinnertime. Once in a while at breakfast, when he concealed it in Minute Maid orange juice.

A banging on my door. I opened it. A little man was standing there. He handed me a folded piece of paper.

"What the hell is this?"

But the man was already scampering down the stairs.

I unfolded the paper. There was nothing on it except, in the center of the sheet, a black circle.

I had been tipped the black spot.

15 APRIL

Today we photographed fear, a distressing emotion aroused by impending danger, real or imagined.

I'm interested in fear not only for its own sweet sake but because it seems the one emotion among the emotions that presents itself pure, unmediated. One does not so much observe oneself experiencing fear as experience it directly.

Perpetua watching, sitting in a folding chair, hands in her lap. Her breasts hiding beneath the long gray gown. She has red hair!

We filmed the startle pattern—shrinking, blinking, all that. We did the sham-rage reaction and also "panting." Mitch panted. Then we shot some stuff in which a primitive person (my bare arm as stand-in for the primitive person) kills an enemy by pointing a magic bone at him.

"O.K., who's got the magic bone?"

The magic bone was brought. I pointed the magic bone and the actor playing the enemy fell to the ground. I had carefully explained to the actor that the magic bone would not really kill him, probably.

Then, the thrill of fear along the buttocks. We used a girl named Heidi for this sequence because her buttocks are the most beautiful I know. This was a silent bit so that everyone could talk as Heidi's buttocks thrilled.

"Hope is the very sign of lack-of-happiness," Heidi said, stomach-down on the couch.

"Fame is a palliative for doubt," I said.

"Wealth-formation is a source of fear for both winners and losers," Ezra said.

"Civilization aims at making all good things available even to cowards," said the actor who had played dead, quoting Nietzsche.

Perpetua said nothing. How can I persuade her to have a drink with me? She does her parts of the film (mostly disquisitions upon revolutionary tactics and the oppression of women) in a stern and serious and workmanlike manner and refuses to have a drink with me afterward.

I took the magic bone home with me. I don't believe in it, exactly, but you never know.

17 APRIL

Thinking about "Flying to America." Will it really say what I want it to say?

A telephone call. The Bill Bones Forwarding Company. Mr. Bones speaking.

"Listen, Rush. You want to finish that picture?"

"Who is this?"

"You got our message."

"The black spot?"

"We want two hundred thousand."

"You're out of your mind. We don't have that kind of money."

"Put in to the bank for an overrun."

"If the bank ever saw what I'm doing—"

A pause.

"You mean you're ripping off the bank?"

"Not exactly."

"O.K.," Mr. Bones said patiently. "Put us on the picture as consultants."

"Who is us?"

"L. J. Silverman Incorporated."

"I thought you were Bill Bones Forwarding."

"Bill Bones Forwarding is a subsidiary of Pew Associates, which is part of a conglomerate called L. J. Silverman Incorporated. Make the check out to L. J. Silverman but send it with a letter of transmittal to Bill Bones Forwarding. And a blind copy to Pew Associates. Ha ha."

"Do I have any options?"

We considered this together.

"I don't see any," he said. "Do

MOUNTAINS POLECATS PHEASANTS

I have seen these hills closed
By impassive winter, and stood,
Banging my arms, on the last
Cold yard of road before snow
Came down on memory, the way

Strange as Asia. In summer,
Loss of the travelled sun drops
A bulk of mountain into shadow
Deep enough to lose a town in,
And scared cars, smaller, run

For the lit valleys. I thought
The mountains safe in my mind
From all revelation, but
Had never before driven late
Their cleft passes. Midnight

Had left the road as I climbed
The foothills, the car slotted
Behind headlights and the warmed
Engine humming at gradients
Above the farms. Fenceless

The ponies slept, their fetlocks
Still, their wild skulls fallen
To stone. It was a dark
Palpable as ice on those
Stone ranges. On a blunt rise,

Where the wind scorched black
The stump hawthorns and hedge
Grass bent thick in the shock
Of wind, I saw in my lights
Such tiny brilliances. Not cats',

Not foxes' eyes shone colder.
Cutting the engine, I softened
Downroad to where they were:

Polecats, the mother stiff
With instinct, her emeralds of

Sight full on my pointing;
Her five young, caught
In a lesson of hunting.
Fear moved her, sliding her
Flat as oil and under

The light; but her innocents
Stayed, weaving their baby heads.
They mewed, their sweet throats
Tame as milk. Their gentling
Cries showed me their kindling,

Blind in a hard nest under
The piled rocks. I knew the slit
Of their eyes against the thunder
Of light. I wished for them
A lenient dark and safe home.

Last year in true daylight,
At a faultless eighty on
Other roads, it was soft
Death I passed. A bag, burst
Cushion, cracked feathers drift-

ing after smash, the hen
Pheasant lay. There was no
Terror in that sight. When
She was puffed to one side
In a bundle of snapped

Shafts, she lay roundly where
She fell. The slow blood
Failed to mark the air
For her, but in the fallen
Wreaths of her plumes ran

Her dozen chicks, no more
Than hours after hatching.

I could not catch them, nor
Could I harry them to safe
Hiding before rough

Death wiped their brief
Smudges under the wheels
Of cars. The stuff of
The roads, oil, grit, fine
Dust, absorbed their stain.

There was nothing to show for them,
Though they came from the perfect
Eggs this mother alone could form.
When she died, feathers hung
A week in the hedge, turning

Black in the hot exhausts.
I know that my polecats
Are old now in the deaths
Of their needed victims,
I know there are cold times

When the fields whistle
In fear of them, the grass
Thickens as they ripple
Through, tearing murder. Yet
I would have had them meet,

Polecats and pheasants, on
Their common hills. I would
Have had them live, and
In a night more terrible
Than the terrible fall

Of shadow or winter over
These mountains I close again,
Let the truth turn clear
For them, the last whimper
Of it, true hunted, true hunter.

—LESLIE NORRIS

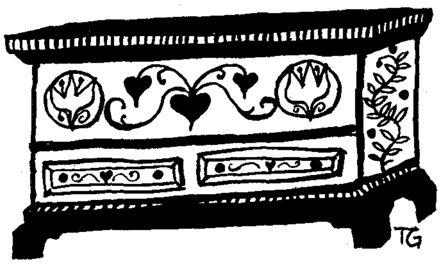
* * *

you? And I want to leave you with one thought."

"I know," I said. "There's such a thing as . . ."

On the tenth day the trifler will be nibbled at by bald eagles. On the eleventh day . . .

Then I had a slosh and then another slosh and then another slosh. Then another slosh and another slosh and another slosh. A total of six, in a quarter of an hour. Then I skittered and skated and bounced and danced, in my mind, and felt myself kin to Zeus the immortal whose breath makes the waves mount even to the height of the mast of a tall ship and whose breath makes the dust of the earth leap up and form into whirlwinds and whose frown makes the high-reaching many-branched trees split asunder showing their marrow and whose frown makes the white-terrible snow rush from the mountaintops in house-destroying rushes and whose smile is never seen, but rather hid behind his hand, because it roasts the eyes. Then the mood changed and I felt not kin to Zeus the well-feared but rather myself, Thomas—Thomas the fuddled, Thomas of the putty spear, Thomas of the fell-short arrow, Thomas the kithless, Thomas of the gnashed teeth, Thomas the ricked wrenched twisted and maimed, Thomas the marrowless, Thomas the reduced, Thomas of the overdraft, Thomas of the last legs. I was, in fine, depressed.



I thought: Perhaps I drink too much?

20 APRIL

Perpetua smiled at me today. Why?

I asked her if she wanted to have a drink after we finished shooting.

"Sure," she said.

In the bar she asked: "Are you going to give them the money?"

"Who told you?"

"Ezra."

"I don't have the money."

She thought about this. Then she said: "I like people who are struggling with dark malefic forces."

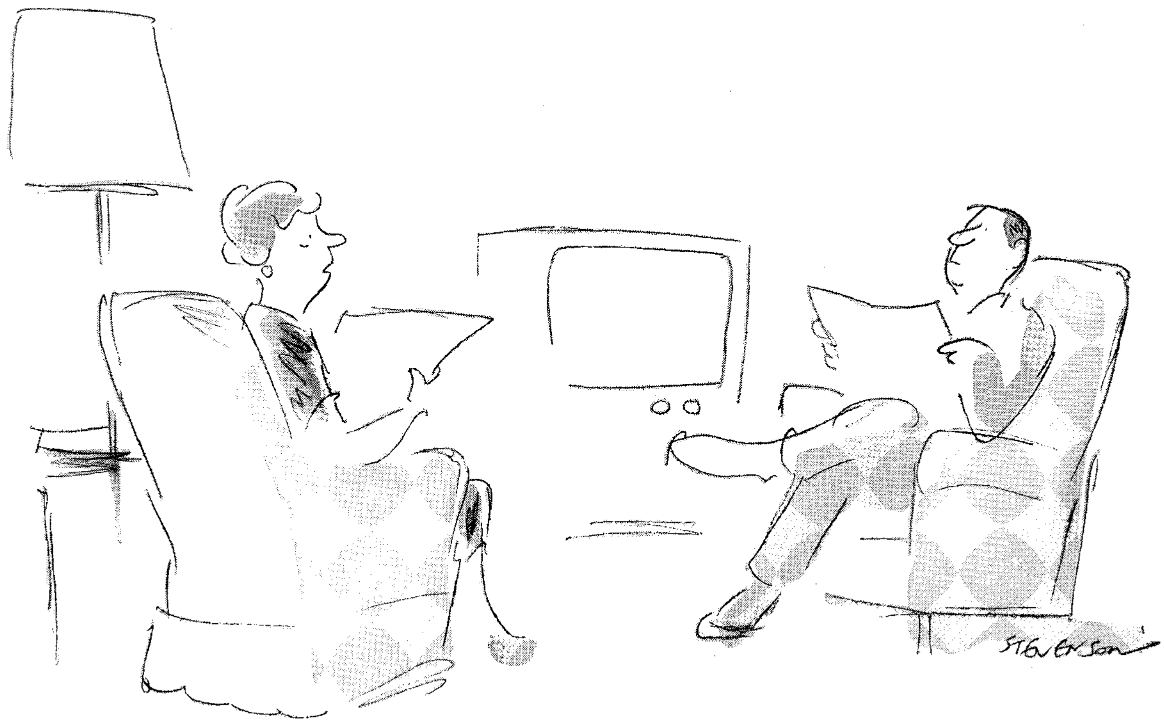
25 APRIL

NO shooting for three days. It's been raining and I don't have any interiors scheduled. That is to say: No ideas.

I wanted to film everything but

there are things we're not getting.

The wild ass is in danger in Ethiopia—we've got nothing on that. We've got nothing on intellectual élitism funded out of public money, an important subject. We've got nothing on ball lightning and nothing on the National Grid and not a foot on the core-mantle problem, the problem of a looped economy, or the problem of praxis vs. theory. I wanted to get it all but there's only so much time, so much energy. There's an increasing resistance to antibiotics worldwide and liquid metal fast-breeder reactors are subject to swelling and a large proportion of Quakers are colorblind but our film will have not a shred of material on any of these matters.



"Are other countries allowed to do things for reasons of overriding national security?"

Tonight I got rid of my rocking chair. It was a bentwood rocker made by Thonet in 18-something and of all the physical objects I once owned I liked it best. I had it recaned nineteen times. I carried it down the stairs and set it in front of the building and hurried back to the window of the apartment to see who the lucky legatee would be.

It was not two seconds before a young couple paused in front of my rocker. They could not believe their eyes, peered all about like thieves, and then were off down the street with it, the girl in front and the boy in back. Looking for all the world like a Siberian sleigh pursued by wolves.

26 April

A day of crises.

Then did the umbrage of the gods fall upon Thomas son of Titus, Thomas the unbuckled, Thomas the not-together, Thomas the weeper of night-weeps, Thomas the bald-some-day. As when sacrifice is made incorrectly not according to custom, as when Father Zeus' fair-wrought altar is affronted by a goat not fresh-killed but killed many days before and sending forth a foul odor, as when guests disposed about a feast board neglect to pour upon the ground the sweet-souled wine in offering to Athene, so calamities arose.

The crew festered and fought. Marty said he'd rather go to jail than work one more day on the film, and Mitch said the same vis-à-vis the asylum. Joan began sending things through the mail again—nude photographs of herself together with a spurious Annual Report suggesting a considerable net worth. Marcello approached Ezra with a garrote in one hand and an oubliette in the other.

And Brewers' Natural slapped a lien on the film.

They sent a lien officer around for the purpose. Ezra gave him a drink, and then another drink, and then many more drinks. But the lien officer had a head as clear as the decimal system, as clear as capitalism.

"How can you tell anything about the film until it's finished and cut?" Ezra asked the lien officer, and the lien officer said, "I can tell." He slapped the lien.

Pew Associates called and said they were no longer interested in coming aboard and would we please send the black spot back.

Perpetua remained warm and beautiful. She sat in the cutting room near the Moviola and looked over my shoulder at the soft, shrunken lengths of film and said, "Probably the music will help it a lot." That is the worst thing you can say in the film business.

She placed a hand on my arm.

"I like that part of the film where the genius says, 'It is difficult to do anything right, the first time,'" she said. "That was really inspiring."

I looked at her.

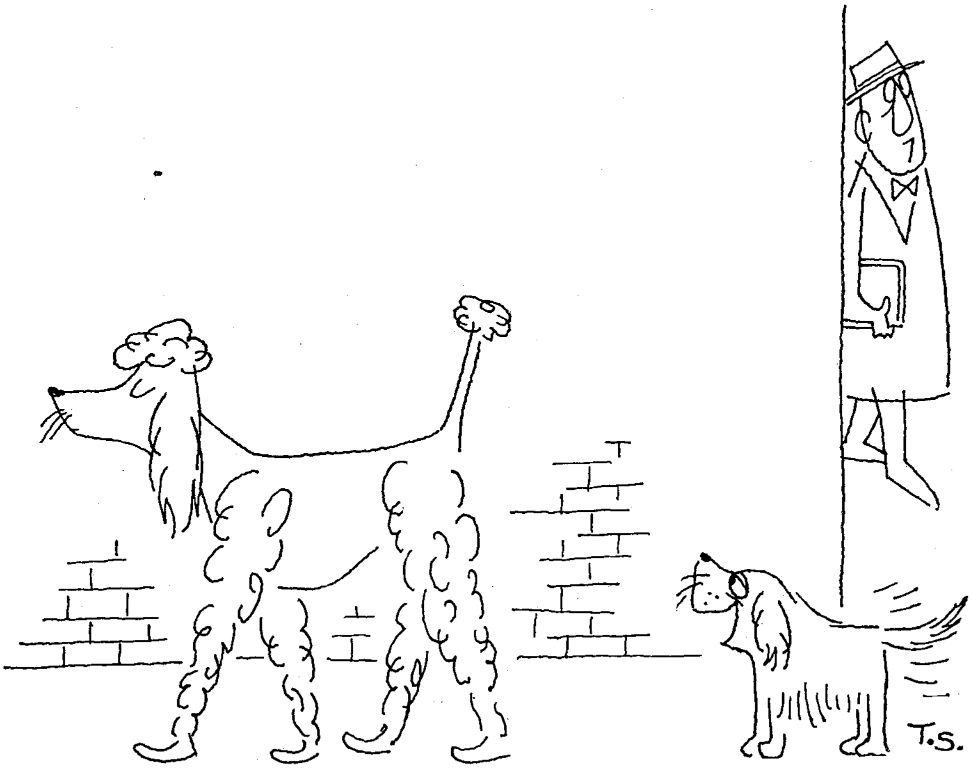
"And I liked that part where the counterman looks at the groupie and says, 'You with the band?' And I like the part with the magic bone."

I looked at her, amazed. Parts of the film had remained, had stuck, in her memory—not even her own parts. *The film was able to move from the screen into a human mind.*

I thought: But what more do I want?

27 April

Votes of no confidence on every side. The principal American distributor does not wish to distribute the film. Suggests that we have it dubbed into Mandarin and approach again, from the East. Well and good. The lab will not make additional prints without additional money. Can't blame them. The networks are not interested in a film that runs for four hours and cannot be interrupted for commercial announcements. That's sensible. The university and art-house circuits say that the film, what they've seen of it, is not "relevant." That's true. The overseas exhibitors have said "No" in all major languages. Quite properly so. Most of our equipment has been repossessed by Brewers' Natural. As is only natural. The film itself is in a vault with the lien liening against it. I am



"Où est la plume de ma tante?"

• •

forbidden by injunction to enter the vault or even the building. Well, yes.

My answering service refuses to speak to me.

30 April

I am being bothered by doves.

Walking down the street, I notice a white dove (out of the corner of my eye) making an approach at three o'clock.

The dove dives, then shears off. He hovers for a bit, then begins to descend, then shears off again. This has happened today, yesterday, and the day before yesterday.

I thought: Doves.

Ezra and Mitch have gotten very tight. Ezra has explained to Mitch his feelings about Dreyer and Mitch has described to Ezra the inner workings of the Maryland Motherhouse of Our Lady of Perpetual Chagrin. The patients there, Mitch said, were tied to trees, in good weather. In bad weather they were allowed to act out historical pageants, such as the Winter at Valley Forge.

"Real blood," Mitch said. "Our blood."

"I am better than he is," Perpetua told me.

"Than who?"

"Waverley Branch. Our first-desk man."

"I believe you."

"But he is a man," Perpetua said. "Therefore—"

"I see what you mean," I said.

"There was nothing the matter with Harold that is not also the matter with all of you," she said. "I am thinking of becoming a fanatic."

"Don't," I said. "Give us time."

"Time!" she said. "You've had centuries." And then: "Why is that white dove making passes at your head?"

"It's something that's been happening to me lately."

I thought: It could not be. I am not worthy.

"For food," Mitch said to Ezra, "we had gruel. One oat per bowl."

"I am tempted to bust Waverley in the mouth," Perpetua said, "definitively."

I thought: What are the preconditions for being splashed with grace? I'll have to look it up.

1 May

NOW we are shooting "Flying to America."

The one hundred and twelve pilots check their watches.

If they all turn on their machines at once . . .

Flying to America.

(But did I remember to—?)

"Where is the blimp?" Marcello shouts. "I can't find the—"

Ropes dangling from the sky.

I'm using forty-seven cameras, the outermost of which is posted in the Dover marshes.

The Atlantic is calm in some parts, angry in others. This will affect the air.

A blueprint four miles long is the flight plan.

Every detail coördinated with the air-sea rescue services of all nations.

Victory through Air Power! I seem to remember that slogan from somewhere.

Hovercraft flying to America. Flying boats flying to America. F-111s flying to America. The China Clipper!

Seaplanes, bombers, Flying Wings flying to America.

A shot of a pilot named Jellybelly. He opens the cockpit door and speaks to the passengers. "America is only two thousand miles away now," he says. The passengers break out in smiles.

Balloons flying to America (they are painted in red and white stripes). Spads and Fokkers flying to America. Self-improvement is the big theme of flying to America. "Nowhere is self-realization more a possibility than in America," a man says.

Perpetua watching the clouds of craft in the air . . .

Gliders gliding to America. One man has constructed a huge paper airplane, seventy-two feet in length. It is doing better than we had any right to expect. But then great expectations are a part of flying to America.

Rich people are flying to America, and poor people, and people of moderate means. This aircraft is powered by twelve rubber bands, each rubber band thicker than a man's leg—can it possibly survive the turbulence over Greenland?

Is this the end of the film? Or is it rather the beginning? I can't decide.

Long thoughts are extended to enwrap the future American experience of the people who are flying to America. . . .

"Sit down," Perpetua says. I look at her. She is holding my rocking chair!

"Where did you get that?"

"Sit down," she says again. "Relax. Watch the sky. Let Ezra do the rest."

I sit down in my rocking chair. I rock and watch the sky. Ezra does the rest. He is waving his hands in the air and shouting into a walkie-talkie.

"Why don't we have a child?" I say to Perpetua. "Or something."

"Good God," she says. "You are optimistic. What's got into you?"

"Once in a while I say something spontaneously. Something ill-considered."

"Flying to America," she says.

"Well, yes."

—Donald Barthelme

THE GORGEOUS WEST

MY mother was not a woman to blench at novelties. I do not claim that she embodied a spirit of dauntless research into the unknown, but if she heard or read of anything new she didn't want to be behindhand in getting hold of it. Accordingly, one morning in the first decade of this century our breakfast table displayed a bowl of yellow fruit—globular, like oranges, but larger and sleeker. "Grapefruit," she said, in the casual manner she reserved for such introductions. "Americans eat them. At breakfast."

"How?" asked my father.

She knew that too. "With spoons. Cut in half and sugared."

But she was not prepared for the resistance of that sleek rind, nor for the quantity of pips and the toughness of segmental fibre we encountered after sawing our way in. "Scissors," she presently remarked. "Sylvia, run upstairs to my room and bring down the pair of sharp-nosed scissors from the workbox on the windowsill. Not my embroidery scissors, nor the scissors I cut out with. The plain strong scissors I do odd jobs with."

The plain strong scissors looked too workaday to be appropriate to this interesting novelty; but they got over the difficulty of the segmental fibres and left us with only the pips to contend with. (Science does good as well as harm: the grapefruit of that date were paved with pips.)

All this took some time and I, at any rate, got incommodiously sticky. Relaxing with grilled kidneys, my father observed that grapefruit was probably a regional breakfast dish eaten by leisured persons in the Southern States. And prepared for them, I added, by slaves. But our little revolt went for nothing. Grapefruit had got onto our breakfast table.

I have lived for a long time. In one respect I date from the Tudors. Our breakfasts were literal: we broke our fast on them. The school bell rang at six-forty-five. Half an hour later my father was giving his first lesson. This venerable schedule was part of the school tradition, and considered by some maniacs on the staff (he was not among them) as being peculiarly conducive to health and right feeling. One of the maniacs had written a school song about it, which began

> Awake, boys, awake!
> The joys of the morning take,

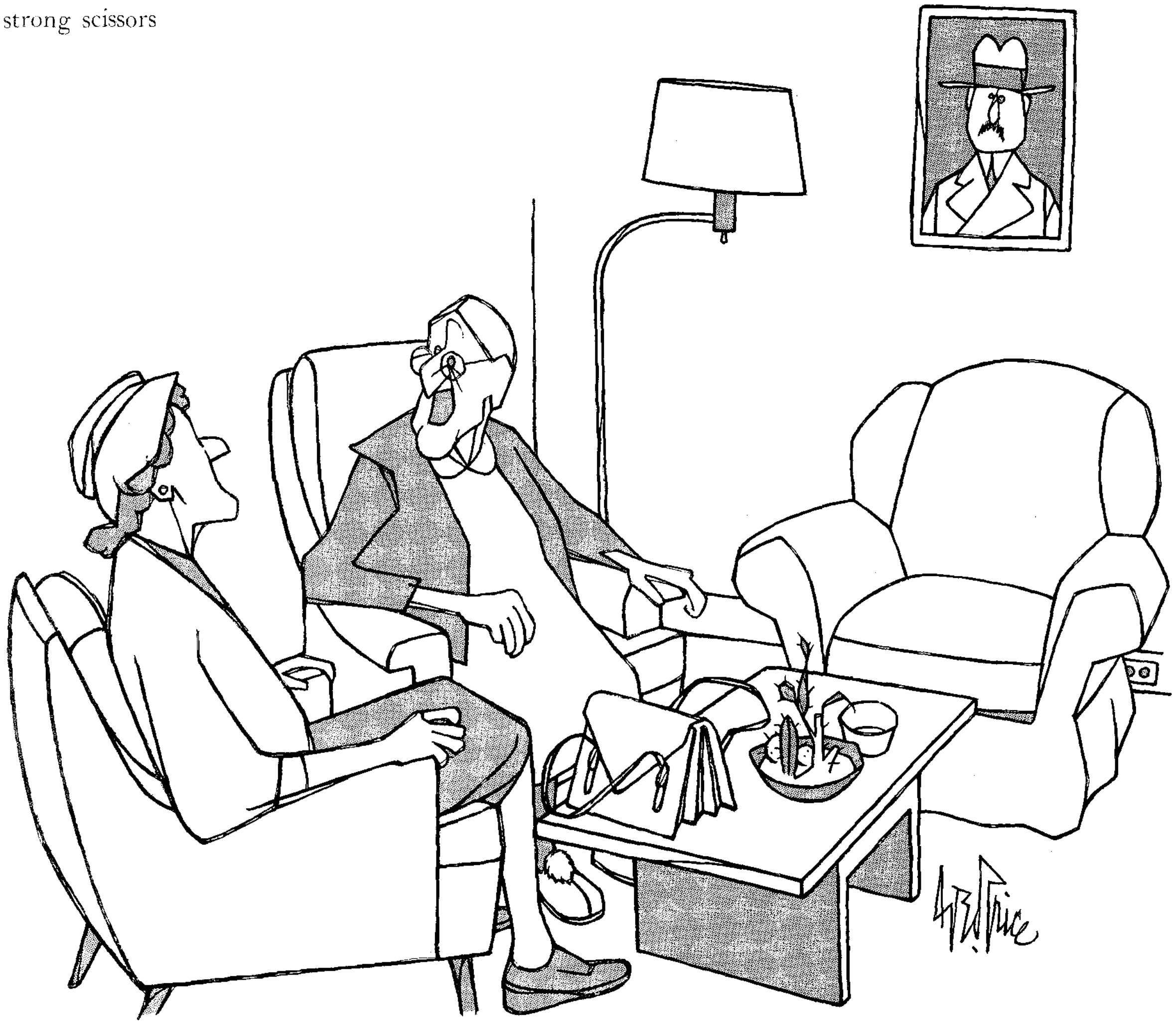
stressed early rising as part of the natural order, and dwelt on the example set by the lesser forms of creation.

> And delicate things on feet and wings
> Are busily finding work to do.

(There was no winter in that gentleman's year.)

Meanwhile, less delicate things were also busy. Servants were cooking, sweeping, bedmaking. My mother would have put in a spell of answering letters, paying bills, and going round the house and garden to see what was wrong with them. I would have combed the poodle and pranced through those "Études de la Vélocité" I was on prancing terms with. By the time we met at breakfast we wanted something more immediate than grapefruit. They persisted; but later persisted as an alternative to porridge and eventually drifted into the region of dessert and you could have one at the end if you felt like it.

When we had visitors the grapefruit resumed their position as creditable novelties, and held it till the morning some sort of cousin told us he used to breakfast on them constantly when he lived, I've forgotten precisely where but somewhere in the neighborhood of the Euphrates; at which my mother with an unexpected volte-face said that of course she'd far rather have a mango. The sort of cousin went on to tell us that the real name for them was shaddock, and that some Biblical scholars believed that the apple for which Adam doomed the human race was in fact a shaddock. Convinced, as are all faithful members of the Church



"We were stompin' at the Savoy, our eyes met across the room, and that was it."

of England, that Adam fell for a Cox's Orange Pippin, we pooh-poohed this.

Not long after, my mother tired of grapefruit and introduced a novelty from New England—cod steaks fried in a coating of oatmeal. A stern glamour coated the cod steaks, like the oatmeal: the Pilgrim Fathers, the New England conscience, Boston, hellfire, sassafras (whatever that might be), long winters, long sermons, skunk cabbage, "The Scarlet Letter," and so on. But it is not in the nature of cod to be a novelty for long, and we went back to kippers.

After that, we ceased to hold the gorgeous West in fee until my father discovered popcorn balls.

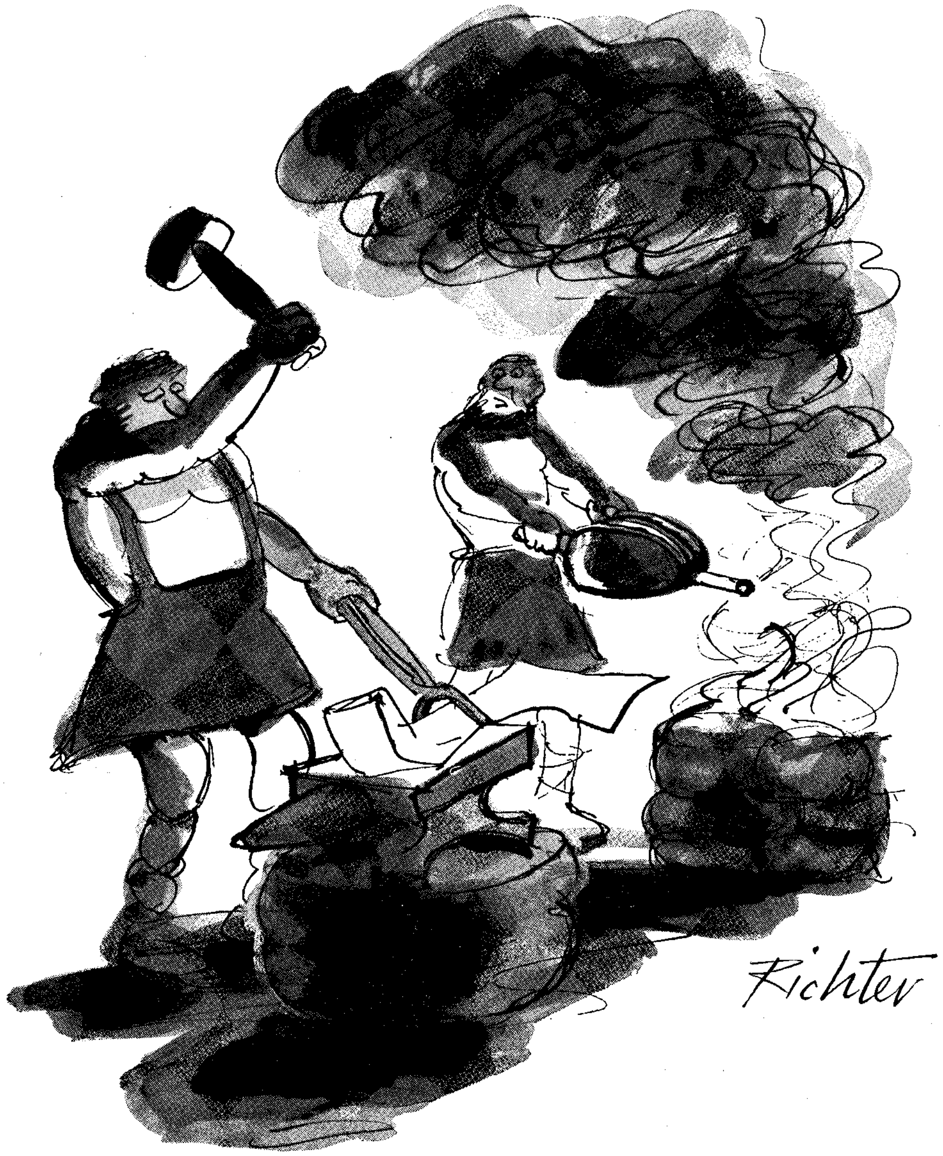
He brought them back from London, where duty had cornered him into attending a conference on education. They had caught his eye in a confectioner's window, he explained—dangling from one finger a large white carton, tied up so splendidly in quantities of red ribbon and ornamental bows that it had the air of coming from a Parisian milliner who was experimenting with a new variety of midinette. Inside the carton, nestling in fortifications of tissue paper, were four wax-paper bags. Inside each bag was a rugged spherical object, one pink, one blue, one yellow, and one a depraved mauve. It was not surprising they had caught his eye.

"How am I supposed to eat these?" my mother asked. "You can't expect me to bite them. I am not a crocodile."

It was scarcely the spirit of dauntless research into the unknown. Other people's novelties had to be viewed with discrimination—and when I remember some of mine I agree.

"Try two forks," said my father. "Pin it down with one and attack it with the other."

Even when attacked with forks, the popcorn balls were not easy to subdue. They were very honestly constructed; the icing sugar that held the puffed maize kernels together extended into every crevice. Force could do nothing much against such steadfastness. My mother tried it, and the bit she dislodged fastened on the poodle, who lay down and rolled on it. "God knows why we're eating this," she said, and reverted to fingers. It was obviously a fight to the death, so I followed her example. Only my father, fastidiously pecking on with his forks, remained relatively unadhesive, and calm enough to diagnose flavors assorted to colorings. "Rose," he pronounced, sampling our demolitions, "violet, orange flower—" My mother unclenched her jaws and said, "And I suppose the blue one is *forget-me-not*." He said politely she might be right and, obligingly, that he would go up to London to buy some more so as to be sure of it. And he did so.



"*Will it never end? Swords into plowshares, plowshares into swords.*"

My mother laughed at his infatuation. I took it more seriously, and brooded. I admired my father for his intellect, I loved him for his character, and till now I had believed in his taste. How could he, then, stoop to that pink, that yellow, that mawkish blue, that quite appalling mauve? It distressed me to blush for him, but blush I did.

I was grown up, and he untimely dead, and the pleasure of being in Paris had put him out of my mind when a hawker of lascivious pictures paused on the terrace of a café in Montparnasse. "*Les poupoules*," he chanted, "*les belles poupoules*."

All was explained. I was not the only one to love my father for his character. He had an uncontrollable charm for respectable middle-aged women. It was his cross, and he bore it. But there was a seraglio side to him, as there is to every proper man, and those rounded, pastel-colored sweetmeats had appealed to it.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

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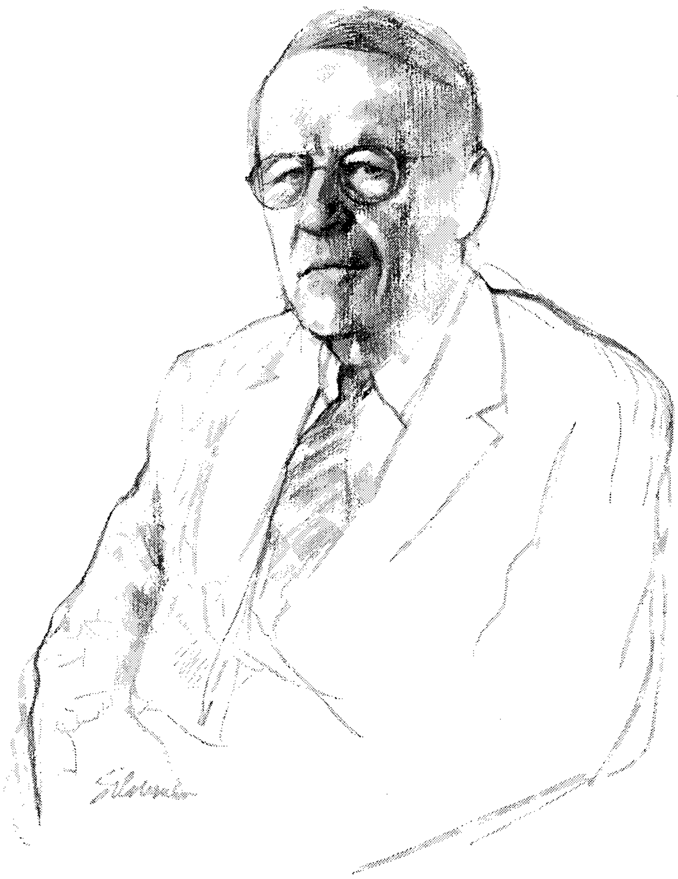

Francis T. P. Plimpton

THE trappings of grave events can be deceptive. A major contribution to the good repair of the Supreme Court of the United States and to a humiliating defeat of a President of the United States was made on the evening of February 17, 1970, when some fifteen hundred lawyers and their spouses trooped into Philharmonic Hall, at Lincoln Center, for a convocation celebrating the centennial of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York. Two hundred of the most distinguished among them, wearing academic gowns or judicial robes and accompanied by their wives, marched down the center aisle to the concert hall's platform. Francis T. P. Plimpton, the president of the Association and a senior partner in Debevoise, Plimpton, Lyons & Gates, who for the occasion had borrowed the red Harvard law-doctorate gown of Paul G. Pennoyer (Mr. Plimpton, Harvard Law 1925, is entitled to a similar garment of his own, but he has never invested in one; he was, however, sporting a self-owned blue-and-gray Colby College honorary LL.D. hood), was paired with Mrs. Warren E. Burger, the wife of the Chief Justice of the United States, who was the evening's principal speaker; Mrs. Plimpton was paired with the Chief Justice. Mrs. John V. Lindsay walked in with Governor Nelson Rockefeller, who wore a doctor's black gown and a Dartmouth LL.D. hood, and Mrs. Rockefeller walked in with the Mayor, who was wearing a blue Yale doctor's gown and, audaciously (no one was supposed to wear a hat), a matching blue beret of a Yale trustee. The atmosphere was festive. "After we had decided to have an academic procession," Mr. Plimpton recalls, "Paul De Witt, the Bar Association's executive secretary, had the bright idea of inviting the ladies to march, too. Their long evening gowns made the spectacle more vivid. I'm told it was a very gay sight. As we marched in, jaunty tunes were played on the organ by a Union Theological Seminary organist." (Mr. Plimpton is a trustee of the Seminary.)

The sprightly note was maintained in the introductory remarks of Mr. Merrell E. Clark, Jr., chairman of the Centennial Committee and a partner in the firm of Winthrop, Stimson, Putnam & Roberts. "We hope you will not find this a solemn occasion," he said. "It is first and foremost a birthday party and a party of friends." He went on to present the Association's president, saying, "Francis Plimpton is the Renaissance man; his abilities and interests run the full gamut," and offering this amplification:

> He is a tennis ace. He is a linguist, a poet, a wit, and a classical scholar. His translations of Greek epitaphs once graced F.P.A.'s "Conning Tower." He has held trusteeships and directorships in a stellar list of distinguished organizations. . . . He is an author, an outstanding lawyer, diplomat, and public servant. [Between 1961 and 1965, Plimpton was Adlai Stevenson's Deputy U.S. Representative to the United Nations, with the rank of Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary.] He does not shy from controversy. He once made a speech entitled "In Praise of Polygamy," and once, in a face-to-face audience, he tried to convert the Pope to planned parenthood.

Mr. Plimpton, an old hand at the introductory anecdote, started his brief speech with not one but three anecdotes, featuring, seriatim, a Washington taxi-driver, an I.B.M. salesman, and Queen Victoria. He did not, indeed, shy from controversy. Toward the end of his talk, after conjuring up "a Martian astronaut" on a maiden trip to the United States, he remarked:

> What would our Martian think of federal [judicial] appointments? This Association traditionally does not comment on nominations for the bench outside of our areas . . . but I cannot help expressing the wish that the President of the United States' second and third nominees to the Supreme Court of the United States could have approached—in stature, attitudes, and integrity—his first nominee.

The first nominee was, of course, the evening's chief speaker; the second was Clement F. Haynsworth, Jr., and the third was George Harrold Carswell.

Plimpton's controversial remark, which was greeted with loud and prolonged applause in Philharmonic Hall, was featured in the *Times* the following morning. It was the first public anti-Carswell comment to come from any prominent practicing lawyer. More unexpectedly, it had come from the president of the country's largest and perhaps most influential local bar group. "Unless you've lived in the New York City Bar Association," Samuel I. Rosenman, who has lived in it for forty-seven years and is a former president of it, recently told a lay acquaintance, "you don't know what an unusual thing that was to say, especially in the presence of the Chief Justice."

At the time of this unusual remark, Judge Carswell's name had been before the Senate for nearly a month. Among other things, he had been exposed as an incorporator, while United States Attorney in Florida, of a Tallahassee private golf course that had been created from a public, municipally owned, federally financed facility, clearly for the purpose of keeping blacks out, but it still looked as though his confirmation was in the bag: the Judiciary Committee of the Senate had just approved his nomination by a vote of thirteen to four, and the Committee on the Federal Judiciary of the *American* Bar Association had found him "qualified." In the full Senate, where the floor debate on the nomination was soon to start, fewer than twenty members out of one hundred had expressed opposition. In New York law circles, according to Judge Rosenman (a former New York State judge, he is generally known by this title), anxiety about Carswell's qualifications had begun "in a very submerged kind of fashion." On an evening exactly a week before Plimpton's controversial remark, Irving M. Engel, a lawyer long identified with civil rights, had called Rosenman up at his home. "Mr. Engel was distressed about Carswell's golf-club testimony before the Senate committee," Rosenman says. "He wanted me to do something about it. I started to duck; I don't like to take on outside work these days. [Rosenman, then two days shy of his seventy-fourth birthday, was once special counsel to Franklin D. Roosevelt, and later edited his public papers and addresses.] He said he was going to call some lawyers and ask them to sign a statement opposing the nomination. I said that I wanted to be on the sidelines but that he could use my name. He called me later, and said that he'd talked to three lawyers—Francis Plimpton, Bruce Bromley, and Bethuel M. Webster—and that they had agreed to sign such a statement; would I draw it? [Mr. Bromley, a former judge of New York State's highest court, the Court of Appeals, was a partner in Cravath, Swaine & Moore; Mr. Webster, of Webster, Sheffield, Fleischmann, Hitchcock & Brookfield, was, like Judge Rosenman, a former City Bar Association president.] I got a transcript of the Senate Judiciary Committee testimony. It was very damaging. The more I read, the more incensed I became. I drafted a statement, sent it to the three men on February 13th, and suggested that the four of us sign it. Bromley first said yes, then no, then yes; one of his partners was on the American Bar Association committee that had found Carswell qualified. Beth Webster said yes. I didn't hear from Plimpton. A few days later, at the Centennial Convocation, I congratulated him on his speech, and he apologized for not having had time to read the statement. He called me up the next day and said that he'd sign it. My office got out mimeographs of it [to be precise, a considerably amplified version of the original statement], and we airmailed these around the country to get signatures of prominent lawyers and deans and professors of the leading law schools. We eventually got a total of five hundred and twenty-nine signatures. Early in March, when around four hundred of these had come in, we sent the statement, with the signatures, to every member of the Senate. Our cause at this time looked hopeless. I called up my three original co-signers and said we ought to have a press conference in Washington. The only one who said yes was Plimpton. He was president of the City Bar, but he didn't care."

The carefree president joined Rosenman at the conference, which was held in the ballroom of the National Press Club on March 12th; the affair was additionally bolstered by the deans of the Harvard and Yale Law Schools and the dean-designate of the Pennsylvania Law School. "We started all this at a time when it didn't look as though we had a chance to stop Carswell," Judge Rosenman says. "The action came at just the right time to lift the morale of those who were fighting. It was very effective. Francis Plimpton was a powerhouse in this. He practically abolished

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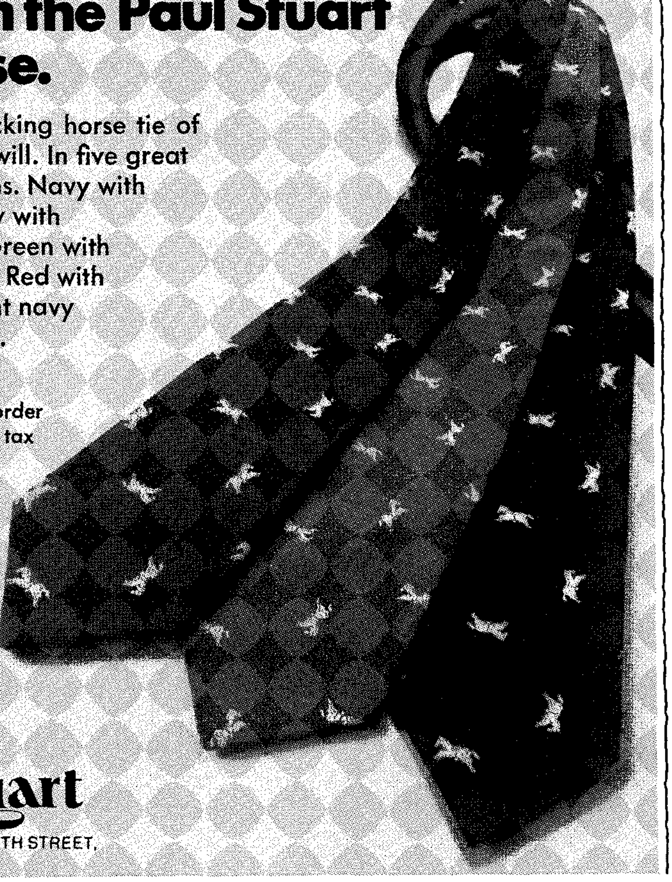

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the idea that the president of the Bar Association"—among New York lawyers, this usually means the *City* Bar Association—"shouldn't mix in political things. He's a very courageous fellow." (Had Carswell been seated, the Plimpton firm, of course, might have had to plead cases before him.)

On March 17th, the second day of the floor debate in the Senate on the nomination, when the pro-Carswell tide was still running strong, Plimpton, an experienced lobbyist who had been busy trying to line up senators by phone, sent telegrams to *all* the legislators. "Judge Carswell is not good enough for the Supreme Court, and I devoutly hope that you will vote against confirmation," he wired, and he went on to place his opposition on legal grounds:

> The Court is too important for all of us, and especially for the Congress, to permit any but a highly qualified appointment, and no one, repeat no one, claims that Judge Carswell is highly qualified. [The A.B.A. had simply specified "qualified."] Indeed, the fact that 58% of his appealed-from District Court decisions were reversed—a far greater percentage than normal for district judges—shows anything but judicial competence.

How much clout did this activity carry? A few days later, Senator Strom Thurmond, of South Carolina, remarked from the floor, "Like drowning men clutching at straws, the enemies of the nomination point to a charter to a country club." Not long afterward, one of the drowning men received a rather straw-clutching telegram from Senator Edward J. Gurney, of Florida, a leading Carswell spokesman. It started out, "You were one of the movers of the petition against Carswell signed by 416 lawyers and law-school professors," and it went on:

> The main theme of the petition was that Judge Carswell was an incorporator of a "segregated" private golf club. *Who's Who* shows that you indicate that you are a member of the following clubs: Union, Century, Brook, Downtown, Coffee House, Economic Club, Piping Rock, Cole [*sic*] Spring Harbor Beach, Metropolitan of Washington and Ausable Cavern [*sic*]. For the record, will you please advise whether any of these clubs have Negro members, Jewish members, or Catholic members? If so, how many, and the approximate date they were admitted to membership. Thank you for your prompt attention to this request.

On the same day, Mr. Gurney sent telegrams similar in tone to Mr. Plimpton's clubs, asking them whether he—and, in four interlocking cases, Mr. Webster—was a member; whether the clubs admitted "blacks, Jews, or Catholics;" and for their number and ap-

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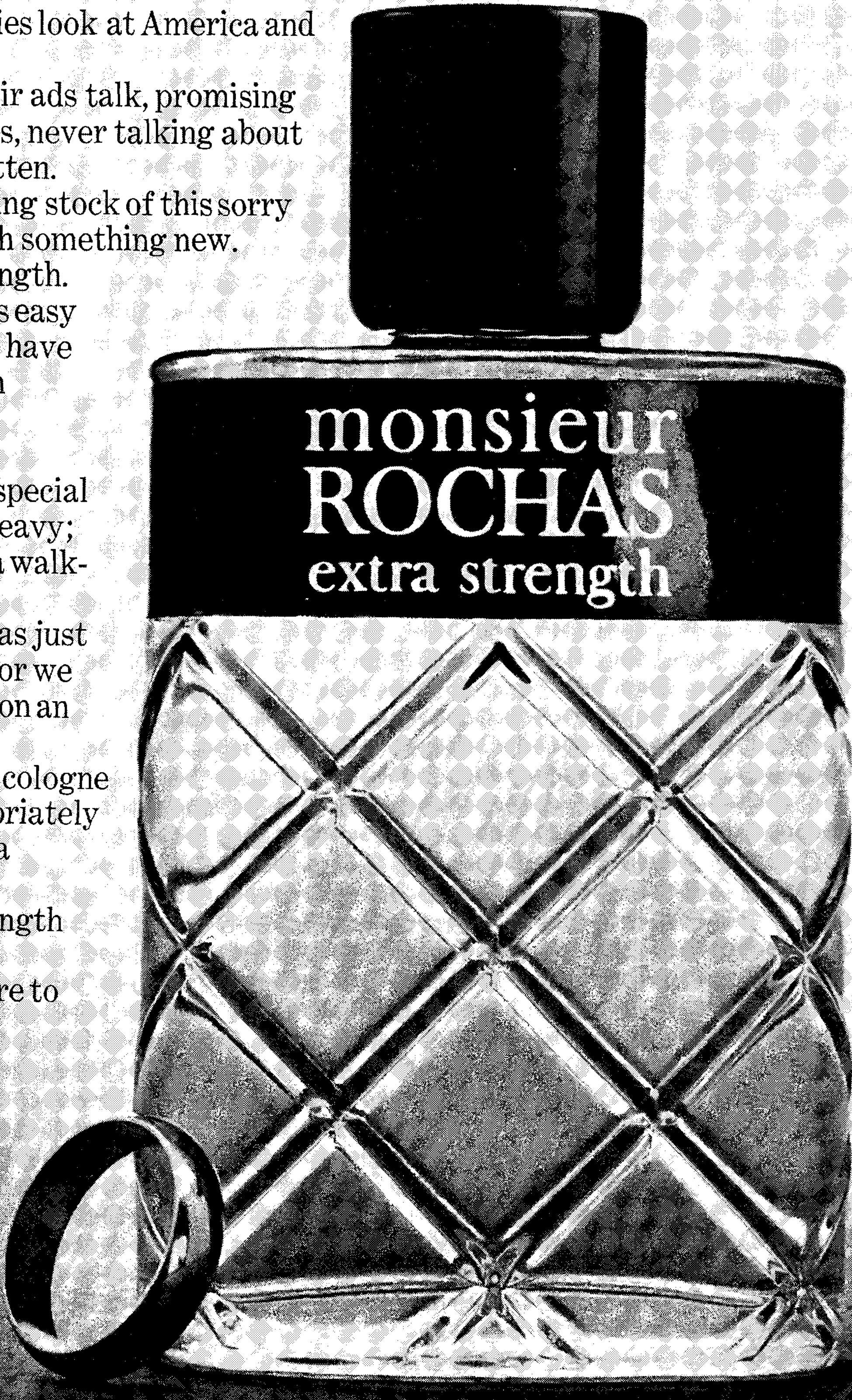

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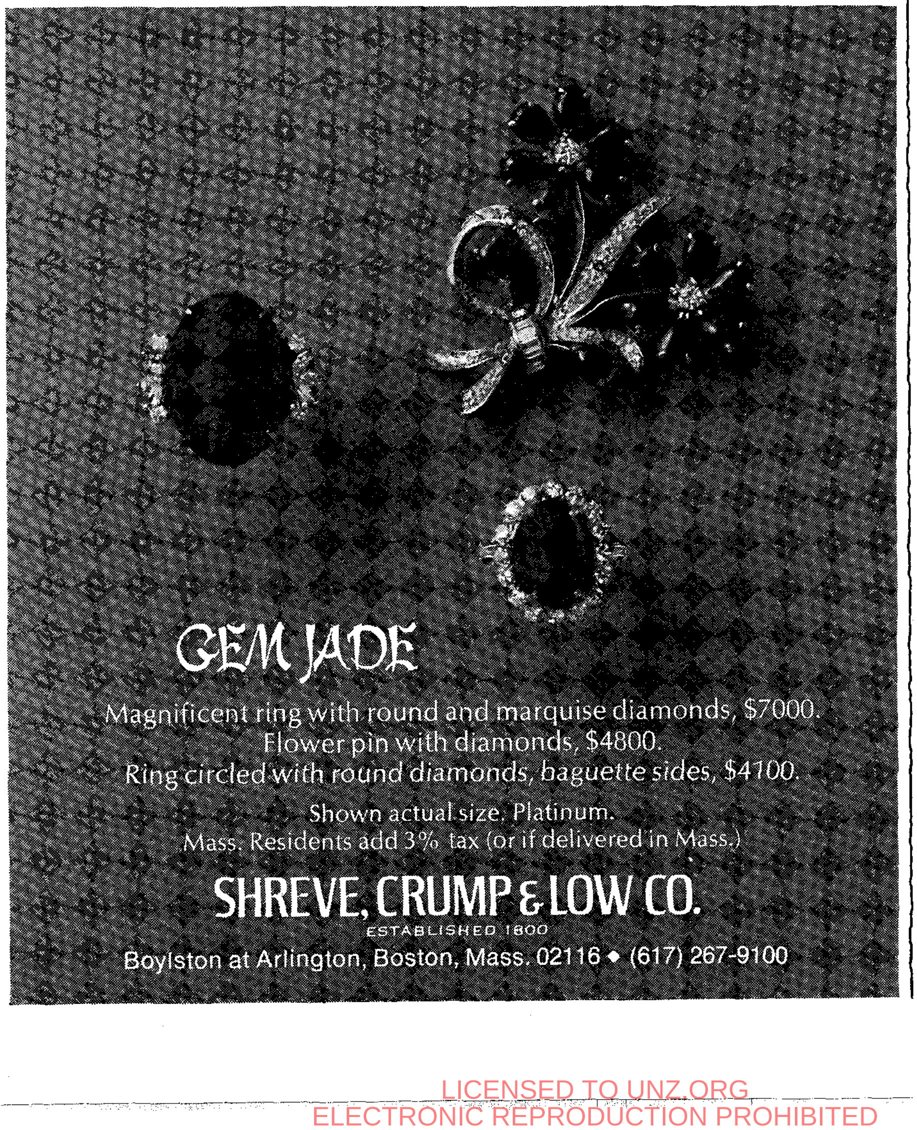

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proximate date of admission. (Bromley and Rosenman, whose clubs are not listed in *Who's Who*, seem to have been spared.)

"The Gurney telegram scared the living daylights out of the Union Club; I don't think that the Brook answered it," the distinguished ten-club clubman said later, but he himself gave the Gurney request his prompt attention, with a responsive wire that scotched, but at the same time chose to reply to, the irrelevant *argumentum ad hominem:*

> Referring to your telegram as to Judge Carswell's private segregated golf club in Tallahassee, which, while a United States Attorney, he helped organize . . . I see no basis for comparison with clubs mentioned in your telegram. Right to freedom of association in truly private clubs is required by Federal Civil Rights Act of 1964 Title 42 U2. S. Code Annotation Section 2000A (E). The clubs themselves can tell you of their admission policies, but I can assure you that I am firmly opposed to any discrimination as to race or religion anywhere, and that I personally know Jewish and Catholic members in every such club, and blacks in the only one to which, so far as I know, blacks have been proposed for membership.

During the three weeks of the full Senate debate, the celebrated statement (which had been published *in toto* in the *Congressional Record*) was frequently referred to, and so was its most active disseminator, both pro and con. On the pro side, Senator Clifford P. Case, of New Jersey, said, "We do not get a Bruce Bromley . . . or a Webster . . . or a Judge Rosenman, or a Plimpton . . . making statements of this sort lightly. Their consciences were outraged by this appointment." Senator Jacob K. Javits, of New York, remarked, "When three former presidents [*sic*] of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, including such traditionalists as Judge Bromley, Francis T. P. Plimpton, and Sam Rosenman, come out against Judge Carswell, it seems to me it is singularly impressive." On the con side, Senator Gurney, after referring to a pro-Carswell Yale Law School professor who had worked with the candidate on the establishment of the Florida State University Law School, said, "This kind of personal working relationship with Judge Carswell impresses me far more than Bruce Bromley and Francis Plimpton and a lot of other attorneys in New York who have had no personal association with or knowledge of the nominee."

Can the part that the Plimpton-spearheaded legal battalions played in

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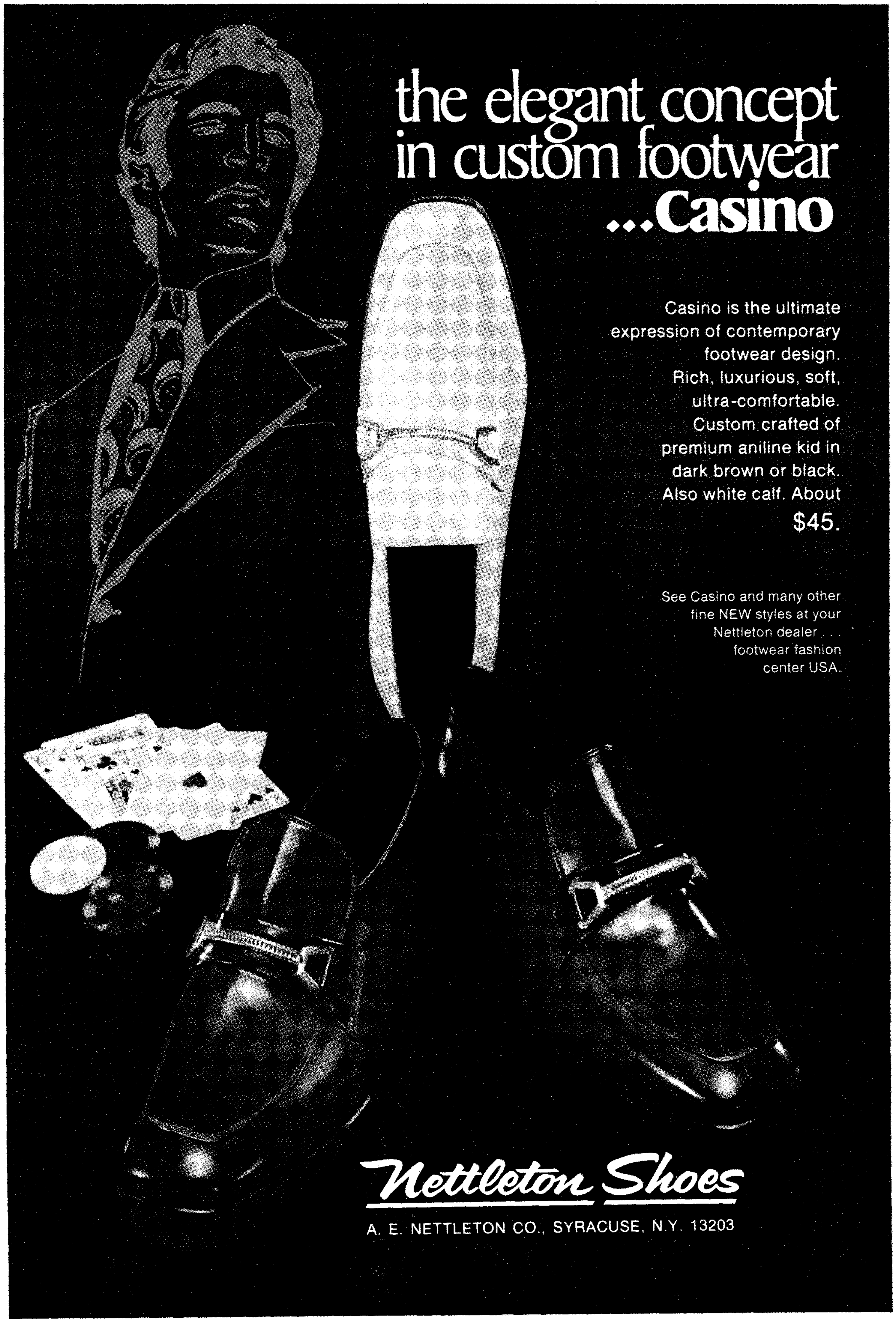

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Carswell's 51–45 rejection be precisely evaluated? "I really believe that had we not done what we did Judge Carswell would now be an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court," Judge Rosenman wrote Plimpton midway in the Senate debate, and the *Times* has since stated, "Ultimately, the decisive moving force was the legal profession." Plimpton himself has summed things up more modestly (and ironically) in the 1969-70 annual City Bar Association President's Report:

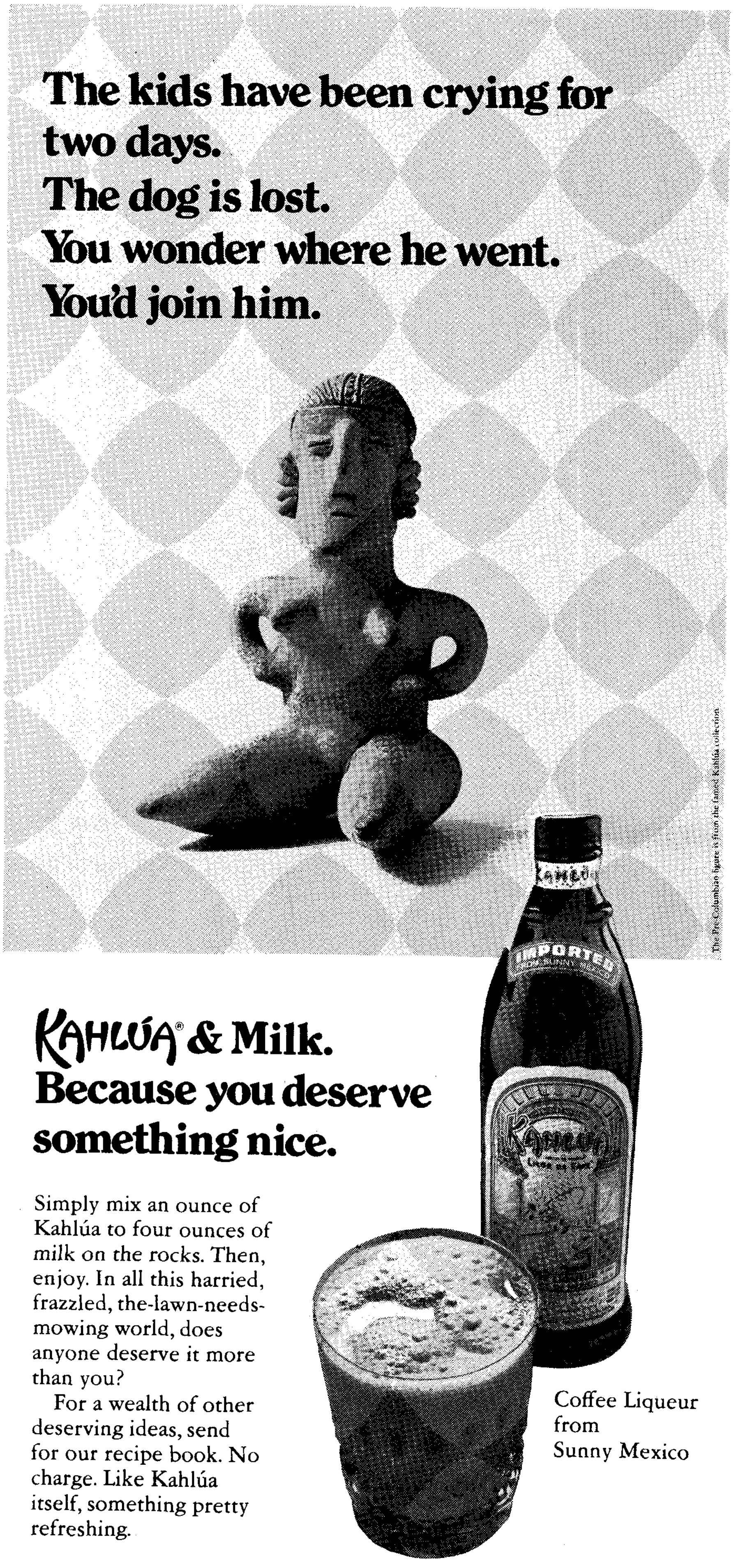
> Obviously, members of our Association, led by Judge Rosenman, were not solely or primarily responsible for the defeat of the nomination—full credit has to go to President Nixon for his letter telling the Senate that it is supposed to consent and not to advise, and to Senator [Roman L.] Hruska for his stout insistence that there ought to be a mediocrity on the Supreme Court. But I think that it can be said that the insistence of members of the Association that only excellence belongs on that Court played an important part in the result.

The Association's president made another attempt at an evaluation in some verses that he read at the Bar Association's annual Twelfth Night Party in 1971:

> Perhaps it really wasn't pain's worth
> To worry much about that Haynsworth,
>
> But if you really want some scars, well,
> Just think of that High Court with
> Carswell.
>
> That he's not there's a minor miracle
> For which we chant *Te Deums* lyrical
>
> And venture the mild observation
> 'Twas helped by this Association.

Well, in any event, the Carswell excursion was, in the light of its genesis, a novelty. "The Carswell action was one of the first times that the organization of the City Bar said, 'We want quality in the Supreme Court of the United States,' " a longtime member of the bar has said. "It got up on its hind legs. The episode was a turning point for the Establishment. It meant that the Establishment was getting together to move on things that had hitherto been the province of the non-Establishment."

Another such move, which became known as the Lawyers' Peace March on Washington, was soon made, and Plimpton, again, was its most conspicuous participant, if not one of its architects. "The invasion of Cambodia set up a galvanic tremor, if I may quote myself," Plimpton said recently. ("The Presidential decision to invade Cambodia produced a galvanic shock in the New York legal community," he wrote in a Bar Association report.) "Does the



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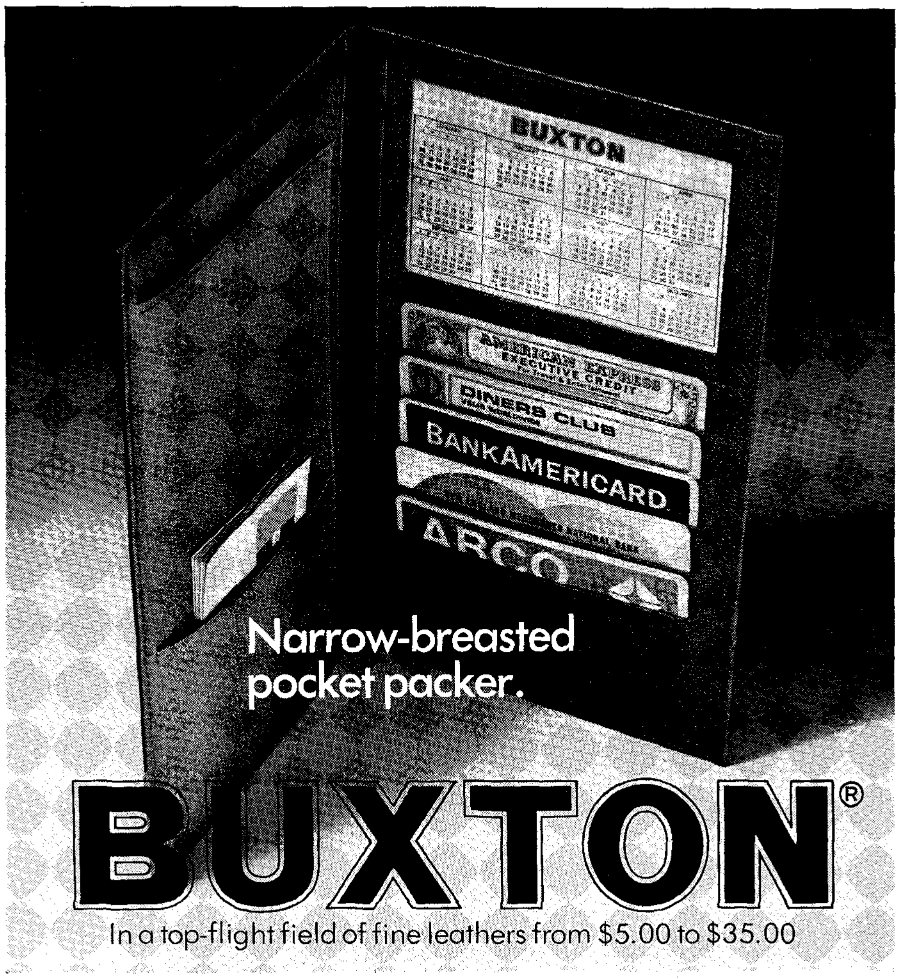
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President of the United States have the right to start a new war? There had been no consultation with Congress or congressional leaders. Secretary of State Rogers had apparently not been consulted. So I was perfectly willing to go along with a meeting in the Bar Association to discuss the whole issue." This meeting, initiated by the Lawyers' Committee for More Effective Action to End the War, was announced on May 17, 1970, in a full-page advertisement in the *Times* (one also ran in the New York *Law Journal*), headed "An Action Program to End the War in Indo-China." The program called for a May 19th convocation of members of the legal profession at the Bar Association Building and, the following day, a lobbying trip to Washington to speak "directly with our elected representatives and administration officials to advocate immediate withdrawal from Cambodia, the earliest possible termination of our involvement in Indo-China, and"—in a nice lawyers' touch—"a return to the rule of law at home and abroad." Most of the advertisement's signers were young men, relatively unknown, but they also included Mr. Bromley and two of his Cravath partners, Robert Rosenman (a son of the Judge) and Frederick A. O. Schwarz, Jr.; Michael V. Forrestal (Shearman & Sterling); Harriet F. Pilpel (Greenbaum, Wolff & Ernst); Lloyd K. Garrison and Theodore C. Sorensen (both of Paul Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison); Theodore W. Kheel (the labor mediator); and Francis T. P. Plimpton.

Plimpton was the first speaker at the convocation, which had filled the six-hundred-person hall and adjoining rooms to overflowing. "I don't know whether it was Talleyrand or Briand or Clemenceau who said, 'War is too important to be left to the generals;' I do know that war is too important to be left to the President of the United States," he began, and went on to say:

> When the President ordered American troops to invade Cambodia, he was acting on his own, in blithe and unilateral disregard of the Congress, which under the Constitution has the sole right to declare war and the sole right to raise and support armies (but not to finance them for more than two years at a time)...

and concluded, "We cannot begin to end poverty, pollution, racial prejudice, inflation, and decaying slums until we do end our Southeast Asian folly. Let us get ahead with that ending."

The pilgrims on the next day's march on Washington, who included

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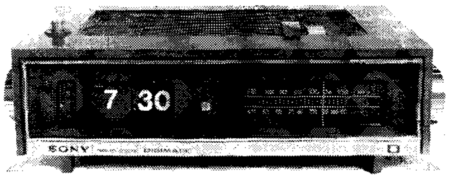

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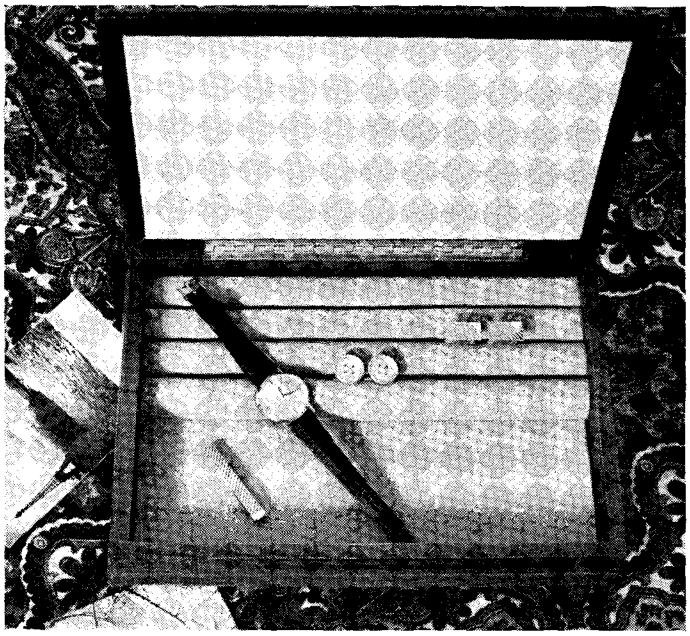
associates and partners in virtually all the leading New York law firms, numbered some twelve hundred, most of whom occupied nine chartered cars on the 6:30 A.M. train. The rest journeyed by plane, bus, and automobile. "I am guilty of not going on the train," Plimpton says. "I didn't want to get up that early." Travelling by plane, he arrived in time to find his fellow-visitors sitting en masse on the steps of the Capitol, where a press conference had been scheduled. "I arrived at the same time the bullhorn did," he says. "Jack Javits had captured the bullhorn and was telling how much he was in favor of everything he should be in favor of. Then Senator Goodell grabbed it and told how much in favor of the same things *he* was. I grabbed it and said, 'Hello, everybody. Let's go to work.' " The lobbyists were organized into around a hundred and fifty teams of six or seven lawyers apiece, each team being equipped with packets containing the names of the legislators and the State and Justice Department officials to be visited; lengthy briefing forms; background exhibits; and a forty-nine-page position paper, with a hundred and forty-six footnotes, on the legal status of the war. "My first appointment was with a Southern senator," Plimpton has related. "Rain threatened, or it had in New York. I carried with me my E. J. Korvette umbrella—five ninety-nine plus tax—which had adhesive tape around the handle inked 'F.T.P.P.' The Washington *Post* called it a monogrammed umbrella. ["He set off briskly across the Capitol grounds, an urbane figure carrying a monogrammed umbrella," the Washington *Post* Service reported in an account that was syndicated in three hundred and twenty-five papers.] I was a little late for my appointment. The North Carolina senator I was to see [Sam J. Ervin, Jr.] was not in his office. He stood me up. I then went down to the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, where Ed Burling and John Douglas [Edward Burling, Jr., and John W. Douglas, of Covington & Burling] had assembled a full house—if that's the right phrase—of Washington lawyers to listen to our New York story. I talked to them for fifteen minutes on what we were doing—they were hearteningly responsive. Next, I took my task force to see the Solicitor General—Erwin Griswold, former dean of the Harvard Law School and an old friend. I had a pleasant talk with him. He then arranged for us to see John N. Mitchell, the Attorney General. Mitchell was



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That's where a man can stash all his rings, cufflinks, watches, you name it. This one measures 12x8½x2 inches, the bottom is wood, the lid is covered with steerhide, the interior is lined with cotton suede. Give it to him in black or brown, $25. Ours exclusively, Small Leather Goods Collections.

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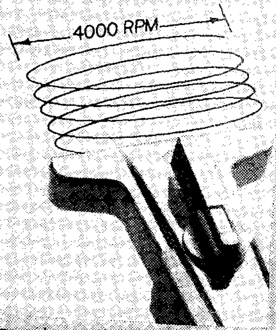

Switch it on and the power unit in the handle makes the shaving edge vibrate. It actually moves through 4000 microscopic orbits per minute. Every orbit is a shaving stroke. So you get 4000 shaving strokes per minute.

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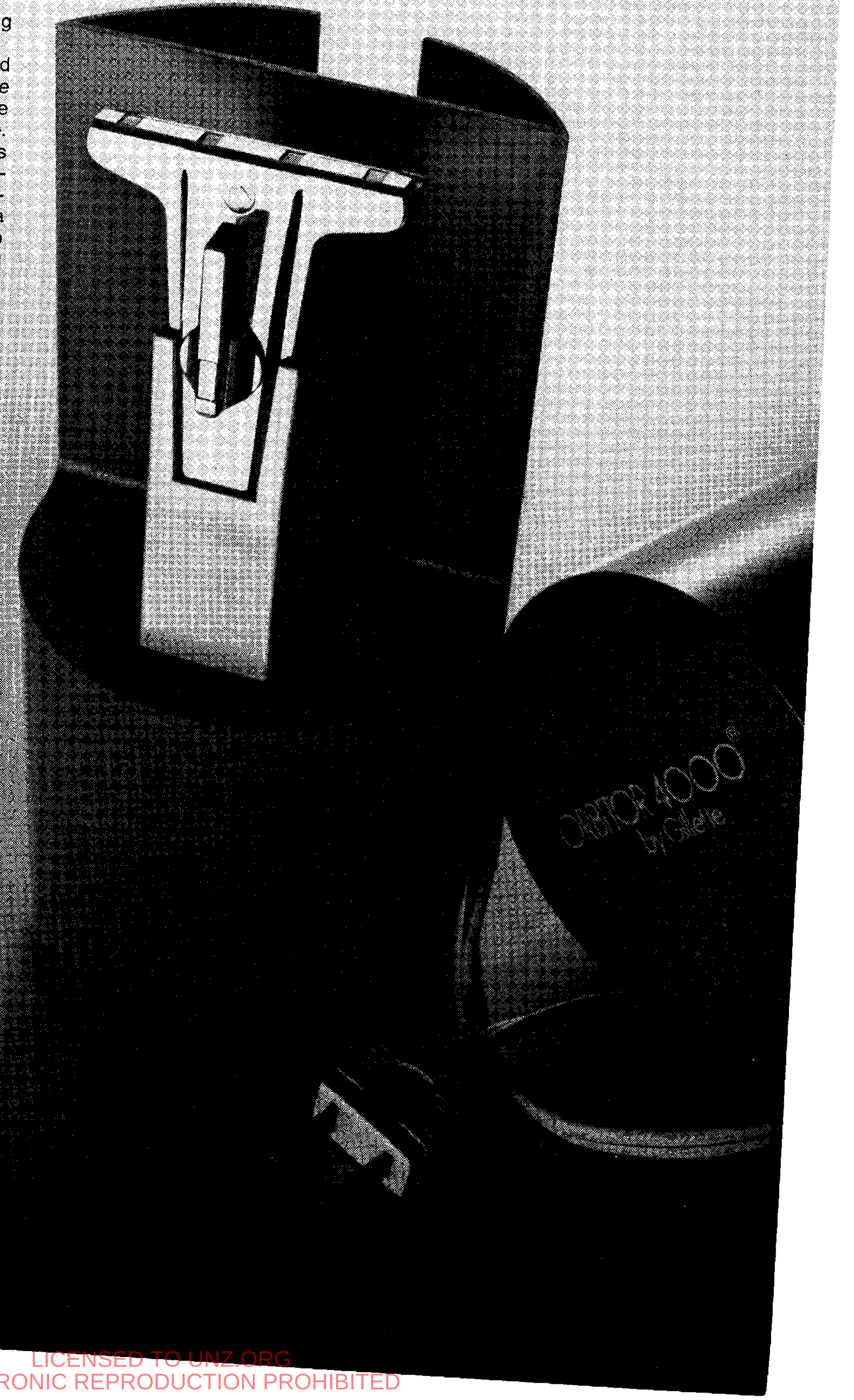

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very polite. I don't think he was carried away, but he did listen to us. I next talked to Elliott Richardson, who was then Under-Secretary of State. He was a fellow-Overseer of Harvard with me. He smokes a pipe. He is one of those superbly deliberate people. He is given to slow sentences. He listened to us with, I hope, understanding."

What effect did the march have? It was surely not as influential as the Carswell protest: Cambodia was followed by Laos, and the war is still going on. "I cannot pretend to estimate the impact of this exercise on Washington," Plimpton told a friend six months later. "I think it was substantially deeper than the press reports indicated." In an evaluation that followed his Carswell stanzas at the Twelfth Night Party, the poet Plimpton confined himself to tangential benefits:

And then it shook you up and snowed ya
When he said "Invade Cambodia"

Without the least advice congressional,
That feat belongs in his confessional,

But led of course to that famed train ride—
Let no one say it was a vain ride,

For think of all the assist ventral
We gave the ailing old Penn Central,

Postponing for a time, though short,
The embrace of the federal court.

According to Judge Bernard Botein, presiding justice of the Appellate Division of the New York State Supreme Court and a fellow-marcher, the effect was less easy to pinpoint, but may have been considerable. "The things that influence legislators are a seamless web," he says. "It's not like a Gallup Poll—ever so many intangibles go into the molding of a legislator's policy. I think the peace march was very important because of the character of the people who went on it, led by Plimpton, an impeccable Establishment figure. There was a good, solid Wall Street turnout. The marchers were no fringe. They had reasonable haircuts, and they were largely well dressed, with collars and ties and, in many cases, three-piece suits. This was very impressive to some congressmen. They hadn't expected it."

In any event, the then sixty-nine-year-old Plimpton, who not only often wears a vest but often improves it with a gold watch chain decorated with a Phi Beta Kappa key—overtly joined on lighthearted occasions by the pendant, at other times pocketed, of its disreputable antonym, Kappa Beta Phi, of which he is also a member—became something of a hero to young lawyers as a result of the march. One of these is Neal Johnston, aged thirty-one, who was until recently the director of the Council of New York Law Associates, a fast-growing group of sixteen hundred young lawyers who concern themselves with such public-service projects as courtroom observation of judges up for reappointment, counselling minority businessmen, prison studies, and so on. "Mr. Plimpton is the quintessential Wasp," Johnston has said. "He's the most intense embodiment of the Wasp I can imagine. I have an immense respect for him. I have never met anyone whose integrity I more totally trusted. I have a real sense of the man as part of a different generation, but I do admire him as much as anyone I've ever run into."

The quintessential Wasp is experienced in generational matters. He is the affectionate father of four—the celebrated George, co-founder of the *Paris Review*, amateur sportsman, television athlete, and Renaissance man in his own right; Francis, Jr., who is on the administrative staff of Brown University; Oakes, a Harvard Law graduate who works in ecology and conservation in Boston; and Sarah, who abandoned Harvard Medical School to write and draw in Paris and New York. Helen Buttenwieser, one of the senior Plimpton's contemporaries and a fellow-lawyer, thinks that his good relationship with the younger generation may stem from his good relationship with his own children. "He *listens* to young people," she says.

The City Bar Association, although basically a professional sodality, is also something of a club, with a distinctly social tinge. Candidates for the Association must be proposed and seconded; unless known to the admission committee, they must be interviewed by it; while few applicants are turned down, some are left dangling on the vine until they tactfully withdraw; in the nineteenth century, indeed, the dread club hallmark of anti-Semitism lurked in the wings, but this has long since been vigorously repelled. The Association has ninety-eight hundred members. After the Cambodia activity, two of them resigned in protest against what they considered a misuse of the Association's name (prominently featured in the Washington-march advertisement) and house (used for the convocation). Plimpton had expected more resignations. "The whole episode highlights a problem which has always troubled

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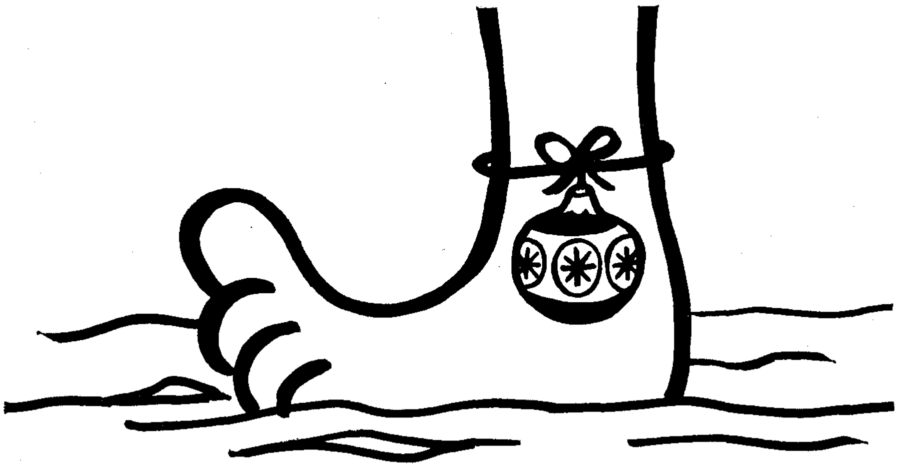
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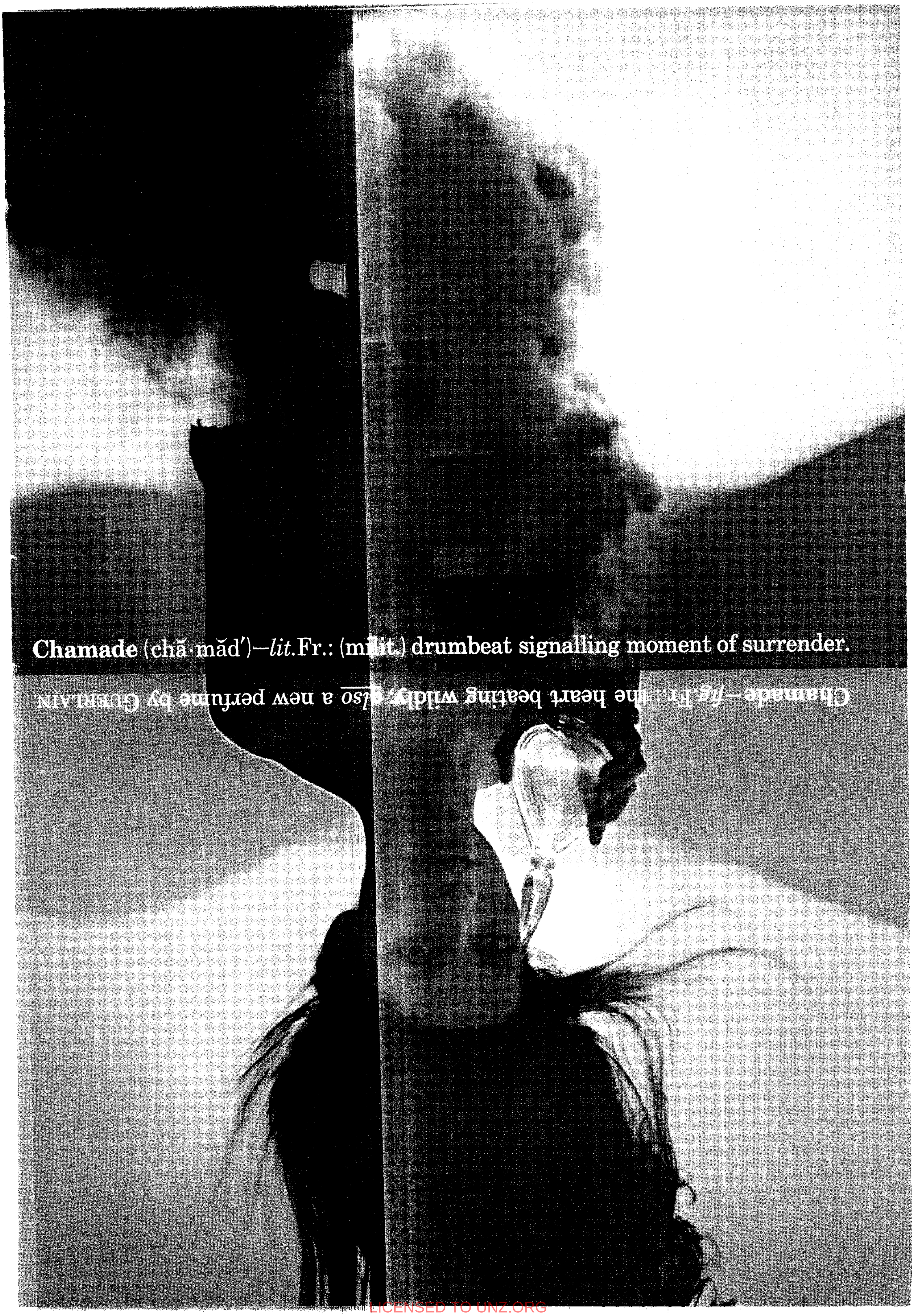
me," he wrote in his "galvanic-shock" report,

> and will always trouble our presidents, namely, the extent, if any, to which a president of the Association should take public positions on politically contentious issues which have never been officially acted upon by the Association. He can faithfully reiterate (as I have always tried to do) that he is speaking or writing only as an individual, but the press invariably tends to emphasize his presidency, and the public gets the impression that it is as president that he is speaking or writing.
>
> Should, therefore, each president inherit a muzzle with his non-existent mantle? I think not, and I think that a president, being careful to emphasize that he is acting as an individual, should not hesitate to speak out forcefully on issues of legal significance as to which he has forceful convictions.

This may or may not be something of a quibble. Did Mr. Plimpton's high visibility in the Carswell and Cambodia actions owe itself to his presidency or to his general Establishment reputation and his commanding Waspishness? ("One of the finest representatives of the old style of Wasp culture in America," *Harper's* proclaimed him in 1970, in an article titled, a touch pejoratively, "The Decline of the Wasp," and listing, a touch curiously, among his fellow-Wasps Ernest Hemingway and F. Scott Fitzgerald, neither of whom was a Protestant.) And who but a miserable out-of-season Wasp would have an adhesive-taped umbrella transmogrified by the press into a monogrammed umbrella?

FRANCIS TAYLOR PEARSONS PLIMPTON was born in New York on December 7, 1900. He was named after his mother, the former Frances Taylor Pearsons, who died when he was born. He is a tall (six-foot), broad-shouldered, slender, athletic, handsome man with close-cropped silvery hair, aristocratic features, and a rather worried look. He has a rather worried look because he worries quite a lot. He worries quite a lot because he is conscientious, exacting of himself, and meticulous, especially when he is preparing a legal document or a speech. He wears old-fashioned silver-rimmed spectacles attached to thin silver bows, and he is given to button-down Brooksy shirts and Brooks Brothers "special-order" suits, the trousers of which are sometimes, but not always, baggy. His sartorial casualness extends to his shoes: he sometimes wears ordinary black ones with a dinner coat. He is the descendant of a long line of New Englanders, and he does not like to throw his money away. "I couldn't af-


Chamade (chă·măd′)—*lit.*Fr.: (milit.) drumbeat signalling moment of surrender.
Chamade—*fig.*Fr.: the heart beating wildly; *also* a new perfume by GUERLAIN.

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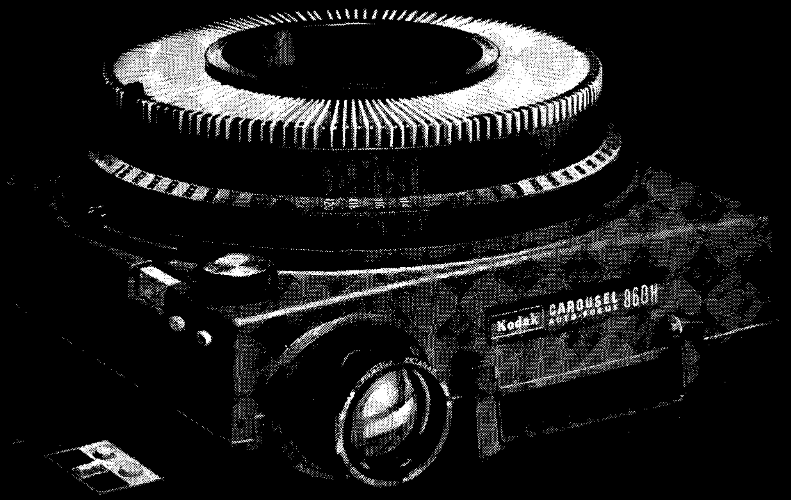
ford to have my clothes custom-made. Heavens!" he once said. He never takes a taxi if a ten- or twenty-block walk will get him where he wants to go. He *likes* to walk, and he is remarkably fast on his feet. At Exeter, where he played varsity hockey and tennis, and where, in a 1917 senior-class vote, he came in second as Class Bluffer and Class Highbrow, he ran to classes and he ran around the track. He kept this up at Amherst, where he played varsity football, hockey, and tennis; was voted Most Scholarly and Most Gentlemanly; and was graduated, *magna cum laude*, in 1922. At Harvard Law, he ran alongside the Charles River. Back in New York, where his first job was with Root, Clark, Buckner & Ballantine (now Dewey, Ballantine, Bushby, Palmer & Wood), he ran around the court-tennis courts of the Racquet & Tennis Club and the squash-racquets courts of the University Club. (He later resigned from both these clubs, thus depriving Senator Gurney of even more ammunition.) "In 1930 and 1931, when I was living in Paris," he says (he was in charge of Root, Clark's office there), "I ran around the Champ-de-Mars. When I lived at Ninety-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue [he moved to the East Sixties a few years ago], I ran around the Reservoir. I still weigh the same as in 1922—one hundred and seventy-two pounds—but the distribution has deteriorated."

At almost seventy-one, Plimpton no longer runs, except around lawn-tennis courts, but he walks sixteen blocks to his office, at Fiftieth Street and Park Avenue, usually arriving at nine o'clock. Several times a week, jaywalking through traffic, he threads his way briskly to lunch three blocks away at the Brook, nine blocks away at the River Club, or, most often, eight blocks south and west at the Century Association, of which he is president. The Plimpton club dues could take care of a couple of rather large welfare families, but, all things considered, club meals are better bargains than those in public restaurants, which he hardly ever goes to; once, invited by a U.N. ambassador to La Grenouille, he had to ask his secretary where it was.

In the city, Mr. Plimpton and his wife live in a coöperative duplex almost across the street from the Cosmopolitan Club, of which Mrs. Plimpton is a member. Their apartment is full of comfortable furniture and books, some of them review copies (he examined Ramsey Clark's "Crime in America" for the *Saturday Review* not long ago), and contains a two-story living

The quiet one.



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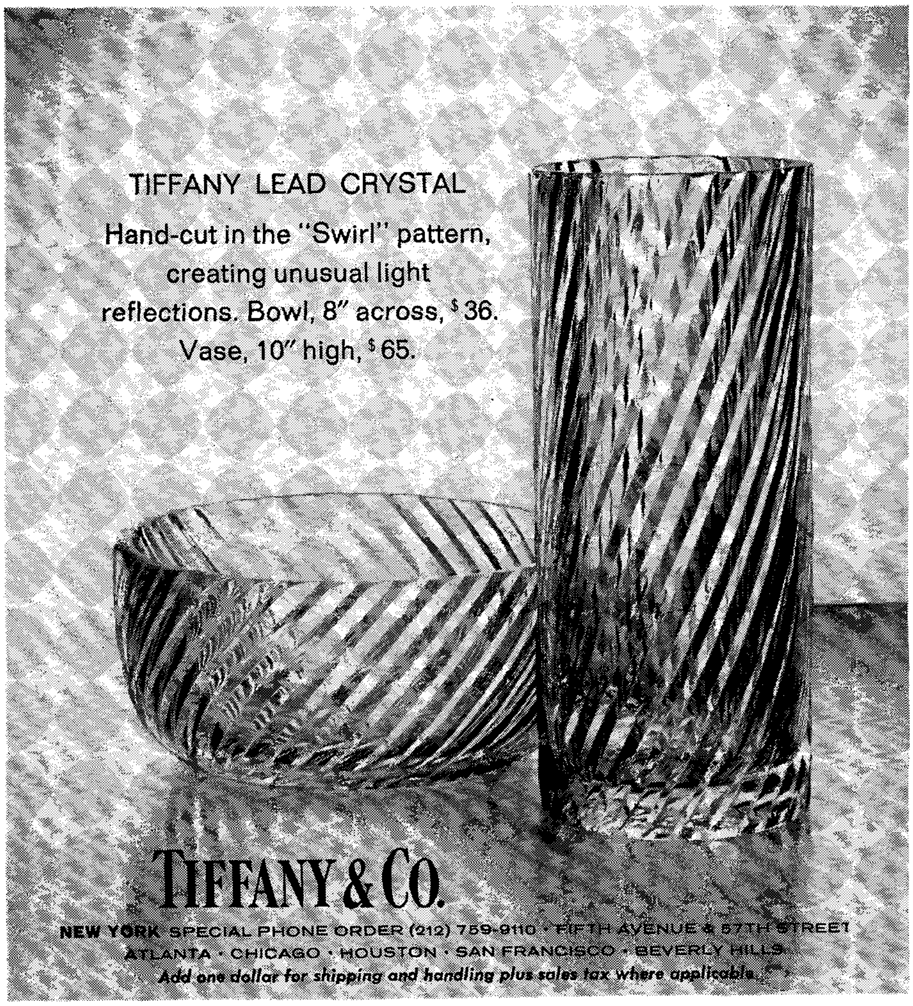

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room that is good for entertaining. In the country, on the North Shore of Long Island, they have a big, rambling white house five miles from the Sound, with several guest rooms, a tennis court, a swimming pool, and thirty acres of field and woodland. The Plimptons usually spend August on Lake Como—at the Villa Balbianello, a historic Italian property inherited from an uncle by Mrs. Plimpton and several of her relatives—but the Long Island place is in regular use in the fall, on winter weekends, in the spring, and during most of the summer. There, on extended woodsy walks, Plimpton is able to move even more rapidly than in town. "I trail behind Francis, like a Japanese wife," Pauline Plimpton says, but her friends, knowing her to be her husband's habitual and formidable mixed-doubles partner, take this remark *cum grano salis*.

Plimpton loves to fill his time with people. "He prefers people with ideas, but he can suffer fools and still enjoy himself," a friend has said. He loves being a host, and he often extends invitations without giving his wife much notice, to her occasional consternation. He is perpetually on the go. He carries a Leathersmith of London annual pocket diary that is a crisscross of inked-in engagements, many of which, because of conflicts, he finds himself unable to keep. More distant commitments, or intended commitments, are kept track of by his secretary, Miss Barbara J. Ruby, in an improvised calendar that stretches two or three years ahead. This, too, produces conflicts. An October, 1970, entry, set down more than a year in advance, called for Plimpton's presence at a Hong Kong meeting of the Commission for the Advancement of Christian Higher Education in Asia, of which he is one of fifteen members (eight Asians, seven Westerners), but as the time for this drew near, the annual New Members' Dinner of the Century Club also approached. At this fixture, the neophytes are traditionally welcomed by their president. The club Plimpton won out over the do-good Plimpton; Miss Ruby was instructed to bump Hong Kong. "I was sorry to miss it; I had hoped to get some forty-dollar suits there," Plimpton says, but he *did* get to the 1971 meeting of the commission, which was held in Singapore, where he picked up two rather ill-fitting fifty-dollar suits.

Plimpton is driven by conscience, inner compulsion, or the importuning of others to attend a stream of public dinners, often in a presiding capacity. "I

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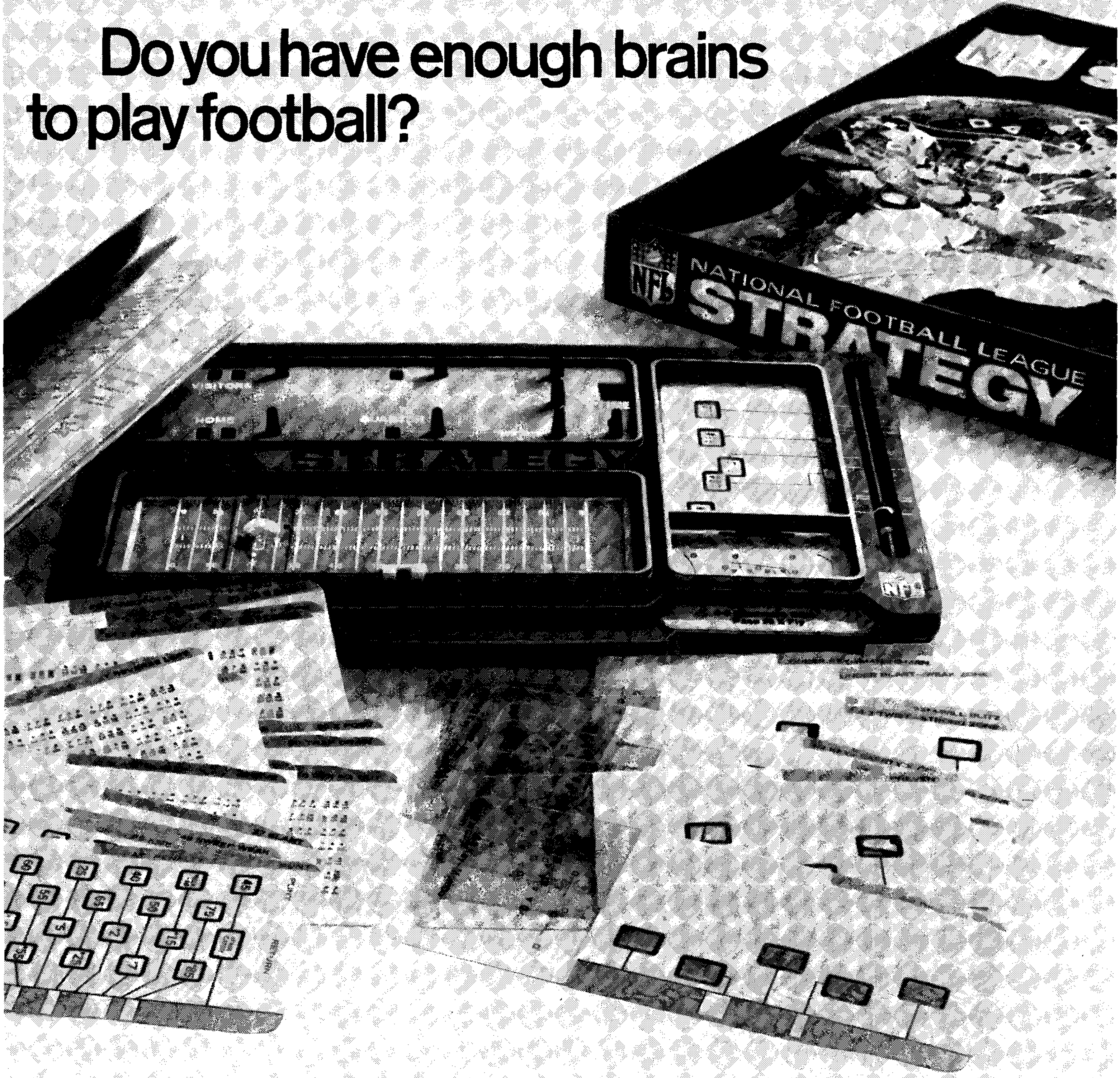

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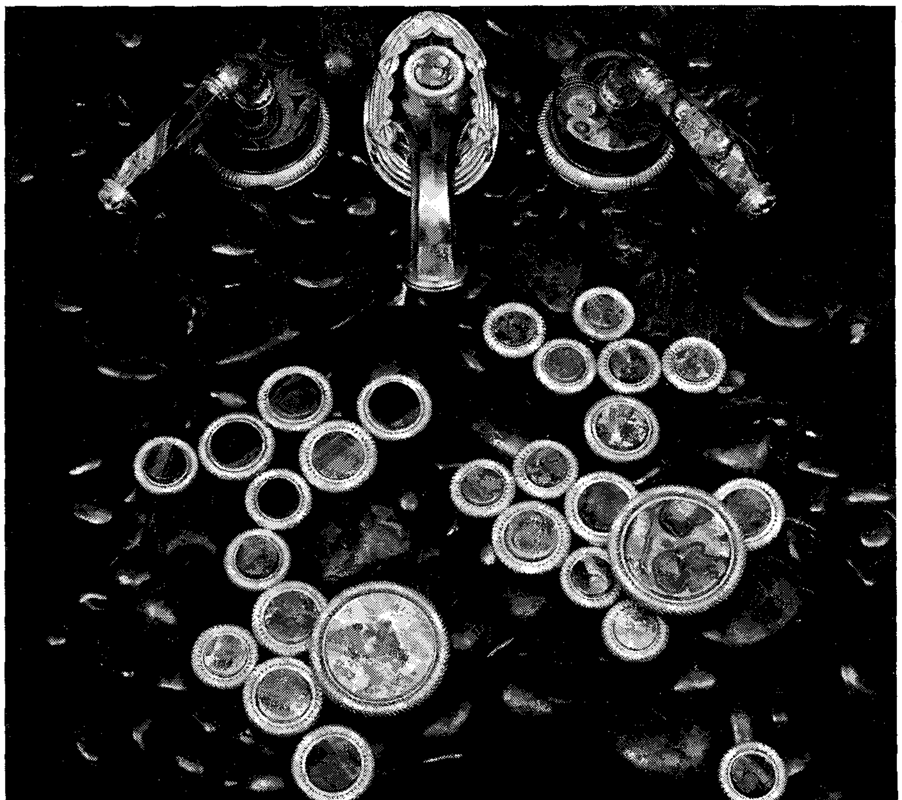

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got him to chair the American Civil Liberties fiftieth-anniversary dinner last year," one importuner has said. "When Francis chairs a dinner, he gives it a standing it wouldn't have otherwise. He is witty and never heavy-handed. His speeches are charming and short. He has none of the pomposity that accompanies many people who have made a success of their lives." (Difference of opinion makes horse races. "Francis has a rather dry wit, verging on pomposity," another Plimpton-listener says, and, according to another, "His speeches are sometimes *windy*.") "I have to go to that dinner," Plimpton may say, with a groan, but he goes. When he comes into a large room full of people, which he does almost daily, he looks around sharply, as though to take things in at an omnium-gatherum glance. The Plimpton expression, in conversation and observation, is sensitive, perceptive, mobile, unguarded, sometimes diffident, and often fleetingly faunlike. He talks easily, with an instinctive command of the language that has not been deadened by the hundreds of speeches he has made, sometimes from notes and sometimes after scrupulous editing of written texts. He likes to play with words, and he delights in turning a phrase. The Plimpton manner is punctilious (no houseguest, however much his junior, who is picked up by him at the Cold Spring Harbor station is ever allowed to keep his host from carrying his suitcase), affable, kindly, disarmingly conciliatory, and naturally courteous, but without a trace of submissiveness. However publicly urbane, Plimpton in his office is something of a tyrant. He is as demanding of his associates and his young partners as he is of himself. Miss Ruby is occasionally treated to exasperated yells when something has gone amiss; after one such outburst, triggered early in her tenure by her having put some letters in the wrong envelopes, she walked out of her boss's room and slammed the door. Plimpton buzzed for her and, on her reappearance, said, "Young lady, I'd like you to walk out and close the door properly"—which she did, with no lasting rancor. "Mr. Plimpton is the most difficult but the most interesting man I've ever worked for," she says. "You can argue a point with him. He doesn't mind someone having a different opinion than his. I'm much more conservative, politically, than he is. I was for Cambodia. He's a fast dictator. I keep track of every piece of paper. He can never find anything. He can't find anything even on his desk. He works best in the afternoon. He'll

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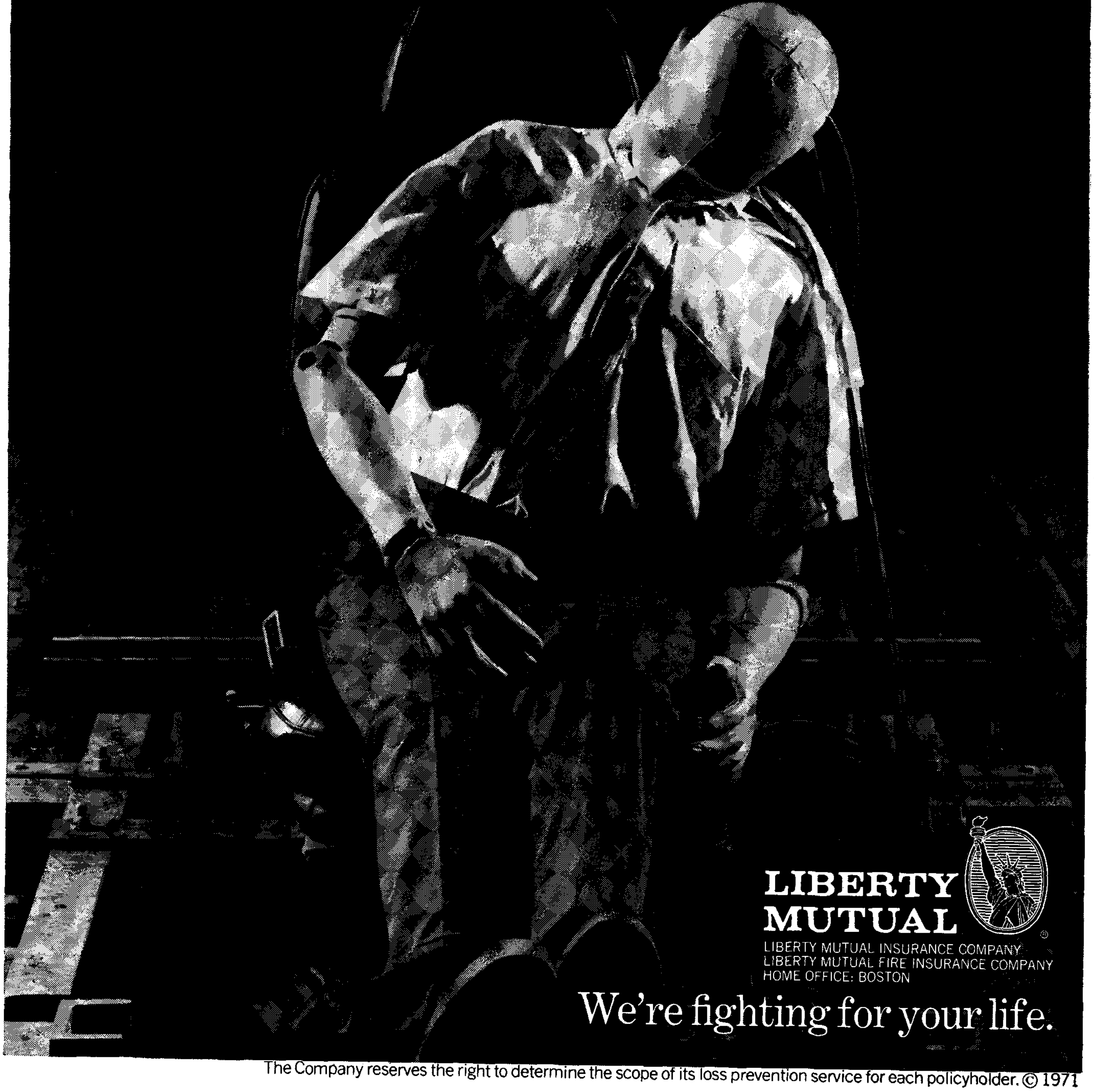

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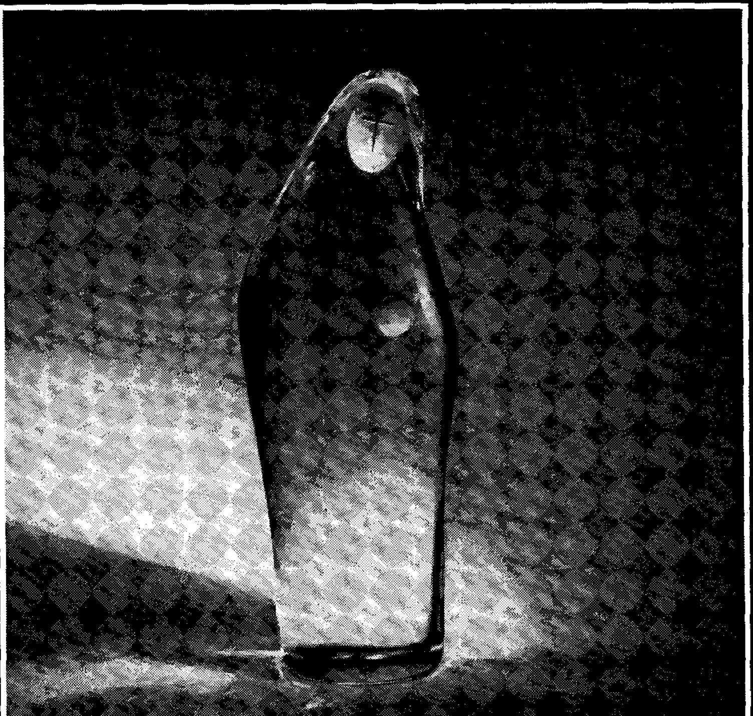

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decide at five-thirty that he wants to stay, and he expects me to stay, too—without overtime. He demands the impossible. He once called me at home at five in the morning to ask me to send flowers to Mr. Thomas S. Lamont's funeral. My roommate answered, and he said, 'I'm sorry—did I wake you up?' The young lawyers in our office adore him. He has a little bit of zip."

The zippy employer eats sparingly, but he is knowledgeable about food and wine; his interest in the grape dates from his Paris stint with Root, Clark. He maintains a carefully selected cellar—hundreds of bottles in two small rooms—in the country (Mrs. P.: "I have a terrible time holding him down on purchases"), where a typical Sunday luncheon party is preceded by a "Plimpton Special": Martini & Rossi dry vermouth with a splash of Punt e Mes and a bit of soda. "A gentle and dry preliminary to a good wine," he says, but less gentle preliminaries are also available. In trustee and legal circles, Plimpton is regarded as an authority on wines, but he considers himself anything but infallible. The Amherst College board of trustees, which he has graced since 1939, holds a meeting each winter in Washington in connection with the Folger Shakespeare Library there, which the Amherst trustees built and own and operate. While Chief Justice Harlan F. Stone—a longtime Amherst trustee—was alive, he always entertained the twenty or so trustees at dinner in his house on Wyoming Avenue. "He was a gourmet," Plimpton says. "Black butlers brought in a roast pig with an apple in its mouth, to applause. Then wine was served, in decanters. At one of these dinners, Eustace Seligman, a needler from way back, said, 'Well, Francis, tell us what this wine is.' Dead silence. I hadn't the dreamiest idea, except that it was a lovely Bordeaux. I guessed it must be a '24, then the best year. Finally, I said, 'I can't tell whether it is a '24 Château Lafite or a '24 Mouton-Rothschild.' The Chief Justice snorted, 'Any damn fool would know it was a Mouton '24.'

"Another time," Plimpton continued, "at a lunch on Long Island at Floyd Blair's—he had a superb cellar; he was a vice-president of the National City Bank; he got me on the board of the Philharmonic Symphony, of which he was later president—I was challenged to identify the white wine. I said it was a 1936 Chilean—for years, all Chilean wines were marked 1936. It was a 1959 Montrachet."

The Plimpton perpetual motion has

baffled some of his friends. "Francis sometimes spreads himself rather thin," one of them, a fellow bank trustee, has said. "I can't imagine why he goes on so many boards." Besides Exeter, Amherst, the Philharmonic Symphony, the Metropolitan Museum, the Union Theological Seminary, and the Commission for the Advancement of Christian Higher Education in Asia, he is or has been—in many cases, still is—a trustee or director of the United States Trust Company (assets, $485,000,000); the Bowery Savings Bank (assets, $3,000,000,000); the Teachers Insurance & Annuity Association of America (assets, $2,270,000,000); Barnard College (vice-chairman); Athens College, in Greece; Lingnan University, in China (now out of bounds); the Adlai Stevenson Institute of International Affairs, in Chicago; Roosevelt Hospital; the United Nations Association of the United States of America; the Fédération des Alliances Françaises (president); the Union Internationale des Avocats (vice-president); the America-Italy Society (*executive* vice-president); the Theodore Roosevelt Association; the Greater New York Fund; the Graduate Faculty of the New School for Social Research; the Municipal Art Society; the Foundation for Youth and Student Affairs; the Dalton School (his two oldest boys went there for several years); Morningside Heights, Inc.; the Church Peace Union; the Judson Health Center; the Foreign Policy Association; and the Harvard Board of Overseers. Wow!

THIS marvel of the Establishment is the son of George Arthur Plimpton—another marvel, and one who had a profound influence on his motherless child. (Plimpton *père* remarried after seventeen years, at sixty-two, and had a second son, Calvin Hastings, who recently retired as president of Amherst and is now president of the Downstate Medical Center, in Brooklyn.) The Plimptons, for several generations iron-foundry men in Plimptonville, Massachusetts, a part of Walpole, are descended from John Plympton (the spelling has varied from "Plym" to "Plom" to "Plim"), who turned up in Roxbury at a tender age from an unknown part of England (Francis Plimpton: "Plympton, near Plymouth? Plompton, near York?") in 1630, became an original settler of Dedham in 1640, and eventually settled in Deerfield. He was captured by the Indians and burned at the stake in Canada in 1677. Francis's father,

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an impressive, almost awesome, heavyset man with a bushy mustache, was born (and died, a few days before his eighty-first birthday) at the Lewis Farm, an eight-hundred-acre property at Walpole that had been in his mother's family since 1742. He was one of nine children. After Exeter, Amherst, and a year at Harvard Law School, he was given a thousand dollars by his widowed mother and left for a job selling textbooks for Ginn & Co., the educational publishing firm. In 1911, he became its head, and while making a modest fortune by publishing schoolbooks he began to collect them, from past periods and from many countries. Increasingly seized by the *furor colligendi*, he built up a library of more than sixteen thousand items dealing with education: medieval and Renaissance manuscripts, incunabula, sixteenth- and seventeenth-century English books (many on the techniques of writing), and textbooks (ranging from grammar and arithmetic to history, science, and theology) up to the middle eighteen-hundreds. Young Francis was literally brought up in his father's library, which was spread through five floors of a brownstone house at 61 Park Avenue. (Francis was born in a predecessor house on East Thirty-third Street, next to the present site of the Vanderbilt Hotel.) Several of the senior Plimpton's trusteeships—including those of Exeter, Amherst, Barnard, and Union Theological Seminary—are now held by his son.

The bibliophile's son, who spent his childhood summers at Lewis Farm, was brought up by his father and by governesses. ("I think being an only child was a great advantage to him," Pauline Plimpton says. "He had full attention. His father picked excellent governesses. They were religious. Francis used to be very religious, but he isn't anymore, although he likes to go to church—he got the habit from his father. I think he ought to get off the Union Theological board. Besides, he's too busy.") He went to the Browning School, in New York, and then to Exeter, where at graduation he stood second in a class of some two hundred and twenty. As a loyal alumnus of that institution and a second-generation trustee (1935-65, and head of the board 1956-65), Plimpton often revisits his old school, where the Plimpton Playing Fields and the Plimpton Playing Fields Beyond, given by his father, occupy some four hundred acres. In the Plimpton memory the scores of Exeter games are imperishably graven. A few months ago, reminiscing about his school days to a Long Island houseguest, he pulled out an old yearbook and began leafing through it. Suddenly, he looked more worried than usual. He had come across a reference to an Andover football game which gave the score as Exeter 25, Andover 7. "Exeter *twenty-six*," he said, and wrote the correction in. His wife has an idea that this is par for the Ivy League course. "Men are amazing to me," she says. "They remember the *scores* of all their football games."

Plimpton has not, of course, neglected his college. His speech "In Praise of Polygamy" (singled out for mention by the chairman of the City Bar Association's Centennial Committee thirteen years later) was delivered on Washington's Birthday, 1957, in the Amherst chapel. "It appears," the homing trustee advised his undergraduate listeners, after mentioning a magazine article by their president called "American Youth Goes Monogamous," "that each of you fastens upon one unfortunate female, and, forsaking all others, brings her and her alone to each game, each cocktail party, each dance. Furthermore, the hapless creature has to dance with you, and you alone, during the long hours of slow and mournful peripatetics which you appear to believe constitutes dancing."

> This drab process is, I understand [Plimpton continued], known as "going steady"—a clear violation not only of English grammar but also of the most elementary principles of biology. It is punctuated, according to your president, by a gruesome ceremony known as "pinning," in which the female bosom is decorated with miscellaneous jewelry to the accompaniment of solemn tribal chants. This of course leads, with the inevitability of Greek tragedy, to matrimony.
>
> Now, I hasten to say that I have nothing against matrimony. . . . But . . . what is to become of the spirit of scientific inquiry? What is to become of the controlled experiment—the controlled experiment which forms the very basis of the advancement of knowledge? Indeed, what is to become of the uncontrolled experiment? Where is natural selection, where is the survival of the fittest, where is the evolution of the race if you young males meekly submit to the inexorably monogamous possessiveness of the first female who deigns to notice you?. . .
>
> Since I am a lawyer, you will not want me to neglect the legal aspects of your situation. . . . Suppose that one of you imports a young lady to these precincts, and let us further suppose that she is, in the fine old legal phrase, "clothed with the

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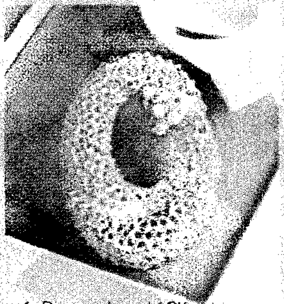
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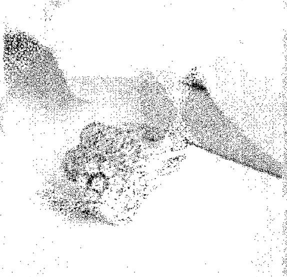
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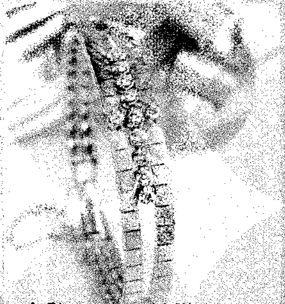
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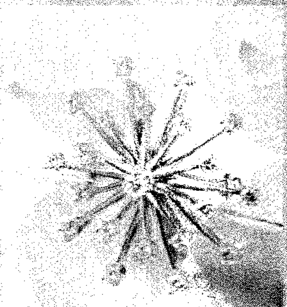
6 Diamonds and 14K gold
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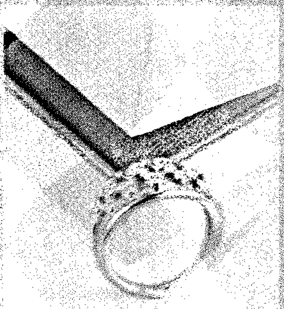
7 Diamonds and 18K gold
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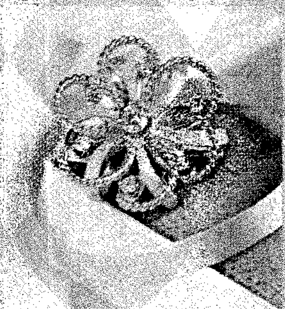
8 Diamonds and 14K gold
(A) $220 (B) $320 (C) $420

9 Diamonds and 18K gold
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10 Diamonds and 14K gold
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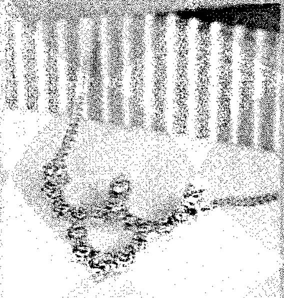
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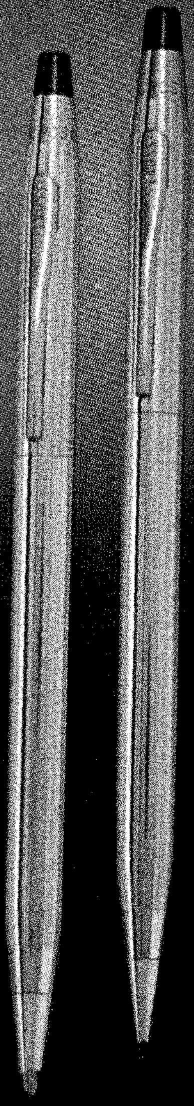

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public interest." What happens? The public interest, whether due to clothes or lack of clothes, is intense, but what do you do? Flouting that public interest, you suppress all competition and tend to create a monopoly. . . . This is an unlawful restraint of trade and a flagrant and willful violation of the Sherman Act (and perhaps of the Mann Act). . . .

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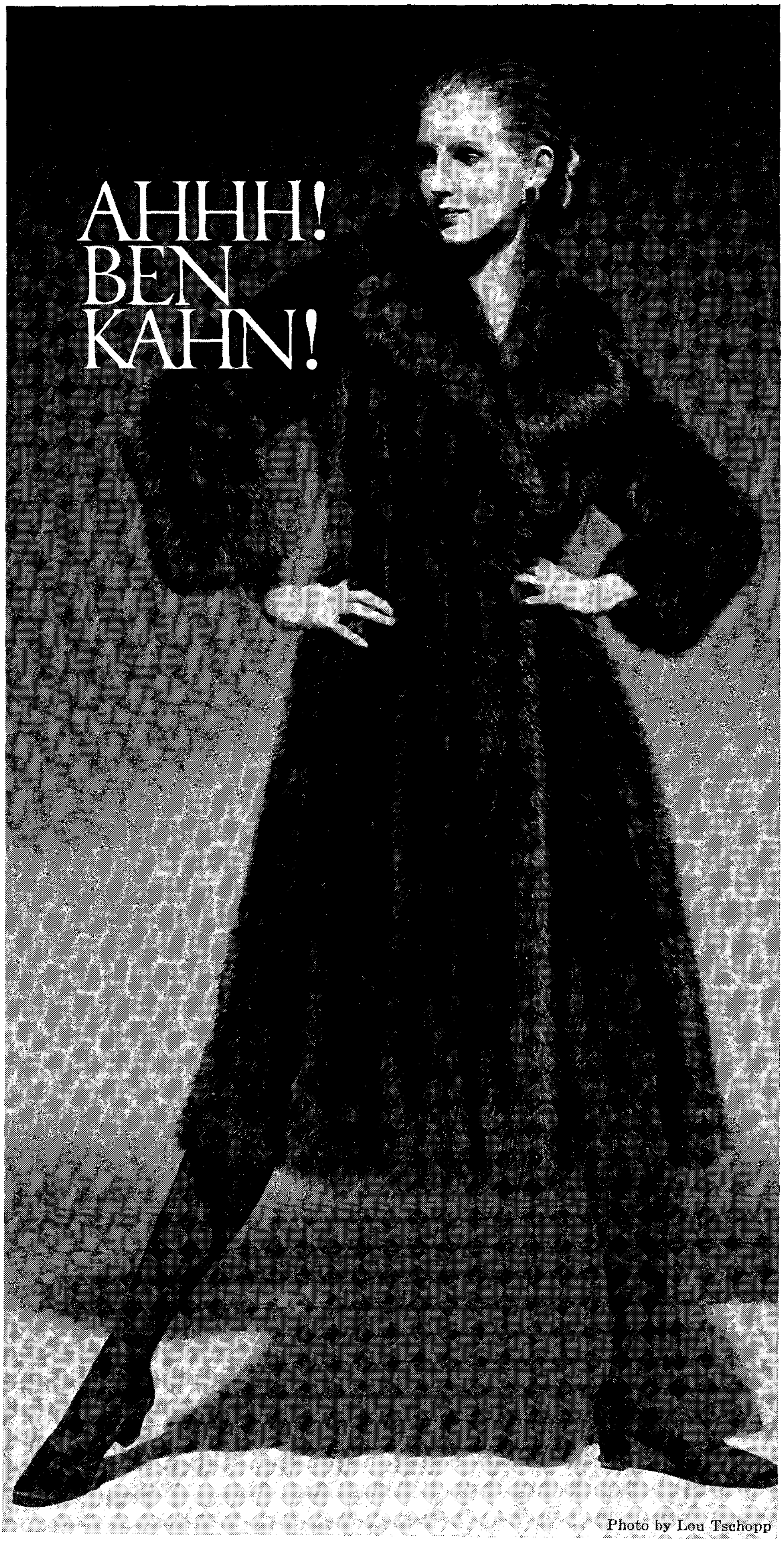
"Polygamy" is still referred to, and quoted by, the speaker's friends. It was published in the Amherst *Alumni News*, was reprinted in the *Herald Tribune*, and, hand-set in Lutetia type in two colors (red and black) on Ragston SN paper, was later reproduced in a limited edition by the Overbrook Press, of Stamford, Connecticut, a labor-of-love, typographically choosy enterprise of Frank Altschul, whose other authors have included Anatole France, Thomas Mann, Winston Churchill, John Stuart Mill, William Shakespeare, and the late Judge Learned Hand. Such was the demand for the Plimpton essay that Mr. Altschul re-reprinted it several times, to the ultimate tune of a thousand copies. (Shakespeare's poems rated a hundred and fifty.)

"Polygamy's" author is regarded in some circles as a writer *manqué*. He himself has said that he went into the law because he didn't know what else to do—"I drifted into the law," and "I almost became a journalist." This near miss occurred toward the end of his drift at Harvard, when Walter Lippmann, then the editor of the New York *World*, asked Felix Frankfurter, then a Harvard Law School professor, to recommend someone with legal training to go on his staff. Frankfurter recommended Plimpton, who thereupon called on Lippmann by appointment. "I spent the day with him," Plimpton says. "He doesn't seem to remember this. He introduced me to Alexander Woollcott and Heywood Broun, and, at Lippmann's suggestion, I wrote four legally oriented editorials, two of which he published. One was on a Supreme Court decision on Chicago's lowering the level of the Great Lakes, and the other was on a Court decision on kosher food. Then he wrote me that the *World* didn't want a full-time man. So I went on to become a lawyer."

In view of this aborted ambition, it



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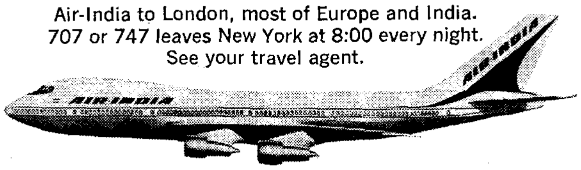

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may be pertinent to quarry a "Far East Diary"—much more than a diary, really: three hundred and sixty-three typewritten pages, rich in historical, political, and anthropological asides, often amounting to essays—that Plimpton painstakingly wrote at nineteen, during a five-month trip. (He was on a leave of absence from college, owing to diphtheria and muscular rheumatism.) "We set sail from Vancouver at midnight on January 22, 1920," he starts out, "the 'we' referring to Father, Mother [the second wife of the senior George Plimpton], and the humble journalist," and he goes on to roam over an ample spectrum. Herewith some extracts, which shed considerable light on Plimpton the man:

FAMILY: "Father really came over to China to make an agreement with the Commercial Press, by far the largest concern of its kind in China, whereby they would stop pirating Ginn & Co.'s books. . . . Father has just purchased an ancestral portrait of a most dignified person surrounded by his three wives. . . . Mother and I are rather afraid it will have a bad influence on Calvin [the future president of Amherst was then seventeen months old]. . . . Seen from the rear sitting on his donkey [Father] looks like a caricature of some omnipotent nabob."

THE CHINESE: "What a charming and cultivated people they are, and what a shame that the average American judges them by his laundryman! All you have to do is grunt and bow, and they think you're a long-lost friend. . . . The League of Nations seems a long way off when you listen to the gossip in a Shanghai hotel lobby."

THE JAPANESE: "The children are simply adorable, and look like—well, like Japanese dolls! . . . The Japanese girls have a bewitching look of demure innocence, which very often cloaks utter stupidity, as in the case of our present *neisan*, or waitress. She has the sweetest smile in the world, but it doesn't save her from congenital idiocy."

THE FRENCH: "The sleepers [on a train from Nanking to Peking] are built on the European style, with two in a compartment, so I had a Frenchman in with me who went to bed at eight o'clock so as to get the lower berth, which my ticket called for. . . . The result naturally was that I slept on the slipperiest upper berth that ever happened."

THE BRITISH: "I had for a roommate [at the Hong Kong Hotel] an American . . . who was in the Y.M.C.A. with the British in Mesopotamia and Persia. He has picked up all their bad habits such as keeping his handkerchief up his sleeve, and saying 'oh' whenever you tell him anything."

FELLOW-AMERICANS: "The [Frank A.] Vanderlip party arrived yesterday [in Kyoto] with great éclat. . . . They are a very motley crew. . . . I do hope that the Vanderlip crowd will get beneath the surface down to fundamentals instead of breathing polite platitudes about America's friendship for Japan."

THOUGHTS ON SOCIETY IN GENERAL: "One cannot help being struck with the cosmopolitanism and polish of a society like that of Peking, where every person you meet can talk charmingly in three or four different tongues on any subject on the earth or above it. One blushes now and then for the provincialism of American democracy, but I think even more so for those Americans who have become so apishly Europeanized that they decry their native land. Aristocracy has its charms, but it must be remembered that certain types of aristocracy are maintained only by the oppression of the masses, the stifling of the many, that the few may know how to kiss a lady's hand with just the proper innuendo. Corseted officers with gorgeous uniforms and over-beautiful manners get on one's nerves every once in a while—there are many such in Peking."

Exeter was not forgotten:

"In the afternoon Admiral Tsai and Mr. Jeremiah Smith came to tea. The Admiral is Chief of Ceremonies of the Republic [of China], and a most delightful person.... Mr. Smith is legal advisor to Mr. Lamont [Thomas W. Lamont, the banker] and very nice, so that we had a jovial time. He is a trustee of Exeter, as are also Father and Mr. Lamont, so the three of them, being a quorum, held a trustees' meeting this morning in the lobby of the hotel [the Grand Hôtel de Pékin] and voted to raise the salary of the faculty, cabling the result to Principal [Lewis] Perry!"

Amherst was not forgotten:

"Father is particularly interested in Doshisha [an American university in Kyoto], and so am I for that matter, because it was founded by an Amherst graduate, Joseph Neesima of '70.... A simple dignified stone marks his grave, which is always decorated with flowers by the students of Doshisha, and Father and I laid a sprig on the stone of this fearless man who so wonderfully exemplified the ideals of Amherst."

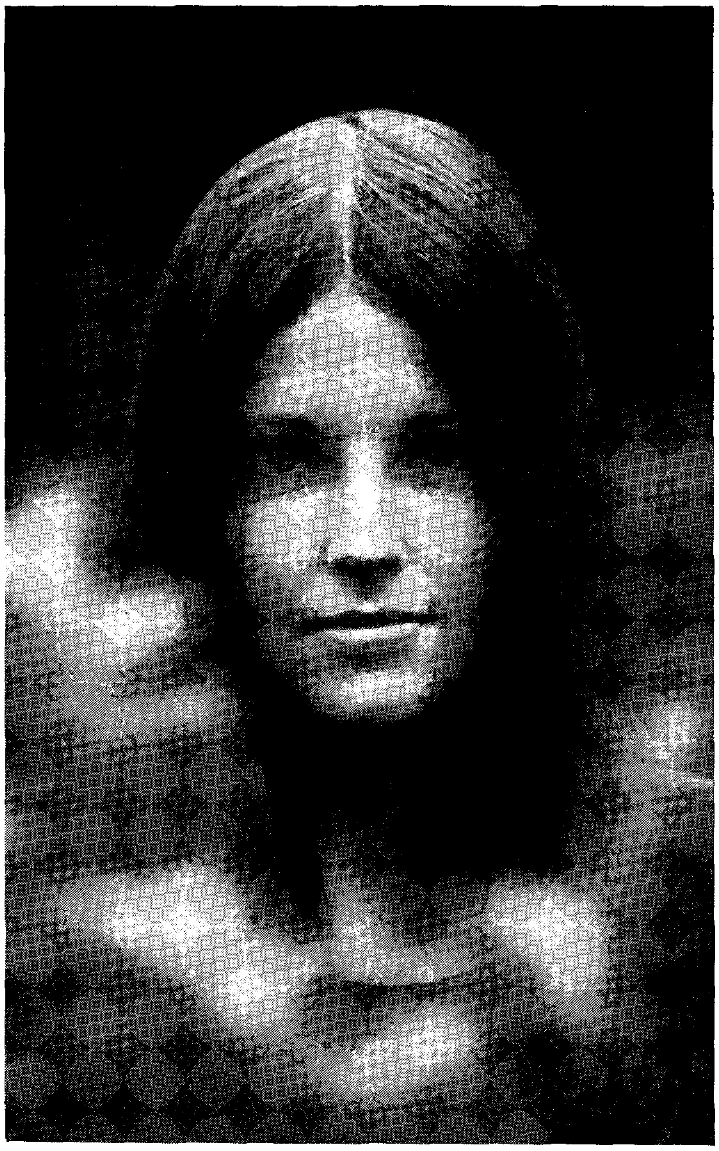
The Century Club was not forgotten:

"[In Peking] Mother and Father went to lunch at the Fergusons' [John Calvin Ferguson had previously been identified as "advisor to the President of the Chinese Republic and the author of a well-known book on Chinese art"], where a Century Club reunion was being held."

Auld lang syne was not forgotten:

"What was . . . surprising was the large number of American flags [on ships docked at Yokohama].... It certainly is true that you never appreciate your flag and your country until you have been in a foreign land."

THE writer *manqué* became an associate with Root, Clark, Buckner & Ballantine the autumn after graduation. He married Pauline Ames



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the following June. They had met on shipboard three years before; both were returning from a summer in Europe, where she had been travelling with her family. "We found that we lived twelve miles apart," she says, having in mind the proximity of her parents' summer home—a twelve-hundred-acre property called Borderland, at North Easton—to the Plimpton farm at Walpole. The Ameses, like the Plimptons, are old-line New Englanders; both have Mayflower ancestors in ample supply. Pauline Plimpton's father, the late Oakes Ames, was Harvard's leading botanist (he was Arnold Professor of Botany), one of the world's leading authorities on orchids (he gave his collection of sixty-four thousand dried specimens to the university), a lecturer and writer on economic botany (plants of use to man), and the director of the Arnold Arboretum. He was also a director of the Ames Shovel & Tool Co., the successor to a shovel and gun manufacturing enterprise—established in the seventeen-hundreds by a Revolutionary War officer and blacksmith, Captain John Ames—that became immensely lucrative, thanks to shovels, in the nineteenth century, when the railroads were digging their way across the continent. The professor was the son of Oliver Ames, a shovel manufacturer who became governor of Massachusetts, and the grandson and namesake of Oakes Ames, a congressman, capitalist, and manufacturer (shovels) who, with his brother, built the final two-thirds of the Union Pacific Railroad. A few months before his death, this Oakes Ames was "absolutely condemned" in a House resolution—and almost expelled from Congress—for his conduct in selling shares of the Crédit Mobilier Company of America (the holding company that had the contract for building the Union Pacific) to senators and representatives at what were claimed to be bargain prices, with a supposed eye to influencing their future votes on railroad matters. His descendants now have little financial interest in the Ames company, which turns out miscellaneous agricultural implements as well as shovels, but Mrs. Plimpton likes to hark back to the days when the Ames Shovel reigned supreme. "The Ameses built shovels," she says. "The Plimptons built hoes. The railroads used shovels. Hoes never amounted to much."

Mrs. Plimpton's mother was, in a way, a double-barrelled Ames. Her father, General Adelbert Ames (not related to the shovel Ameses), was a Civil War Union Army hero (the first

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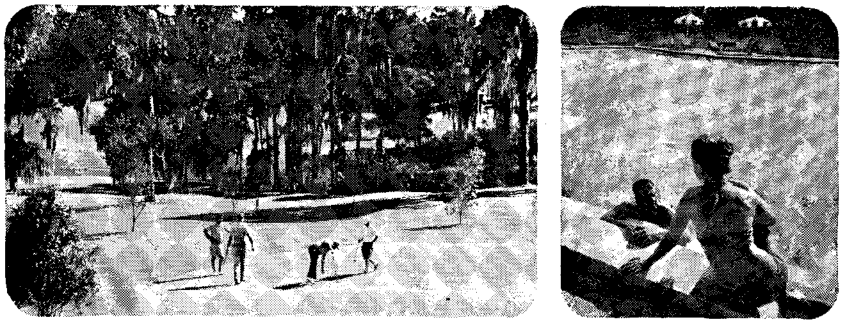
West Point graduate to win the Congressional Medal of Honor), who later became the military governor of Mississippi, and then the elected senator, and subsequently the elected governor of the state. He, too, got into trouble: faced with impeachment after the Ku Klux Klan got control, and following serious interracial riots, he resigned his office. Many historians have been critical of this phase of his career, and Mrs. Plimpton's mother—an accomplished painter of portraits and botanical artist (she made hundreds of etchings and pen-and-ink drawings to illustrate her husband's publications) who signed herself Blanche Ames Ames—smarted under their interpretations for several decades, but it remained for John F. Kennedy to really turn her on. In 1956, then a senator, he wrote in his book "Profiles in Courage":

> No State suffered more from carpetbag rule than Mississippi. Adelbert Ames, first Senator and then Governor, was a native of Maine, a son-in-law of the notorious "butcher of New Orleans," Ben Butler. He admitted before a Congressional committee that only his election to the Senate prompted him to take up his residence in Mississippi. . . . Taxes increased to a level fourteen times as high as normal in order to support the extravagances of the reconstruction government.

Since General Benjamin F. Butler—a man who after a good deal of turmoil (and after ordering that when any Confederate female "shall, by word, gesture, or movement, insult or show contempt for any officer or soldier of the United States, she shall be regarded and held liable to be treated as a woman of the town plying her avocation") was removed as military governor of New Orleans during the Civil War—was Mrs. Ames' maternal grandfather, this paragraph amounted to a double-barrelled insult. On June 6, 1957, when she was seventy-nine, writing on Borderland stationery, Francis Plimpton's mother-in-law sent Senator Kennedy a letter containing forty paragraphs, of which the first two ran:

> I wish first to introduce myself. I am Blanche Ames Ames, wife of former Professor Oakes Ames, daughter of General Adelbert Ames and grand-daughter of General Benjamin F. Butler, Governor of Massachusetts. I think you know my grandson, George Ames Plimpton, and Mrs. Kennedy has visited at my brother Butler Ames' Villa Balbianello, Lake Como, Italy.
>
> Secondly, I wish to speak of your *Profiles in Courage*, and in the third place to ask you whether it may not be possible in future editions of it to make some corrections of errata for your own

For Christmas give them the fifty-first state.



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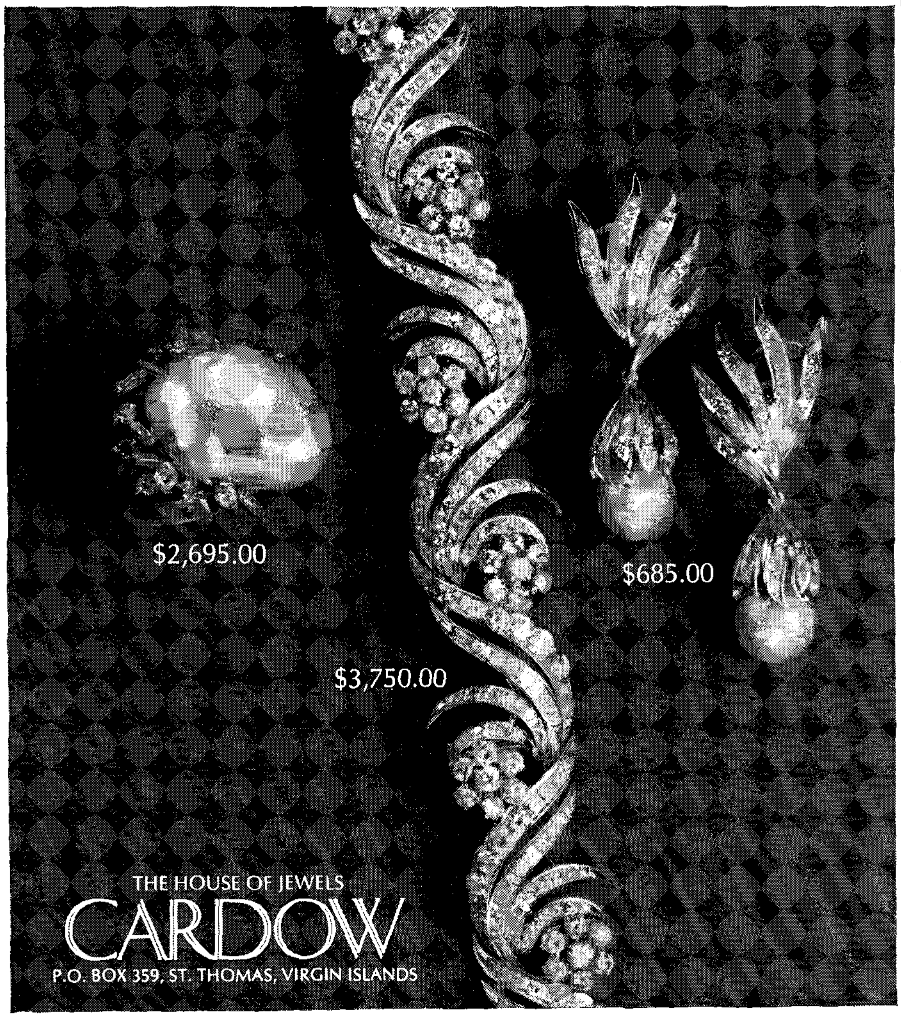

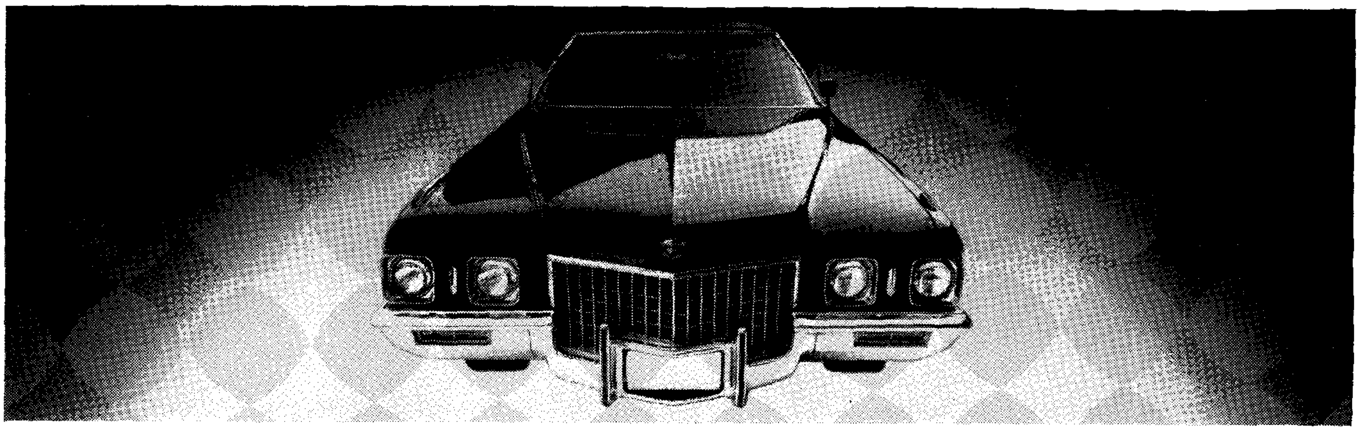

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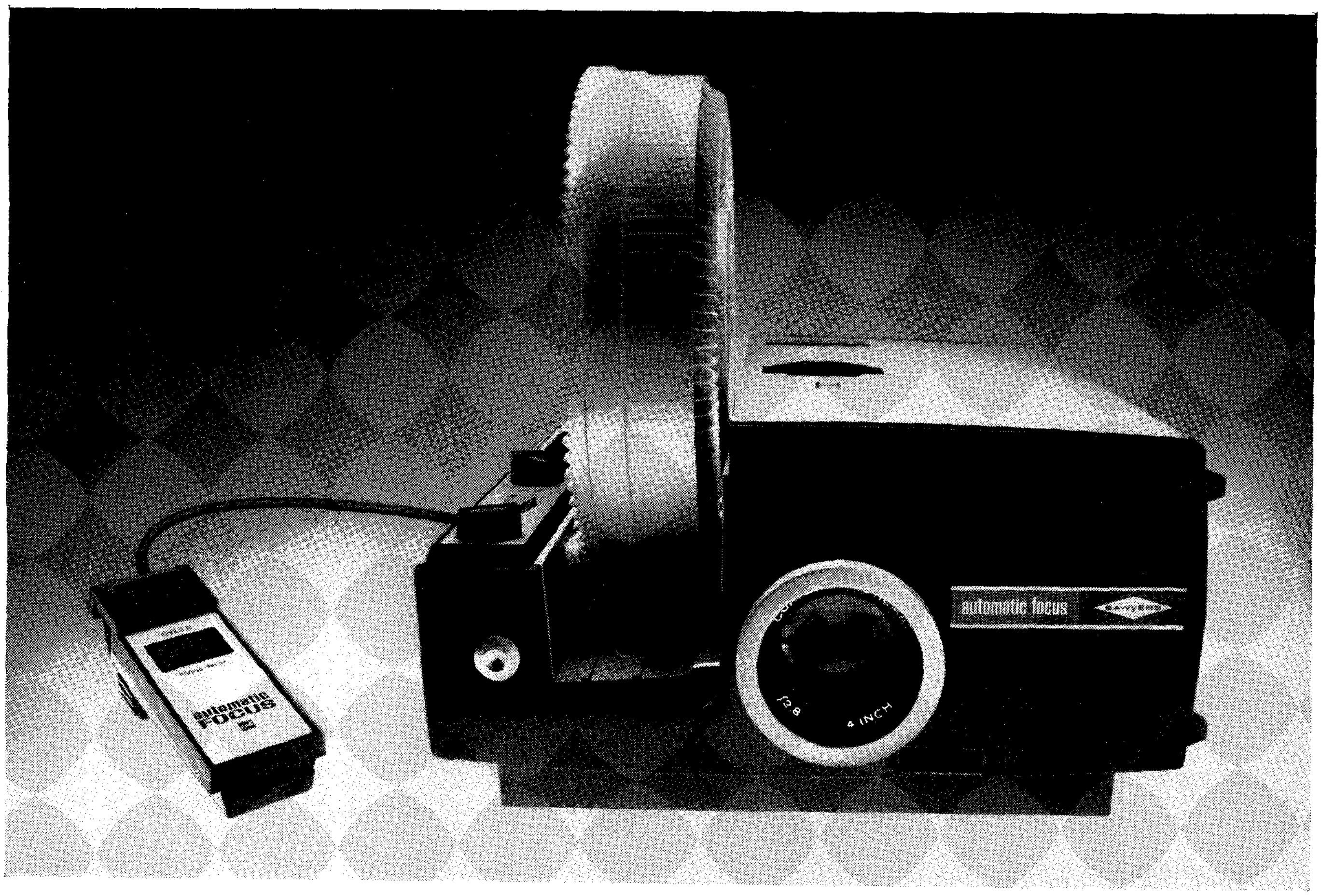

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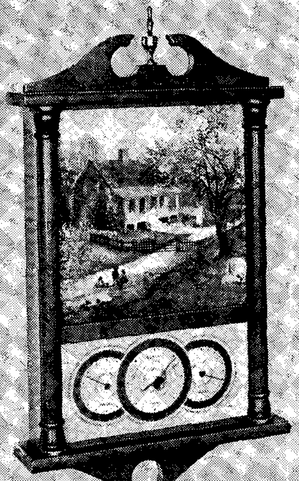

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sake as well as mine, particularly those embodied in the paragraph about General Adelbert Ames when he was Governor of Mississippi.

She went on to characterize this passage as slander and to adduce a wealth of opposing testimony (the tax rate had increased to fourteen mills, not fourteenfold), and, after a great big scolding, she concluded, "Do you not wish to right the wrong you have done, however thoughtlessly and inadvertently, in your book, against the good name of my Father and Grandfather?"

The Senator ultimately acknowledged Mrs. Ames' criticisms, but added, "It is not anticipated that 'Profiles in Courage' will go through another printing, and thus there will be no opportunity to make changes in the text."

But wait! In 1963, when its author was more prominently in the public eye, "Profiles in Courage" had gone through twenty-seven regular editions, fourteen paperback editions, and several book-club editions, and had been translated all over the world, yet the wrongs had *still* not been righted. By this time, Mrs. Ames was well along in a book of her own, "Adelbert Ames 1835-1933 General Senator Governor The Story of His Life and Times and His Integrity as a Soldier and Statesman in the Service of the United States of America Throughout the Civil War and in Mississippi in the Years of Reconstruction," which she wrote between the ages of seventy-nine and eighty-five. (She died in 1969, at ninety-one.) In this six-hundred-and-twenty-five-page volume (whose manuscript was reduced to one-quarter its original size at the publisher's request), the derogatory Kennedy references were rebutted, and the author appended a 1963 letter of hers to Kennedy, now in the White House, in which she again suggested—this time in connection with an announced plan by the National Broadcasting Company to televise "Profiles in Courage"—that its errata might be corrected:

> It has been hard to bear the repeated misinformation about my father General Adelbert Ames disseminated over the world in many editions and reprintings of your book.... We are all proud of you as our honored President and do wish that any blemish on your record may be avoided; is this not a unique opportunity?

The President did not take advantage of this opportunity.

WELL, back to the young couple and Root, Clark, Buckner & Ballantine. "Lassoed into corporate

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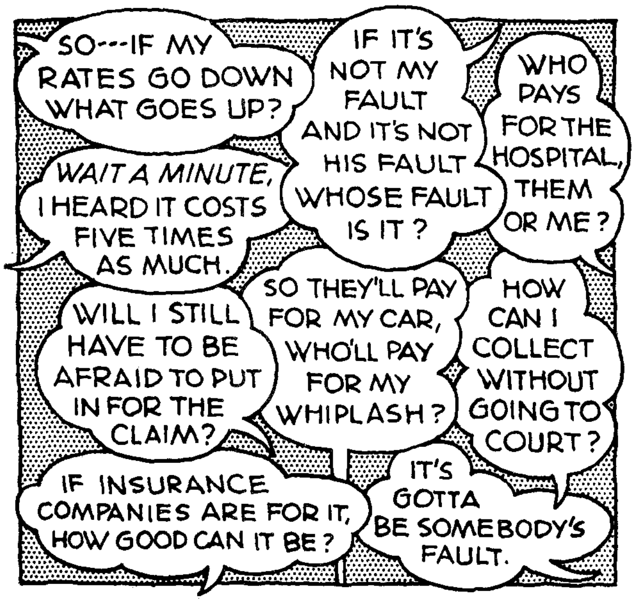
SO---IF MY RATES GO DOWN WHAT GOES UP?
IF IT'S NOT MY FAULT AND IT'S NOT HIS FAULT WHOSE FAULT IS IT ?
WHO PAYS FOR THE HOSPITAL, THEM OR ME ?
WAIT A MINUTE, I HEARD IT COSTS FIVE TIMES AS MUCH.
SO THEY'LL PAY FOR MY CAR, WHO'LL PAY FOR MY WHIPLASH ?
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However, knowing what you think of insurance companies—and knowing that some of you may find it a bit hard to believe that any insurance company could be for anything that could lower rates and make claims easier to collect—we'd like to do something better than give you our opinion.

We'd like to supply you with enough simple, understandable information to have your own opinion. (After all, it is your money that's at stake.)

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Then you can make up your own mind. Before your state legislators make up theirs.

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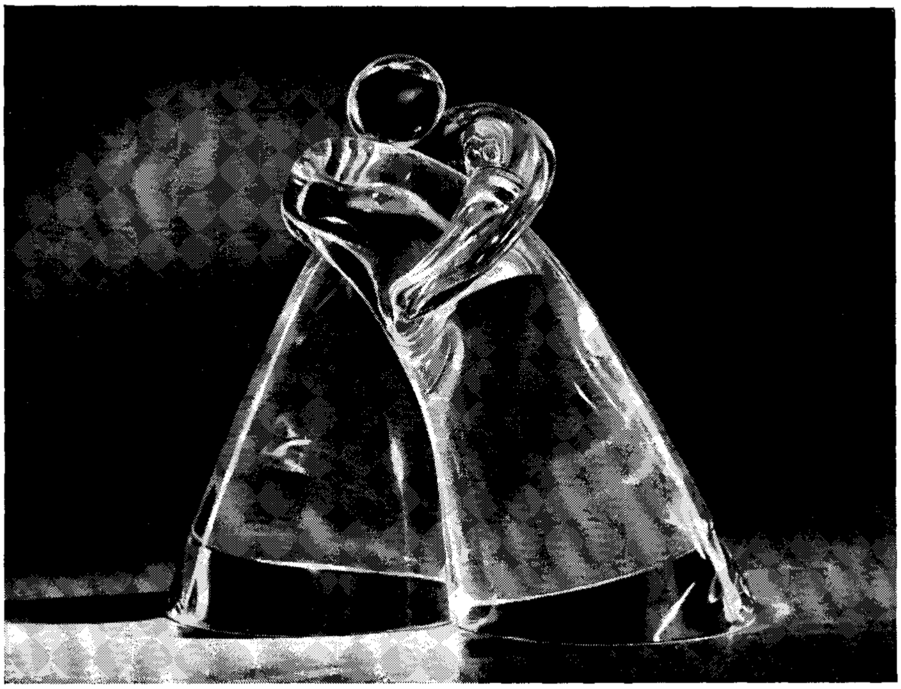
THE TRAVELERS

financial work," as he puts it, Plimpton began to work long and late on indentures and prospectuses for various companies, many of them international in their operations, and at twenty-nine, on two weeks' notice, he was sent to Paris. He moved his family—George was three, and T.P., as Francis, Jr., is called, was two—to "a lovely second-floor apartment with a balcony overlooking the garden of the Champ-de-Mars," his new running track. Plimpton is less specific about his Paris office and what he did there—as he is, for that matter, about what he has done in any office anywhere. He takes very seriously Canon 27 of the Canons of Professional Ethics promulgated by the American Bar Association, which states, in part:

> It is unprofessional to solicit professional employments by circulars, advertisements. . . . Indirect advertisements for professional employment such as furnishing or inspiring newspaper comments . . . offend the traditions and lower the tone of our profession and are reprehensible. . . . A law firm may not acquiesce in the publication by a magazine of a laudatory history of the firm, or allow itself to be listed as counsel for a community charitable organization.

"Francis organized Coca-Cola subsidiaries around Europe, but he won't talk about it; he says that if lawyers talk about their work they get reprimanded by the Bar Association," Mrs. Plimpton remarked of the Paris years to an inquisitive friend. She went on to reveal that he sometimes worked all night, and that during one such session, when his labors on a Royal Dutch Shell financing had taken him to Brown's Hotel, in London, "I came over on the boat from Paris. Four men tried to pick me up, and I thought Francis would protect me by meeting me at the boat train. But he worked all night and never met me at all." "Boasting," said Plimpton, who was nervously on hand during this unprofessional disclosure, and he gave her an affectionate pat.

So much for Paris. Next, Washington, pre-Carswell. In the summer of 1932, in the middle of the Depression, Plimpton, recently returned to New York, was lent by the Root, Clark firm to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, a vast government lending institution formed to bolster up faltering banks, insurance companies, and railroads, and to finance self-liquidating public projects. Within a few months, he was appointed solicitor general of the R.F.C. He rented a house on Kalorama Road and began to run around Rock Creek Park. "During the 1933



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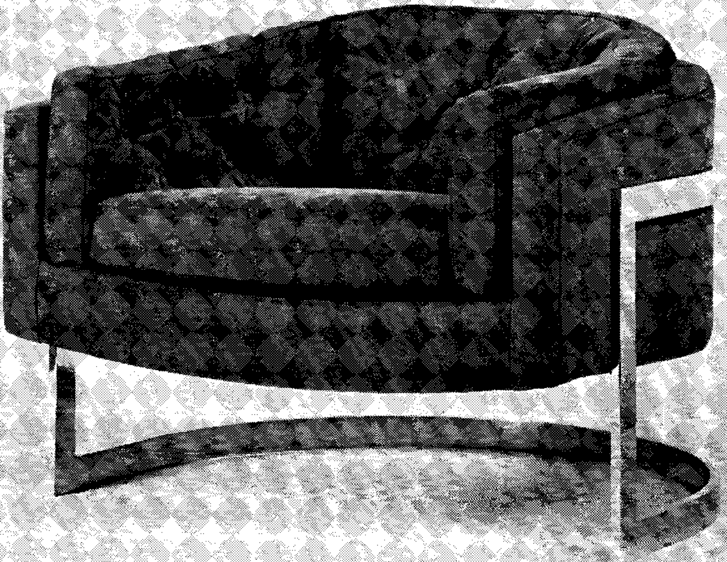

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And why not. Isn't that what holidays are for?

All the Way Home. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Pulitzer Prize play from James Agee's novel, with Joanne Woodward, Richard Kiley. Wednesday, Dec. 1 (8:30-10 pm).

Santa Claus is Coming to Town. Animation with voices of Fred Astaire, Mickey Rooney, Keenan Wynn. Friday, Dec. 3 (8-9 pm).

The American West of John Ford. Tribute to the film director, with John Wayne, James Stewart, Henry Fonda. Sunday, Dec. 5 (9:30-10:30 pm).

Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer. Burl Ives narrates animated musical. Monday, Dec. 6 (8-9 pm).

Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas. Animated holiday story. Tuesday, Dec. 7 (7:30-8 pm).

A Charlie Brown Christmas. Yuletide with the "Peanuts" kids. Tuesday, Dec. 7 (8-8:30 pm).

Julie and Carol at Lincoln Center. Julie Andrews and Carol Burnett. Tuesday, Dec. 7 (8:30-9:30 pm).

The Plot to Murder Hitler. Appointment with Destiny—Re-enactment of assassination attempt. Thursday, Dec. 9 (8-9 pm).

Oil For But One Day. Religious special celebrating Chanukah Festival. Sunday, Dec. 12 (12-12:30 pm).

A Christmas Carol. Animated version of Dickens' story. Sunday, Dec. 12 (5-6 pm).

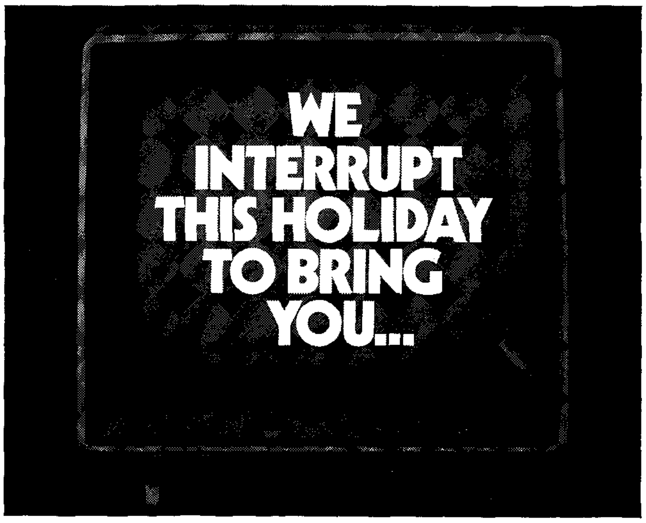
The Littlest Angel. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Shepherd boy is transformed into an angel. With Fred Gwynne, Cab Calloway, E. G. Marshall, Tony Randall. Sunday, Dec. 12 (7:30-9 pm).

The Little Drummer Boy. Animated musical with voices of Greer Garson, Jose Ferrer. Tuesday, Dec. 14 (7:30-8 pm).

The Night the Animals Talked. Parable of birth of Christ witnessed by group of animals. Friday, Dec. 17 (8-8:30 pm).

The Homecoming—A Christmas Story. Sensitive story of rural family during the Depression. Sunday, Dec. 19 (7:30-9:30 pm).

A Christmas Carol. Animated in the fashion of Dickens' times. Voices of Michael Redgrave, Alistair Sim. Tuesday, Dec. 21 (7:30-8 pm).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Octopus, Octopus. Cousteau films Pacific octopus. Tuesday, Dec. 21 (8-9 pm).

Getting There First: The American Experience. History of American achievements. Tuesday, Dec. 21 (9-10 pm).

Death of Diem. NBC News White Paper on JFK and Vietnam. Wednesday, Dec. 22 (10-11 pm).

Correspondents Report—Parts 1 and 2. Year-end wrap-up of news. Thursdays, Dec. 23 and 30 (9-10 pm).

J.T. Drama about lonely ghetto youth. Friday, Dec. 24 (8:30-9:30 pm).

Chronolog. Sampler of children's programming around world. Friday, Dec. 24 (8:30-10 pm).

Beethoven's Birthday: A Celebration in Vienna with Leonard Bernstein. Vienna Philharmonic plays Piano Concerto No. 1, "Fidelio," Symphony No. 9. Friday, Dec. 24 (9:30-11 pm).

Far From the Madding Crowd. Film of Hardy novel. Saturday and Monday, Dec. 25, 27 (9-11 pm).

Terror in Ulster. Chronicling strife in Northern Ireland (Date TBA.)

AND SOME JANUARY HIGHLIGHTS...

Whatever Happened to Privacy? Gadgets, processes, procedures that diminish privacy. Monday, Jan. 3 (8-9 pm).

Projection '72. Reviewing '71, analysts forecast trends of '72. Sunday, Jan. 9 (5-6:30 pm). .

Suffer the Little Children. Effects on children of violence in Ulster. Tuesday, Jan. 11 (9:30-10:30 pm).

The Last Tribes of Mindanao. National Geographic study of natives of the Philippines, Wednesday, Jan. 12 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Mysterious Spring: Africa's Mzima. Study of African animal life. Sunday, Jan. 16 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Jack Lemmon in 'S Wonderful, 'S Marvelous, 'S Gershwin. The work of George and Ira Gershwin. Monday, Jan. 17 (8-9:30 pm).

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Misterogers' Neighborhood/The Electric Company.

Thursday: CBS Reports (appearing every fourth week).

Friday: Chronolog (appearing fourth Friday each month).

Saturday: Pop-Up/In the News/Dr. Dolittle/Barrier Reef/Lidsville/Take a Giant Step/Curiosity Shop/Mr. Wizard/You Are There/CBS Children's Film Festival.

Sunday: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/The Reluctant Dragon and Mr. Toad/Camera Three/Bullwinkle/Make A Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney.

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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bank holiday, I was borrowed by the Treasury Department," he says. "I spent two weeks signing telegrams 'William H. Woodin, Secretary of the Treasury,' telling banks whether or not they could stay open. After a year in Washington, I was absolutely exhausted." He found the strength, however, to begin to think of forming a law firm of his own. Late in 1933, on returning to New York and the Central Park Reservoir, and after exploring the possibilities of a wholly new outfit, he approximated this ambition by joining the fledgling firm of Debevoise & Stevenson, which thereupon became Debevoise, Stevenson & Plimpton. Eli Whitney Debevoise, a law-school classmate of Plimpton's, and William E. Stevenson, who was also in his early thirties, had both left Davis, Polk, Wardwell, Gardiner & Reed in 1931 to start their own firm. Stevenson resigned from the new outfit in 1946 to become president of Oberlin College; he was later United States Ambassador to the Philippines and president of the Aspen Institute of Humanistic Studies. (On its nomenclaturally bewildering way to becoming Debevoise, Plimpton, Lyons & Gates, the firm has also had as "name" partners Edward C. McLean, who left in 1962 to serve as a United States district judge, and the late Robert G. Page—another law-school classmate and, like Plimpton, an alumnus of Root, Clark—who left in 1947 to serve as president of the Phelps Dodge Corporation. Marvin Lyons, a tax specialist and another Davis, Polk alumnus, joined up in 1945; Samuel E. Gates, an aviation and litigation specialist, came in from a Washington firm in 1948.) The three earliest partners were aggressive, hardworking, and expansionist. "There were five lawyers in the office in 1933," Plimpton says. "We now have a hundred and nine." Of these, forty are partners; one is George N. Lindsay, a brother of the Mayor. The Canon 27 cat has their collective tongue when it comes to saying who does what in the office or who their clients are, but it is on the record or common knowledge that they do work for Phelps Dodge, Westvaco, American Airlines, the Trust Department of the First National City Bank, the Ford Foundation, St. Joe Minerals, the Greater New York Fund, the New York State Urban Development Corporation, the investment-advisory firm of Scudder, Stevens & Clark, and the Association for the Aid of Crippled Children.

"The firm is right up at the top," a Sullivan & Cromwell partner recently

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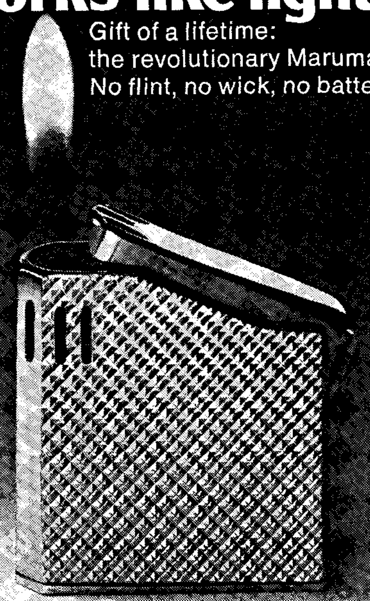

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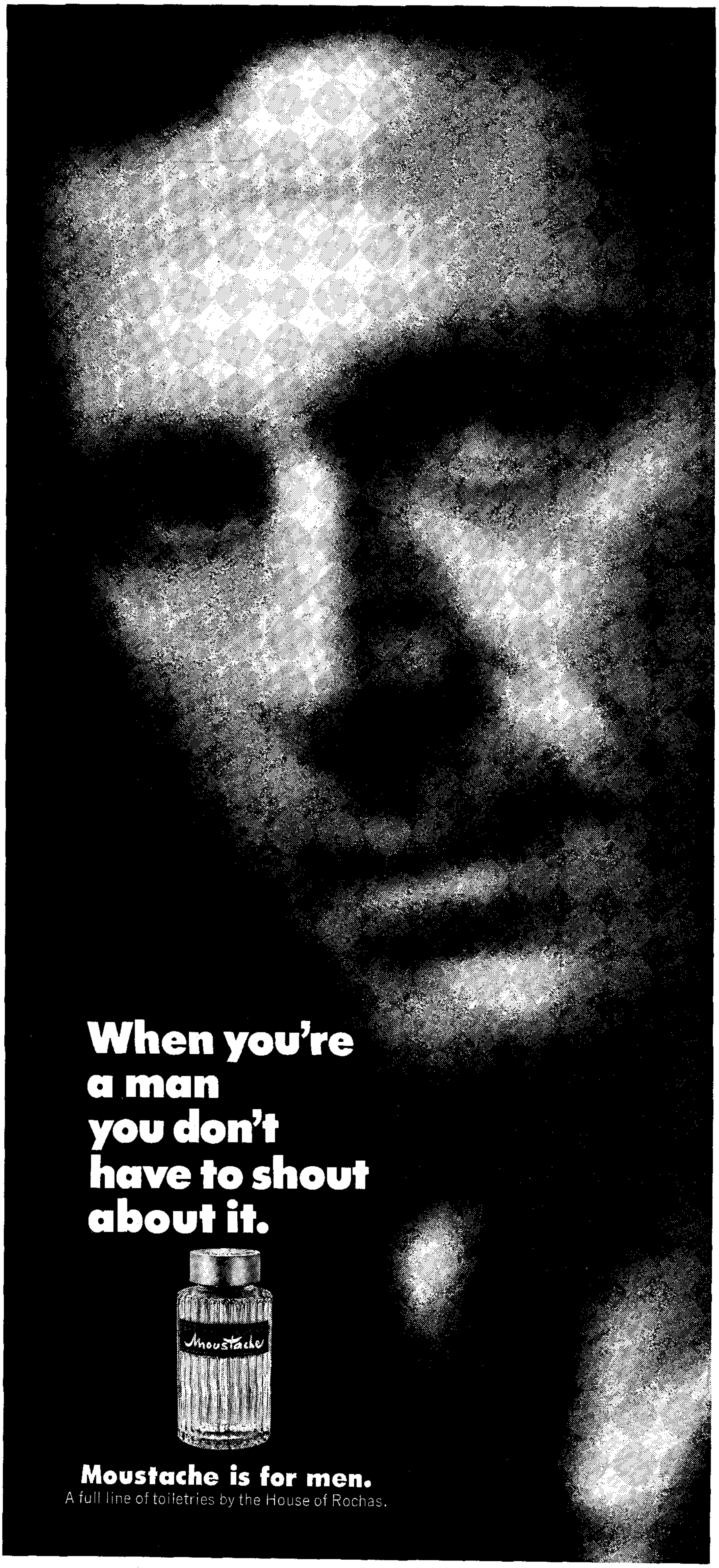
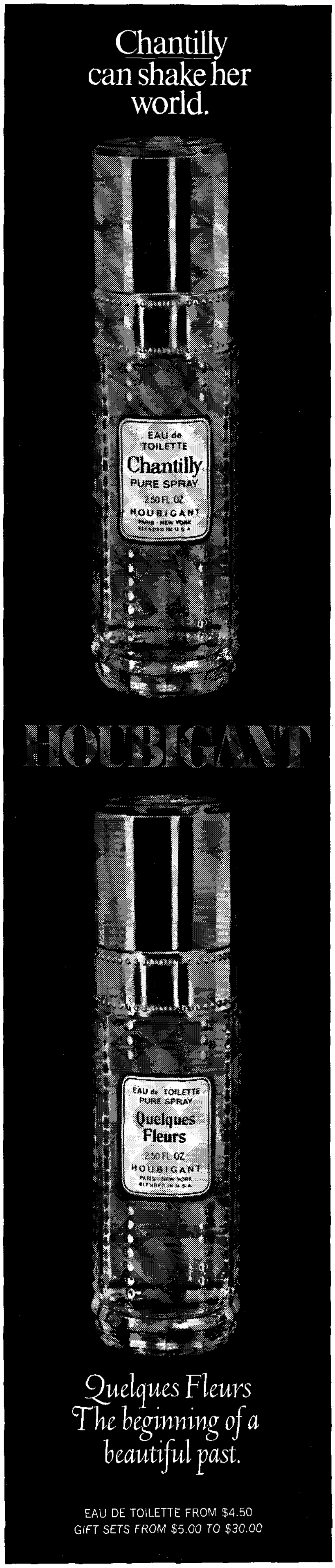
said of the Debevoise firm. (It is thus usually referred to in the trade; its New York and Paris cable addresses are still "Debsteve;" the telephone operators answer, "Debevoise, Plimpton.") And if his firm is right up at the top, Plimpton is right up at the top of *it*—although since his post-U.N. return to partnership, in 1965, he has been something of an elder statesman. He is known as an unrivalled drawer-up of indentures—sealed contracts between two or more parties, with mutual covenants that call for an arcane, highly technical form of composition. Plimpton's pioneering in this field is generally recognized in legal circles. "He has de-James-Joyced the indenture," a colleague has said, and William L. Cary, a former S.E.C. chairman who now teaches law at Columbia, has included an appendix of Plimpton legal drafts in "Cases and Materials on Corporations," a casebook on corporate law and finance that has been used in ninety law schools. "Francis provided me with a model around which discussion could play," Professor Cary has said of this book. "He's the only person who can write an indenture in iambic pentameter."

In view of all this, and in view of the fact that indentures, in a way, constitute the nitty-gritty, or cornerstone, of Plimpton's legal career ("Indentures are a battle between the lender and the borrower," another lawyer has said. "They write up what the bailiff can get if any provisions are violated. They tighten the noose around the neck of the other contracting party"), it may be appropriate to examine "Pioneer Natural Gas Company and Guaranty Trust Company of New York as Trustee: Indenture of Mortgage and Deed of Trust Dated as of March 1, 1957," an anonymous Plimpton work that runs to five hundred and twenty-eight pages and weighs just over three pounds.

The over-all plot is fairly simple. Pioneer Gas, a Texas corporation, "hereinafter called the 'Company,' " is borrowing twenty-two million dollars and has authorized the creation of two issues of first-mortgage bonds—Series A, due in 1974, and Series B, due in 1982—"hereinafter called the 'Bonds.' " To provide for the bonds, and to secure them, it signs, with Guaranty Trust as trustee—"hereinafter called the 'Trustee' "—the agreements and the descriptions of the mortgaged property that make up the book. The action is covered in eighteen Articles, of which the first, headed "Definitions, Certificates, Opinions,

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Etc.," is divided into two Sections—"Sec. 1.01" and "Sec. 1.02." Sec. 1.01, which concerns itself with seventy-six Definitions, affords the greater scope. Gone into alphabetically, they range from "Accountant" through "Wholly-Owned Subsidiary." In between, *inter alia* and *pari passu*, the author defines "Acquired Plant," "Appraiser," "Authorized Newspaper," "Available Moneys," "Calendar Week," "Default," "Domestic Subsidiary," "Engineer," "Engineer's Certificate," "Independent Appraiser's Certificate," "Fair Value," "herein, hereof, hereby, hereunder," "Responsible Officer," "Significant Subsidiary," "Subsidiary," "Successor Corporation," "Unmatured Coupons," and "Voting Stock." As examples of what passes for iambic pentameter in the nation's law schools, a few extracts may be worth quoting:

> The term "Authorized Newspaper," with respect to any city, shall mean a newspaper printed in the English language and customarily published in that city on each business day in morning editions or evening editions, or both, whether or not published on Saturdays, Sundays or holidays, and of general circulation in that city....
>
> The terms "herein," "hereof," "hereby," "hereunder" and other terms of similar import refer to this Indenture as a whole and to any particular Article, Section, paragraph, subdivision or other portion hereof.
>
> The term "Wholly-Owned Subsidiary" shall mean a Subsidiary all of the outstanding stock (of whatever class and having whatever rights, other than directors' qualifying shares, if required, options to acquire which for a nominal consideration shall have been obtained, together with the certificates therefor, duly endorsed in blank or accompanied by stock powers duly executed in blank) of which is at the time owned by the Company.

The next fifteen articles consist of two hundred sections (and innumerable subsections), of which a good many that are rather evocative of the straitjacket, if not of the noose, show up in the eighty-one divisions of Articles 6, 9, and 14. The severity of their general tone is reflected in many of their sectional headings: "Payment of Principal, Premium, and Interest; Obligation Absolute," "Definition of Event of Default," "Notice of Default," "Truth of Recitals and Statements," "Trustee's Right to Enter and Take Possession, Operate, and Apply Income," "Trustee's Power of Sale," "Trustee Empowered to Enforce Payment, Foreclose, and Sell Mortgaged Property," "Trustee May Enforce Rights Without Bonds," "Trustee Not

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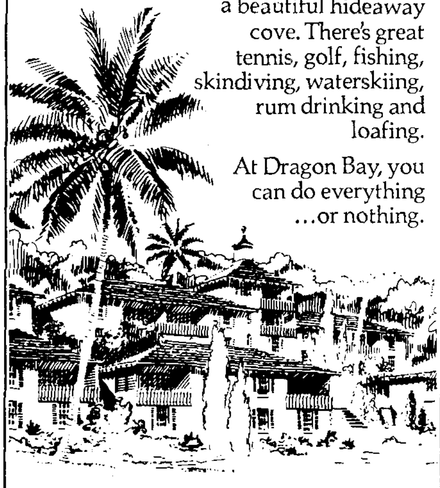

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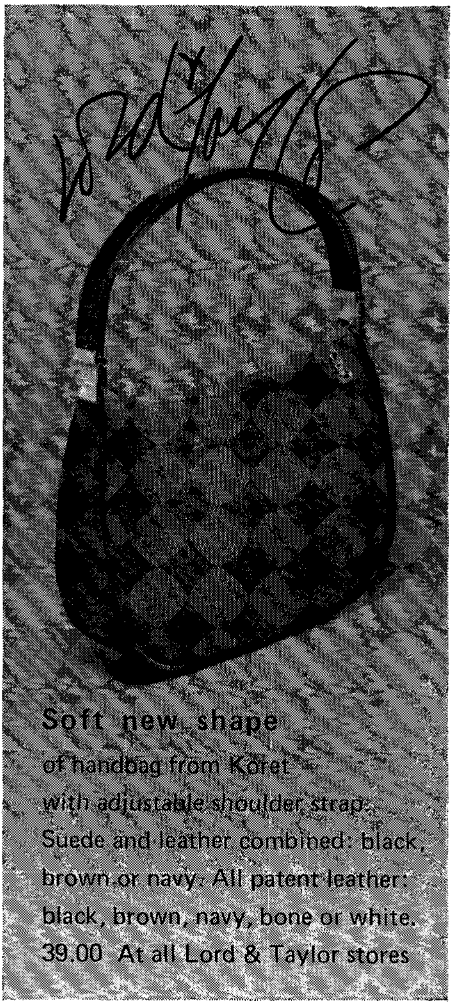
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Liable for Debts, etc.," "Discontinuance of Proceedings, etc.," etc.

Since this is the *only* indenture the Plimpton biographer has ever read (or is likely to read), the de-James-Joycing reflected therein must remain a matter of conjecture, and also the question of *nullum quod tetigit Plimpton non ornavit.*

The real blockbuster in the Plimpton book is Article 17, which is called "Real Estate and Transmission Systems Specifically Described." Three hundred and two pages. A cast of characters of hundreds of grantors of lots, tracts, parcels of land, and right-of-way easements, against a backdrop of pipelines, irrigation lines, pipeline appurtenances, compressor stations, main-loop transmission lines, and, in a slight change of pace, main-transmission loop lines. The names of many of the company's accommodators do indeed sometimes have a lyrical ring—David M. Tinkle and Maurita Tinkle, B. B. Huckabee and Alpha Huckabee, Ozella Snodgrass, Nova Swann, Iweta Scales, Saline Nunn Gooch, Olline Fry, Grady Moon. Many of them keep appearing and reappearing; Mrs. Gooch, at first a singleton, presently shows up with her husband, Horace. The Plimpton stylebook is flexible: grantors' names are sometimes followed by "et ux"es and "et vir"s, sometimes by their spouses in English. "Martha A. Grizzle et C. G. Grizzle, Sr.," take a bow on page 309; the same page is brightened by "J. V. Crow, et ux, Blanche Crow" and "W. L. Redford and wife, Beatrice Redford." Mrs. Snodgrass is "a feme sole"—according to the Oxford English Dictionary, this is a sixteenth-century Anglo-French legal term for "a married woman who with respect to property is as independent of her husband as if she were unmarried"—but Vivian Walker is "a *femme* sole" (not found in Oxford). Marjorie Post Davies, an Easement Grantor and a feme sole, or femme sole, if ever there was one, is listed without attribution. J. B. Tubb is "a single man;" J. R. Mosley is "a single man over 21 years of age." Has Tubb attained his majority?

For all the pleasure that Plimpton took in putting together "Pioneer Natural Gas Company and Guaranty Trust Company of New York as Trustee," indentures are not every lawyer's dish of tea. "The drawing of these contracts is an art, and Plimpton has polished the boilerplate till it shines, but indenture work is horribly dull," one has said. "Exquisite boredom. The abuse of really talented people. How

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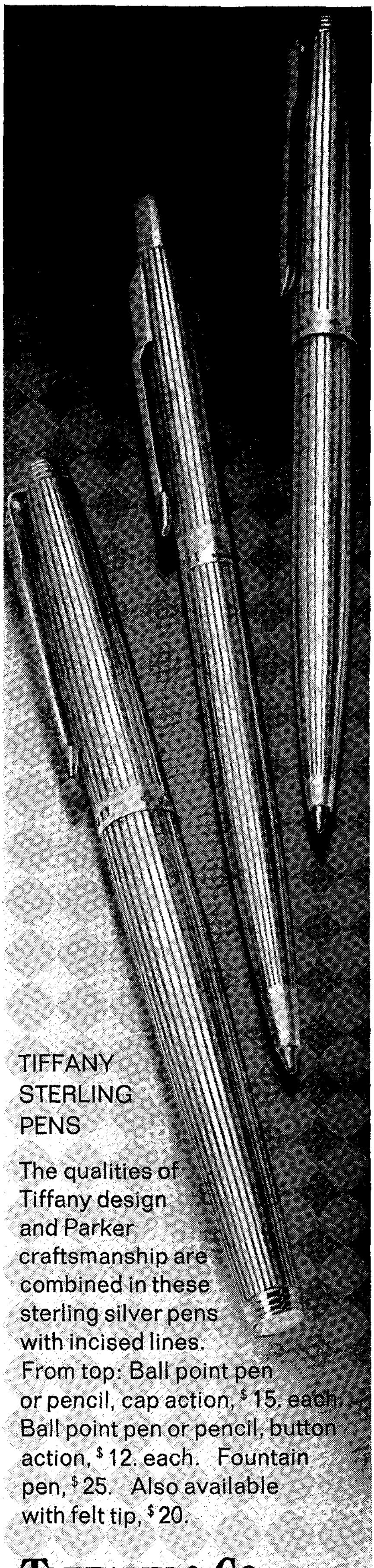

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many tightly covenanted contingencies can you get on the head of a pin? There's big money in these tiny little points, involving as they do the right to call your loan. The tug between the borrower and the lender is tremendous. Plimpton is, or was, the swordsman for the rentier."

Plimpton's 1961 escape from the law to the United Nations came when Adlai Stevenson, with whom he had roomed for a year at Harvard Law (Stevenson subsequently transferred to Northwestern University), and who had just been appointed the United States Representative to the U.N., asked him to be the Deputy Representative; President Kennedy duly appointed him. Plimpton's experience in international affairs, starting with the summer of 1913, which he spent in Switzerland, had been enriched in 1959 by a camp-following tour with the Philharmonic Symphony that took in Poland and Russia. He and his wife were accompanied by another couple, the Robert L. Hoguets, Jr. (Hoguet, a banker, has served on several boards with Plimpton; Mrs. Hoguet and Plimpton are both on the Philharmonic board.) Plimpton's pedagogical and scholarly behavior as a traveller deeply impressed the Hoguets. "At the Hermitage, in Leningrad, we had a twenty-one-year-old English-speaking girl guide, Natasha," Mr. Hoguet says. "Francis was a little miffed at the Russian tendency toward censorship. As we approached the museum's marvellous Houdon statue of Voltaire, Francis said, 'Natasha, I want to tell you something about this famous man.' He then quoted Voltaire's 'I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it.' All so unlike the Russians, Francis went on, who are brainwashed. 'Oh, Mr. Plimpton,' said Natasha, 'I guide Americans around here every day. And when we get to the statue of Voltaire, they all say the same thing. They all say what you said. It is you Americans who are brainwashed.' "

Earlier international enrichment began in 1954, when Mrs. Plimpton co-inherited the Villa Balbianello, on Lake Como, from her uncle, General Butler Ames, a Massachusetts congressman, manufacturer, and engineer, who invented the radiant-heat stove. Rising from the lake in a setback series of buildings and terraces to the top of a wooded promontory that juts out from the town of Lenno, the villa was built in the seventeen-eighties by a Cardinal Durini to supplement his nearby villa, Balbiano. ("Balbianello" is a diminutive.) Balbianello retains architectural vestiges of its use as a Franciscan convalescent home for sick monks; the Cardinal, after embellishing it with a loggia that has been admiringly described by Ruskin, died in 1796 of a heart attack brought on by exhaustion from carrying too heavy a chest of gold while trying to escape from the approaching Napoleonic Army. He left the villa to his nephew Count Porro Lambertenghi, from whom it passed to the Arconati-Visconti family. The last Arconati-Visconti owner died in the late eighteen-seventies, leaving the villa to his beautiful young French widow, née Marie Peyrat, who, reputedly disconsolate at the ending of a love affair with Leon Gambetta at the villa, abandoned it forever. It stayed vacant for thirty-nine years, and during this period Mrs. Plimpton's uncle fell in love with the place. In 1911, as a houseguest in the neighborhood, he was taken to a picnic in the villa's deserted gardens. Smitten at first sight, he rose secretly the following dawn, revisited the grounds, and, after slipping the caretaker fifty dollars, was shown through the villa. But money does not always talk; although General Ames at once approached Marie's agent in Paris with an offer to buy, she would not even answer. In 1914, a rival suitor for the villa's hand—Prince Eitel Friedrich of Germany, a son of the Kaiser—appeared to have won out, but the First World War intervened: Italy came in on the side of the Allies, the Prince's down payment was confiscated by the Italian government, and in 1919 General Ames triumphantly moved in. He used the villa as a summer place, and, dying a childless widower at eighty-three, left it in trust for twenty years for ten relatives, of whom four—Mrs. Plimpton, her two brothers, and her sister—will then (in 1974) inherit it outright.

Francis and Pauline Plimpton had visited Uncle Butler *in situ* on their honeymoon; the groom celebrated the occasion in the guestbook with a "Villanelle to the Villa." Thirty years later, in 1956, now installed with his wife in Balbianello as an August host, he tossed off, again in the guestbook,

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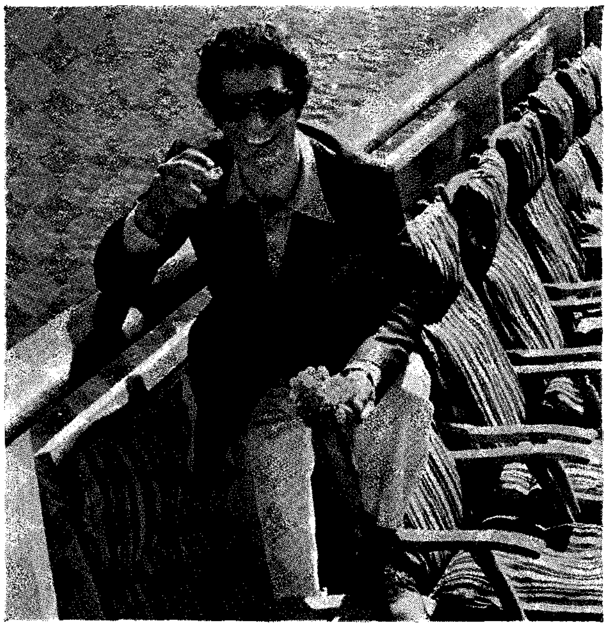

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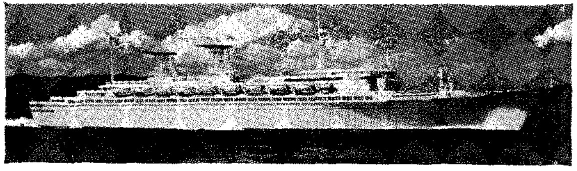

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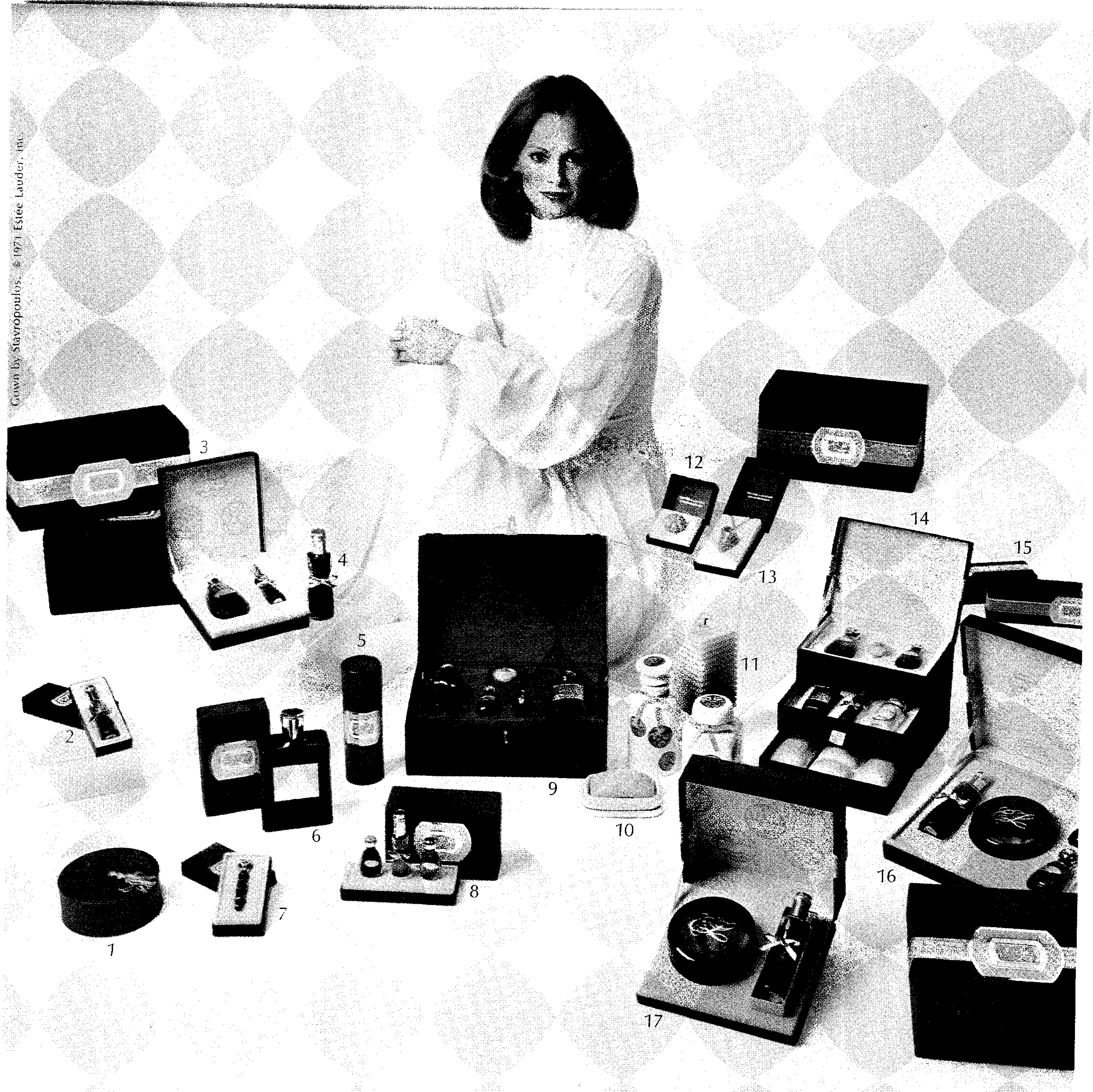

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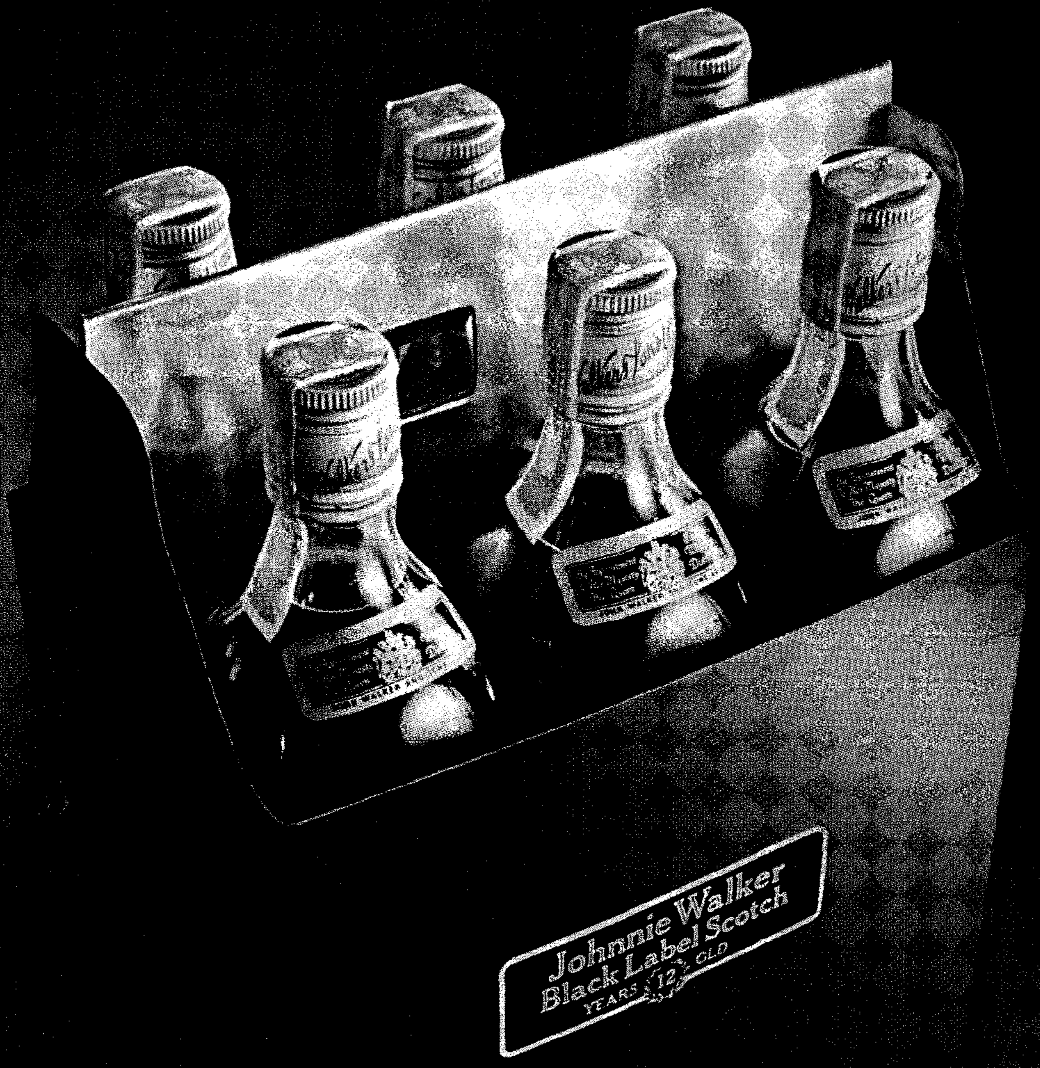
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a "Thank Offering" to Butler Ames, which started out:

> The beauty of this place
> Is not a simple, single thing—
> It is a blend, a harmony
> Of weathered wall, warm in the sun,
> And gray and sculptured balustrade

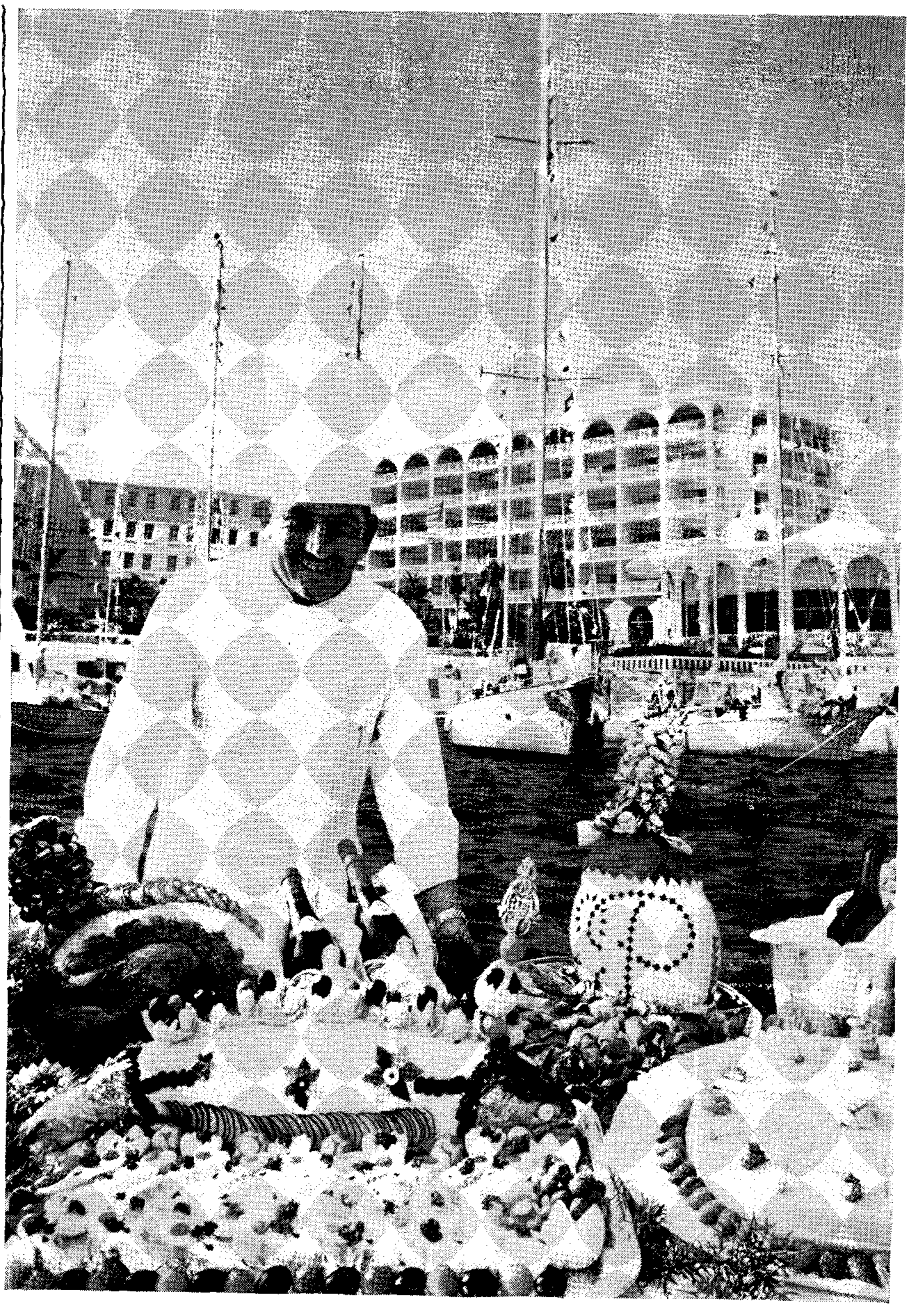
and finished up:

> And yet—it was not things that made
> The beauty of this place;
> Across the long slow years it slept,
> Its beauty dormant, dreaming, when
> He [Butler Ames] came and saw, and felt the deep
> Strong urge to make the beauty wake
> And make it his and make it more.
> And so he did, with taste and heart,
> Now changing here, creating there,
> Conserving, caring, blending all
> In subtle gracious harmony,
> With warm and proud affection that
> Shone through austere New England eyes.

A far cry from "Pioneer Natural Gas Company and Guaranty Trust Company of New York as Trustee," which the poet was also working on that year.

WELL, back to the United Nations. As Adlai Stevenson's alter ego, Plimpton was handed a number of hot potatoes. "Adlai, it always seemed to me, gave me the nastiest things to handle: Arab refugees, South African apartheid, and the financial problems of the U.N.—three absolutely impossible things to have to try to deal with," he said in an oral-history interview recorded for Harvard's John F. Kennedy Library in October, 1969. He went on, in part:

> The Palestine refugees was a very painful experience. Both sides were absolutely intractable. The Israelis, I think, behaved extremely badly, and the Arabs, too. . . . The United States is a member of the so-called Palestine Conciliation Commission. There were three members: United States, Turkey, and France. . . . The Conciliation Commission had succeeded in getting the Israelis, after a good deal of difficulty, to unfreeze the Arab bank accounts in Israel. We had quite a lot of trouble getting the Arab governments to announce to their people that these accounts were unfrozen, that they could go and get their own money. The Arabs sort of hate to admit that the Israelis will ever do anything decent. . . . We also succeeded in getting the Israelis to release the safe-deposit boxes owned by Arabs in Israel [and] unfreeze them. Then we had a study made of the value, as of 1945, of the Arab real estate taken over by the Israelis in what is now Israel. . . . It worked out to some eight hundred million dollars' worth of Arab property taken over by Israelis in 1946. . . .
>
> My own view as to what ought to be done about the refugee problem is to have Israel offer to pay that eight hundred million dollars to the owners, plus interest since 1946. And I would cheer-



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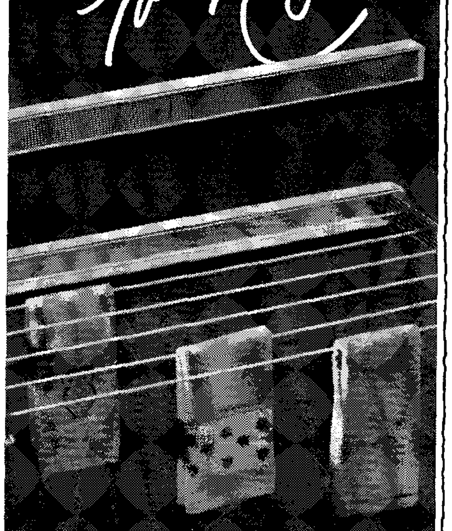

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fully recommend that the United States lend the money to do it, so that you could get the money into the hands of the refugees and get them thinking about something else besides going back to Palestine.

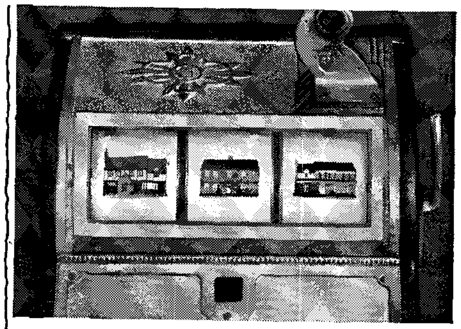
He added:

> In those days we tried to maintain an even balance between the Arabs and Israel. Golda Meir would spit in my eye if she saw me today, she so disliked my trying to be impartial—I don't think she really would, because she's too big a person for that, but she's the foreign potentate I came closest to having a real fight with of anybody that I ever dealt with at the U.N.

The hottest potato handed to Plimpton by Stevenson (who was not very fond of hot potatoes himself) centered on Article 19 of the U.N. Charter, which reads, in part:

> A Member of the United Nations which is in arrears in the payment of its financial contributions to the Organization shall have no vote in the General Assembly if the amount of its arrears equals or exceeds the amount of the contributions due from it for the preceding two full years.

"Financial contributions" are assessments levied each year by the General Assembly on the members roughly in proportion (determined by the Assembly) to their gross national products, which puts the United States share at around thirty-one per cent. Things went smoothly enough until 1956, when the Egyptians took over the Suez Canal, and the Israelis, the British, and the French invaded Egypt. The General Assembly demanded their withdrawal and authorized a United Nations Emergency Force (UNEF) to occupy the Gaza Strip, on the border between Egypt and Israel. A special expense fund was set up for this and assessed against members; the Soviet Union refused to pay anything, on the ground that the Security Council, and not the General Assembly, should have handled the matter. Then, in 1960, the newly independent Congolese government, faced with the revolt of its Army and the secession of Katanga and other provinces, besought the U.N. for help. As a result, the Security Council authorized an emergency occupation force (ONUC), which eventually involved twenty thousand troops and enormous expense. This time, both the Russians and the French refused to pay anything. By 1962, in order to keep things going, the United States was voluntarily paying for around forty-five per cent of both operations. In July, 1962, when the Russian arrears amounted to sixty million dollars,



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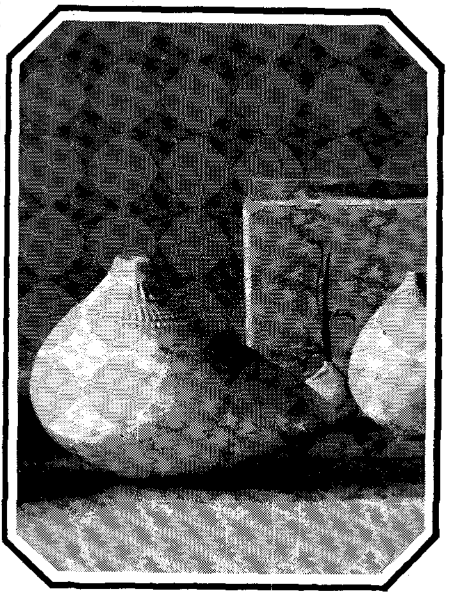

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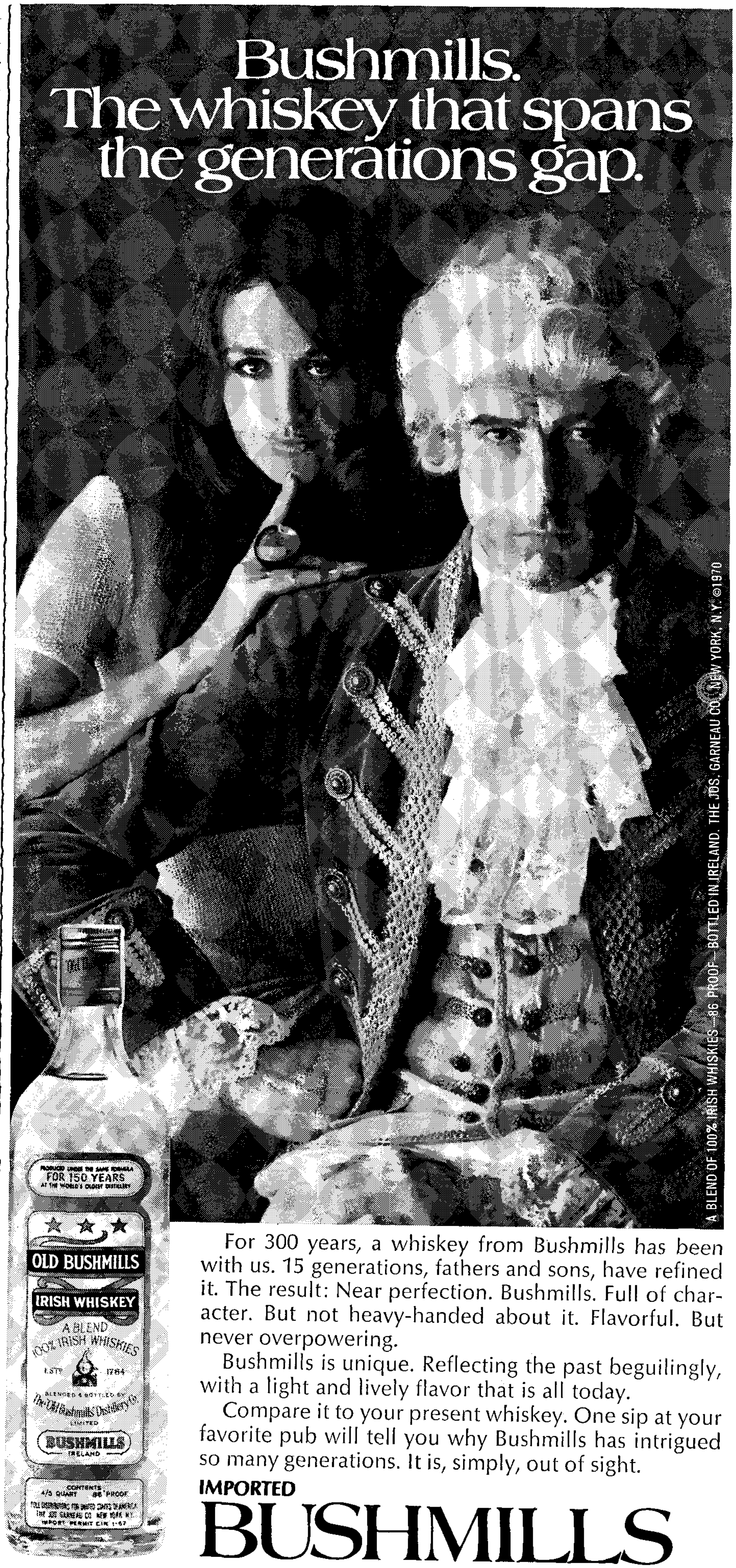
the International Court of Justice, in response to a request from the General Assembly, handed down a weighty advisory opinion (three hundred and eight pages), in which it found that the Middle East and Congo expenses were "expenses of the Organization" and were therefore binding on the U.N. members. The Assembly "accepted" the opinion overwhelmingly, but the Russians and French still wouldn't pay.

By this time, the hot potato, or the first real slice thereof, had been handed to Plimpton. "The State Department and the U.S. Mission to the U.N. had dreamed up the idea of a two-hundred-million-dollar twenty-five-year U.N. bond issue to provide a breathing spell and to stretch out the cost, the issue to be serviced out of the regular U.N. budget," he has said. "The General Assembly had authorized this, with the Soviets and the French dissenting, and Adlai gave me the job of persuading Congress to subscribe, dollar for dollar, what the other members did. I spent—oh, months taking the eight-o'clock shuttle to Washington every day and talking to senators and congressmen and getting the six-o'clock shuttle back." The bond issue went through, but no money earmarked for its servicing has come from the Russians or the French. "In ten years or so," Plimpton said the other day, "the U.N. will default on its own bond issue." Notice of Default! Definition of Event of Default! Default! What an experience for the architect of the financing of the Pioneer Natural Gas Company!

All right. By the fall of 1964, when the General Assembly was about to convene, Article 19 had caught up with the Russians, because two full years had passed without their paying their assessments. Could they go on voting? "On the face of it, no, but the president of the General Assembly refused to rule on this," Plimpton says. "He insisted on putting the matter up to a vote of the General Assembly." Plimpton was now in charge of the hot potato proper. In his Kennedy Library interview, he is quite explicit about it:

> Why a vote at all? Article 19 says that a member in default to the stipulated extent *shall* have no vote in the General Assembly. The Soviets were in default to that extent, and that should have it. . . . If the issue had come up the year before, the then president of the General Assembly, that magnificent bearded Pakistani, Zafrullah Khan, would have unhesitantly ruled from the chair that the Soviets had no vote, and his ruling could never have been overruled.

What we had as president of the G.A. was Carlos Sosa Rodriguez, the Venezue-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lan permanent representative, a charming but wishy-washy Latino who embodied all the defects of the overtheorizing civil-law lawyers, who remind one of the medieval theologians arguing as to how many angels could dance on the head of a pin.

I spent literally almost hundreds of hours arguing with him that "shall" means "shall" . . . and is self-operative. But he stubbornly insisted that nothing is self-executing and that the G.A. had to implement it. Since an "important" matter requires a two-thirds majority of those voting, we were up against it.

According to Plimpton, the chances of getting this vote were not helped by the fact that Khrushchev had just been thrown out of office, with the resultant feeling in the U.N. that the new regime ought to be given a chance to change position (it didn't), or by the fact that American planes had just been used to ferry Belgian paratroopers to Stanleyville, in the Congo, to rescue hundreds of Europeans threatened (several had been killed) by the anti-government revolt of Simba rebels. "The airlift infuriated the Africans and cast doubt on their agreements to vote our way," the would-be rescuer of Article 19 has said. "Faced with this situation, and in the hope that if an immediate confrontation were avoided the Soviets would make a voluntary contribution, it was agreed that the General Assembly would proceed without voting at all. For better or worse—as it turned out, for worse—Stevenson and I chose the path of non-immediate enforcement, and the famous, or infamous, arrangement of proceeding with the Assembly on a no-vote basis was worked out." This ducking of the issue led to a "voteless" Assembly, which transacted non-postponable business by such subterfuges as straw ballots filled out on scraps of paper dropped into a Kleenex box in the Assembly president's office; the Russians said they would make a "contribution" as soon as they were allowed to vote, but they would never say how much; other shenanigans occurred. "The charade finally ended in a 'procedural' vote in which the Soviets and the French voted, and Article 19 was breached," says Plimpton.

His inclusion of himself as a co-chooser of this path is disputed by a close student of the episode. "Plimpton personally wrote a brilliant memo in October, 1964, emphasizing why Article 19 should be enforced," this authority says. "A massive legal brief. Notwithstanding this, Adlai, under increasing strain with Lyndon Johnson on Vietnam, clearly had no stomach for a fight with the Russians. At a key mo-

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ment late in November, he went, on his own, to the Soviet delegation and said, 'Can't we figure out some way not to have a confrontation?'—that is to say, start the General Assembly without the voting. By the spring of 1965, Article 19 was a dead letter." It was officially recognized as such that summer, when Arthur J. Goldberg, Stevenson's successor, stated that the United States, while continuing to hold the view that Article 19 was applicable, recognized that the General Assembly was unwilling to apply it; the United States, he said, could not frustrate the consensus that wanted the Assembly to "proceed normally."

"I think that by this back-door route," the student of the Article's debacle continued, "the U.S. lost tremendously in the eyes of the U.N. and of Congress, which had to approve the bond issue, and which might never have done so had it known what was coming. A tragic error on the part of Adlai. Francis took the rap for him, and in a gallant way tried to make the best of it. It was a hopeless dilemma. He's the most honorable man I've met. Extraordinary sense of duty. He took on a thankless task, and he took it on like a soldier. He was the heir of an impossible policy."

In any event, Article 19 has given another Plimpton-watcher—Richard N. Gardner, former Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for International Organizations and now professor of law and international organization at Columbia—an interesting perspective on the Ambassador. "I'll give you two vignettes about Francis," he recently told a man who called on him at his office. "When I started as a young lawyer with Coudert Brothers in the mid-nineteen-fifties, one of the first things I was asked to do was to go to Wall Street for the closing of a very big tanker deal. It was being handled by Francis T. P. Plimpton. Table a mile long, many sitting around it. In front of us were many pieces of paper. Ninety-six different steps. A telephone call had to come in from Liberia, saying that such-and-such a charter was registered. The meeting went on for three hours, Francis saying at one point, 'Item Thirty-six: We will now get our call from Liberia.' We did. What an impresario! Now for the second vignette: Six years later, now Ambassador Plimpton, at the U.N. The U.N. finances are being discussed. A greater contrast could not be imagined. A hundred-odd people, unable to agree. Instead of clockwork, absolute chaos. What a transition for Francis to nego-

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tiate! But he maintained his usual aplomb."

Professor Gardner went on to say, "I was his deputy on the U.N. Committee on the Peaceful Uses of Outer Space, on which he was the U.S. representative. That was a success story—one of the few solid U.N. accomplishments in the sixties. We got a space treaty—no nuclear weapons on celestial bodies or in space, no claims of sovereignty—and a world weather watch. Francis bears a great deal of credit for all that. One of the problems was the question of liability for things shot into space by one country that fell down in another country. There were, of course, really only two countries that *shot* things into space. Well, one day at a Committee meeting Francis produced a large fragment of a Soviet sputnik that had fallen, smoking hot, from the heavens into a street in Manitowoc, Wisconsin. He dropped this huge metal lump in front of the Soviet desk. 'Here, gentlemen,' he said. It was one of his finest hours."

Plimpton himself says of the episode, "I produced this thing the size of a football at a time when the United States was pressing for an international agreement on liability for accidents originating in outer space. I asked my Soviet counterpart to come and get it. He looked at it as though it were a viper." (In his oral history, Plimpton technically and herpetologically amplified this account: "We knew it was from a Soviet vehicle because it contained part of a screw, and the screw-thread intervals were measurable in millimetres, and not in fractions of an inch—clear proof that it was of Soviet manufacture. I publicly offered to give it to Morozov [his Russian counterpart], who shrank away as if it were a puff adder. After the furor died down, some days later, he did come around and ask to have it.")

"I have a third vignette," Professor Gardner continued, as he took several walks around his office. "About family planning. Francis and I share a passion for this. In October, 1961, we both attended an outer-space conference at Arden House. Riding back on the bus, on a Sunday, he pulled out of his pocket a speech on family planning that he was going to deliver at a Planned Parenthood Federation dinner a few nights later. 'Pauline wants me to give this speech,' he said, and handed it to me. [Mrs. Plimpton is on the board of the Federation.] I read it on the plane back to Washington. I read it with astonishment. It was *not* government policy. In his U.N. capac-

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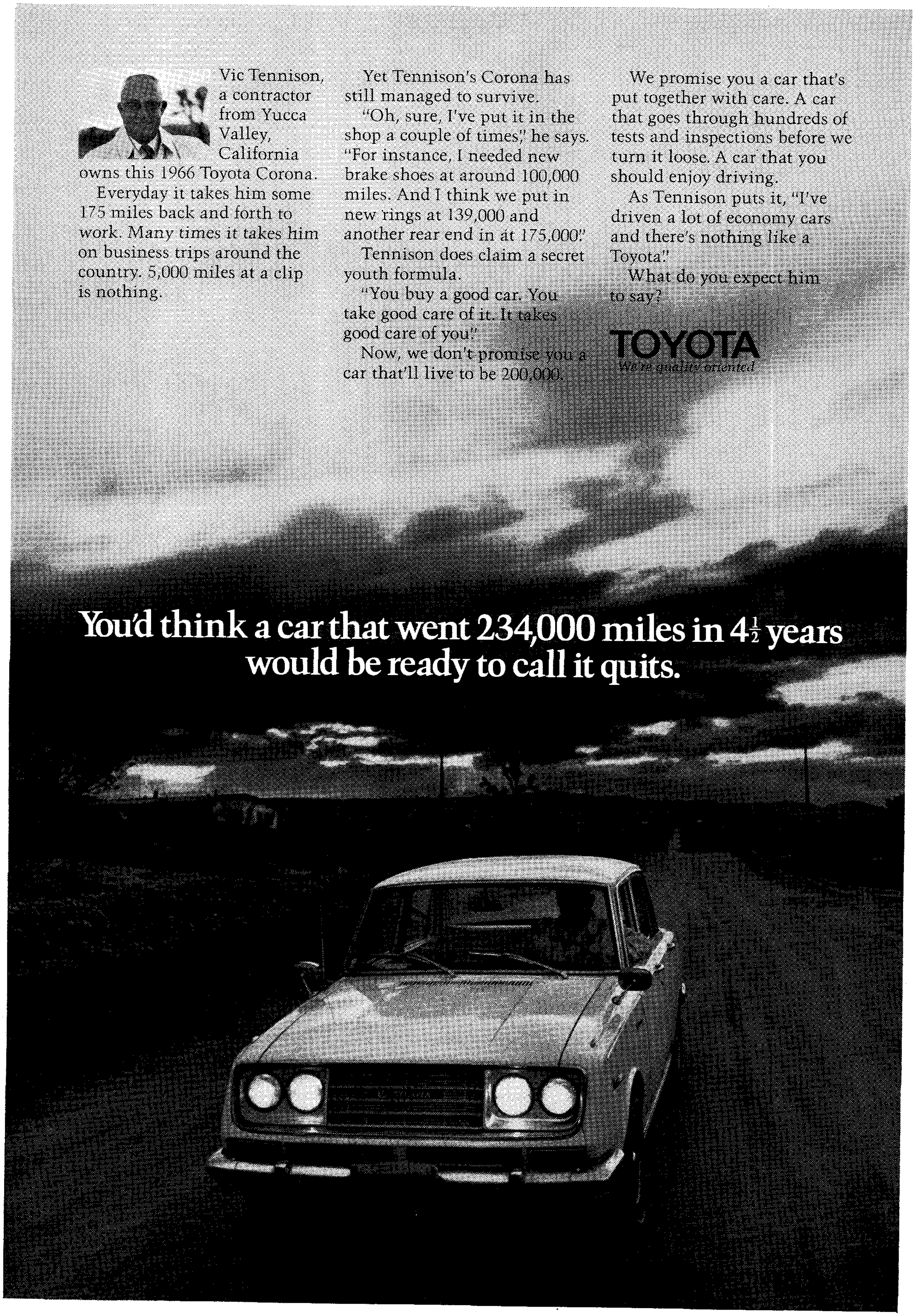

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ity, Francis was an employee of the State Department. No government official may publicly express a private view. I couldn't possibly get this speech cleared. As I took it to one place after another, paragraph after paragraph dropped out. Only the opening joke and the conclusion remained. Finally, the opening joke was taken out, as being off color. I telephoned Francis that nothing was left. 'I'll give the original speech and say I'm doing it in my private capacity,' he said. 'I'll say it's just me.' I relayed this to Harlan Cleveland, whose Deputy Assistant Secretary I was, and he called Francis. I monitored the call. 'I'll say it's just me,' Francis said. 'Francis,' Harlan said, 'suppose you were found roaring drunk on the Bowery. The policeman asks your name. 'Francis T. P. Plimpton? Ambassador Plimpton?' 'But, Officer, I want you to understand I'm doing this in my private capacity.' Well, Francis saw the point, and eventually made most of the changes we wanted."

Plimpton's famous planned-parenthood interview with the Pope, hailed in Merrell Clark's introduction at the Centennial Convocation, stemmed from a visit paid on Plimpton at his U.N. office by the Ambassadors to the U.N. from Ceylon, Nepal, and Cambodia in the summer of 1963, just as the Ambassador from East Sixty-sixth Street was about to go to Lake Como for a vacation. "They complained about the Catholic persecution of Buddhists in South Vietnam—something I'd never heard of before," Plimpton says. "They wanted me to get Kennedy to talk to Pope Paul about this. I flew to Italy the next day and went to the villa, and it occurred to me that I'd never met a Pope, and why not have some fun? So I wrote our Ambassador in Rome for an audience with the Pope to discuss this matter and population problems. A few days later, I went to Rome, where I stayed at the American Academy with Richard A. Kimball, its director, an old friend. I had no sooner arrived than I got a call from the Embassy saying that I had a private audience at Castel Gondolfo the next day. So I put on a dark suit and borrowed a black tie from Dick. At the Castel, I was taken up in a rickety elevator to a floor where, to my embarrassment, a squad of Swiss Guards presented halberds. After being ushered through a series of waiting rooms, I found His Holiness in a small library. His English is nonexistent, and my Italian stops in the kitchen. He did have a monsignor as an interpreter, but I didn't want to waste time by transla-

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tion, so I spoke my battered French. The Pope's French is very fluent, with a heavy Italian accent that makes it easier to understand. I started off with the Buddhists. He was quite defensive about the claimed persecution by Catholics. He said that he had asked the Catholics to be '*raisonnable*,' which I thought a curious word, and that he would do so again. Then I got on the subject of population. I said that nearly everyone at the United Nations was worried about this problem. His face froze. I said that I hoped he would use his influence so that we could have a free and open discussion of the matter at the U.N., and that the Catholic countries' representatives could be persuaded not to object. I got nowhere; he was absolutely unyielding. He said, 'You can't change divine law,' and used the phrase '*tuer la vie humaine*,' which I thought physiologically inaccurate—if we were discussing anything specific, it was contraception. He said that the whole thing was a subject for the Food and Agricultural Organization to deal with. The interview lasted a little over half an hour. I've been kidded for trying to convert the Pope to birth control."

Plimpton's appointment to the United Nations gave a great fillip to his propensity for perpetual motion. An enormous amount of diplomatic entertaining was the order of the day in the relatively halcyon Stevenson-Plimpton era. Because Stevenson was divorced, responsibility for the United States' share of this social life was taken over by the Plimptons. "Adlai was bored with the social thing," Pauline Plimpton says. The social thing was described by Stevenson as "protocol, alcohol, and Geritol," and he tended to duck all diplomatic receptions, but his deputy took them in stride. And he worked out a technique for dealing with them that has left his brother-in-law Amyas Ames, the chairman of the board of directors of Lincoln Center, lost in admiration. "Francis once picked me up for a men's dinner at six-thirty," he says. "He rather surprised me by saying that he had to go to two U.N. cocktail parties first. We went to the Waldorf—he had his car with the diplomatic plates, so there was no trouble parking—where he spent five minutes greeting people. Then he led me out through the pantry and kitchen to the elevators. In this way, he said, he wouldn't be held up, and the host wouldn't notice his going so soon. Same thing at the Plaza. All worked out. We got to our dinner in time for the Martinis."

Plimpton did not allow the annual

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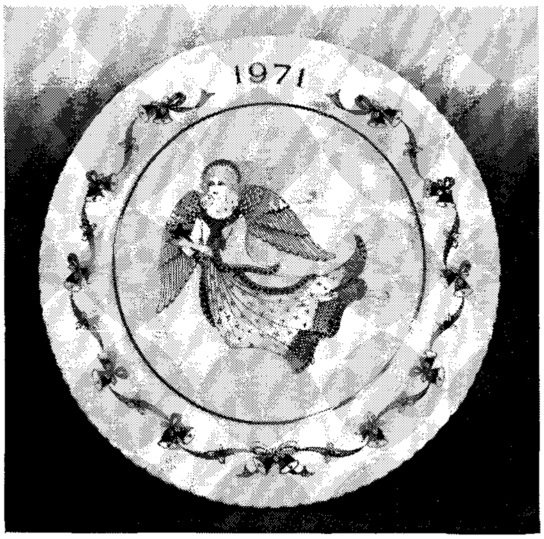

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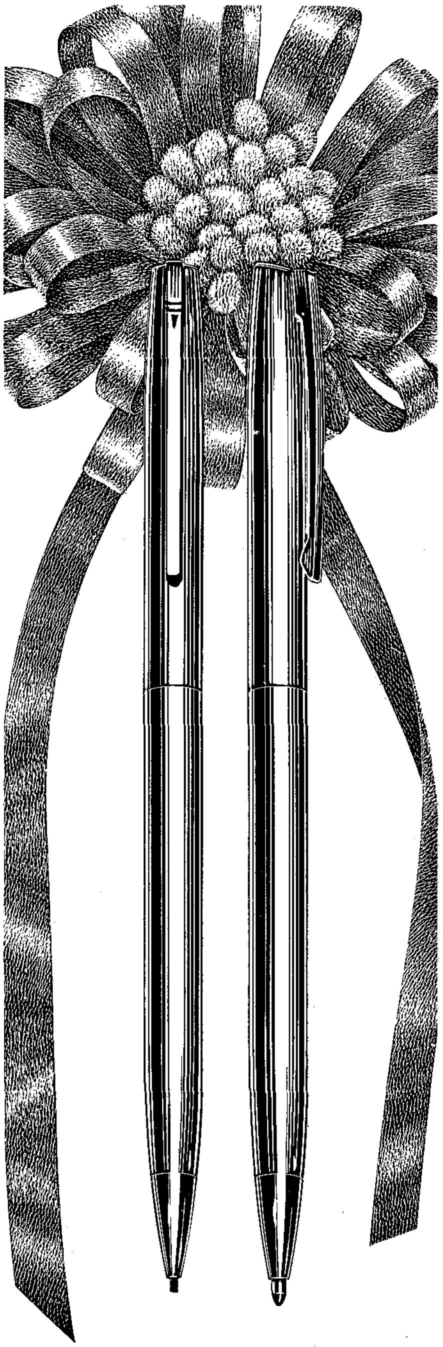
adjournment of the General Assembly to cut down on his diplomatic social life. Every summer, on Long Island, he and his wife gave Sunday lunches for around forty people—half U.N., half North Shore neighbors. "Invited for eleven; swim, tennis, drinks; eat at two," Plimpton says. "Help-yourself buffet, not catered. U.N. delegates seldom meet the natives in their homes, and everyone seemed to enjoy it. We had good luck on the weather." "Father loved the U.N.," George Plimpton says. "Stevenson's death took him out of an arena that he really enjoyed. He loved those cocktail parties—he was so curious about other people's countries. He *relished* those things, and the lunches in the country—those windy lunches on the lawn, with all those diplomats swimming and playing badminton and tennis. They had a marvellous time, but he had the best time of all."

Adlai Stevenson's sudden death, in July, 1965, which was followed by the Goldberg appointment and the dropping of Plimpton and most of Stevenson's top assistants from the U.N., put an end to most of this, but not all. "The U.N. operation was exhilarating, exhausting, exacerbating, exciting, and all the other 'ex'es you can think of," he says. "I wouldn't have missed it for anything, and I wouldn't do it again for anything." He is far from optimistic about the organization today: "The Security Council is powerless if there is a disagreement between the great powers. The General Assembly can only *recommend.* It has no power to take measures to stop war. You can't have a strong Secretary-General. Trygve Lie and Dag Hammarskjöld alienated the Russians and became powerless. Ever since the General Assembly refused to enforce its own charter in the shape of Article 19, I think there's been a real loss of intellectual integrity, not to mention financial integrity—an erosion of morale." Plimpton's attitude toward the almost five years he spent on the U.N. campus is something like his attitude toward the somewhat similar periods he spent at Exeter, Amherst, and the Harvard Law School. (Unlike these alma maters, the U.N. does not solicit him for funds; indeed, he gets a United States government pension of $228.85 a month for his plenipotentiary services and for the far-back R.F.C. solicitor-generalship.) "I can *almost* see my old office there," he says, gazing wistfully at a part of the Secretariat Building that is visible from his office at Debevoise, Plimpton, Lyons & Gates, and he serves on a seven-member U.N.



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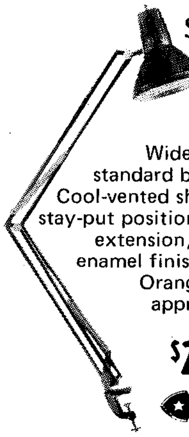

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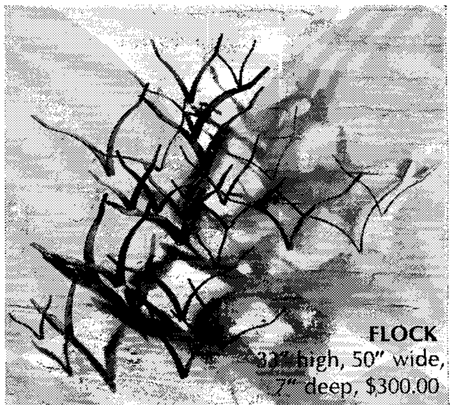

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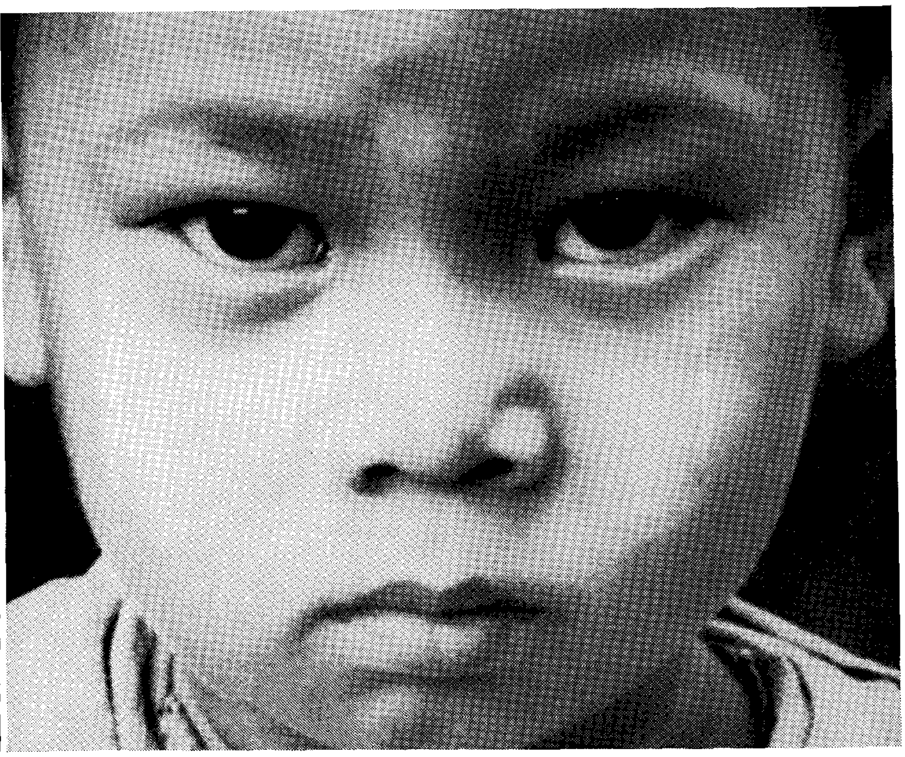
Administrative Tribunal, which deals with complaints of staff members in the U.N. family who feel that they have been illegally treated. He occasionally lunches, either on Tribunal business or just for old times' sake, in the delegates' dining room on the East River, where he proclaims the liver-and-bacon inferior to that at the Century Club, and where old-timers greet him with affectionate cries of "Mr. Ambassador!" "The Ambassadors *beam* when they see Francis," his wife says.

THE U.N. Ambassador's return to the private sector and the world of indentures was enlivened in 1968 by his election to the presidency of the Bar Association of the City of New York, which he had joined in 1929. As president, Plimpton turned his attention to a number of lively issues, one of them being the problem of judicial selection—the election of judges for the state and city courts—which had always been handled on a political basis. "I didn't really get to know Francis until he was president of the Association," Judge Botein, the present president, says. "I was presiding justice of the Appellate Division, First Department, of the New York State Supreme Court. The first time I had anything to do with him was when he was second-in-command to Adlai: he repeatedly asked me to take care of jury notices for his staff. Then, shortly after he became president of the Association, he called me one Friday afternoon in late July and said he must see me. So I asked him and Pauline to our place in Westhampton for Saturday drinks and lunch. He told me that he had had the First Department county political leaders in to discuss the matter of judicial selection, and had asked them if they'd see to it that only candidates acceptable to the Bar Association were nominated for State Supreme Court and County Civil Court judgeships. That was an unusual year: as a result of a statute increasing the number of judges, there were eighteen vacancies in the Supreme Court and around a dozen in the Civil Court. As you know, each party holds a judicial convention that nominates the candidates for Supreme Court judge, and the delegates to these conventions are hand-picked by the district leaders. So the Supreme Court election is a mockery, and the Civil Court election is little better. According to Francis, the county leaders did a lot of squirming when he mentioned Bar Association clearance. One of them finally blurted out, 'I'd go along if they had a fellow



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like Judge Botein to make the recommendations among the candidates.' So Francis said he'd come to me. I told Francis at lunch that I didn't like that kind of trust—that I didn't believe in it. He said that that was the agreement. So I called these characters up on Monday and got them to my chambers on Tuesday. They weren't happy, but they said they'd stick to the agreement. It wasn't a very palatable thing for a sitting judge to do, this mixing with politics, but I did some soul-searching. Anyway, we set up a cross-section screening committee—blacks, Puerto Ricans, and Establishment guys, including Francis. It was a hectic month before the convention. The county leaders piled a hundred and twenty names on the list for us. We approved about two-thirds of them and disapproved the rest. We were only partially successful. Three of the men we disapproved were nominated. I think the leaders wanted to go along with us, but there were powerful party interests that insisted on these three men. The episode proved something important. It proved that you can't do these things on a voluntary basis—there must be a mandate. What did it prove about Francis? That he had enormous guts and imagination. It took shrewdness to sell these guys. I would trust him with anything." ("The judges thing was a blank failure," Paul De Witt, the executive secretary of the Bar Association, says. "Francis never really understood the political implications. He is a babe in the woods on this sort of thing.")

The City Bar Association presidency took up most of Plimpton's time for two years. (During the centennial year, it took almost nine-tenths of his time.) During those years, and since, social concern and *pro bono publico* have continued to flourish, through speeches at colleges and bar associations, through articles in the Sunday *Times* on "Police on College Campuses?" and the advisability of recognizing the People's Republic of China, and through a round of boardroom activities. For example:

Metropolitan Museum of Art—As one of its trustees, Plimpton helped bring to Central Park the Temple of Dendur, which the Egyptian government, grateful for America's share in the financing of the rescue of the two Abu Simbel temples from the artificial lake formed by the Aswan High Dam, offered to give to the United States. "President Johnson had to decide where the Temple was to go here," he says. "Tucson wanted it, on the theory

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that it had been in a desert in Egypt and would feel at home in a desert here. Cairo, Illinois, wanted it. Our most serious threat was the Smithsonian—I heard that Jackie Onassis wanted it on the banks of the Potomac near the Smithsonian's John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. Not a good place for it. Too damp. I volunteered to do what I could. The Met has the most complete and comprehensive Egyptian collection in the country, and I did my best to persuade the authorities to add the Temple to it. I talked to Roger Stevens, then chairman of the National Council on the Arts, to Donald F. Hornig, the scientific adviser to the President [director of the Office of Science and Technology], and to other advisers. I am sure we would have got the Temple anyway, but we got it. Frankly, it's not the greatest Egyptian architecture in existence—it's rather late—but it's worth having." Plimpton's Dendur success added a post to his collection of perpetual-motion vehicles: the chairmanship of the Visiting Committee of the Department of Egyptian Art.

Amherst College—In 1970, the board of trustees made Plimpton chairman of a search committee to find a new president to succeed his half brother Calvin, who had announced his resignation. This was Francis Plimpton's third time around at such recruiting. Seven final candidates—and, in most cases, their wives—were interviewed on two full days in his apartment by a fourteen-man trustee-faculty-student-alumni committee. "Two hours for each candidate," the multiple chairman says. "We brought one fellow from France and one from England. Just asked them questions—how they felt about coeducation, the role of the small liberal-arts college, and so on. Very interesting sort of contrasts you get into: one candidate way over in left field, whom the undergraduates would love but who would give many alumni apoplexy; another one a tried-and-tested provost, clean-cut, whom the alumni would love. We finally made three recommendations, from which the trustees chose John William Ward, an Amherst professor of history and American studies. Our committee got along beautifully, including its four student-elected students. I finally got used to their hair."

Harvard Board of Overseers—Plimpton served on this for six years. There is nothing petty about Harvard: at the time he was elected, in 1963, he was one of the plaintiffs—along with his brother-in-law Amyas Ames,

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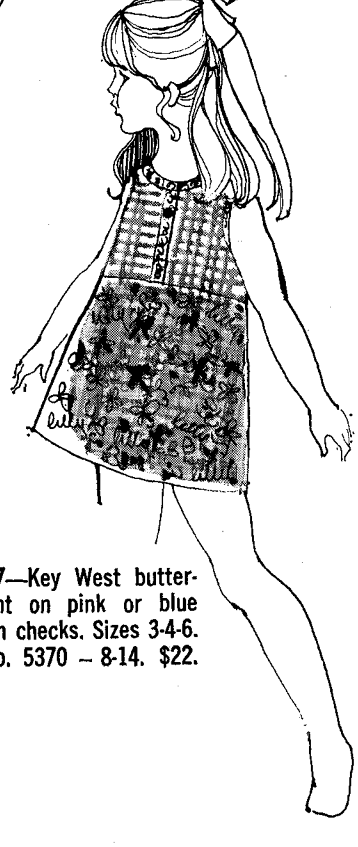

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Bethuel Webster, and others—in a suit brought at their instance by the Attorney General of Massachusetts against Harvard Corporation. This action grew out of an Arnold Arboretum controversy involving Plimpton's father-in-law, the orchid-loving professor. (Far too complicated for a non-lawyer to go into; in the long run, Harvard won, but only after a bang on the knuckles by a special master.) Plimpton was rotated off the board in 1969. "In his farewell speech, delivered ad lib and in vino," another Overseer has said, "he produced quite a few barbs. He remarked that although the board was composed of reasonably able and certainly devoted people, they didn't have enough to do, and weren't much listened to on what they did do. Francis is not the *most* outspoken man in the world, but he's completely honest." "Overseers don't really oversee at all," the honest man says. "Their meetings take up four or five mornings a year. In my time, there was hardly ever a question, let alone a dissent. Sort of rubber-stamping. There was a visiting committee for each department—I was chairman [here we go again] of the one on classics—and we'd meet for a day with various professors and students, have a pleasant dinner at the Club of Odd Volumes, on Beacon Hill, and make an oral report at the Overseers' meeting, but little or no action was ever taken on the basis of these reports. The president of Harvard didn't even take notes. No feeling of participation."

Pro Bono Publico! Truth of Recitals and Statements! Independent Appraiser's Certificate! Besides the sources already cited, a cloud of Plimpton appraisers have been consulted. One: "He's an exceptionally nice human being. The Plimptons have participated in life." (Mrs. P.: "We're lucky. Things get more interesting as we grow older.") Another: "I suppose that his preoccupation with the law and with his involvements in multifarious public-service activities precluded his becoming one of the real literary lights of his generation." A third: "Does he consider the law the best use of his talents? Does he regard it as socially productive to have drawn those indentures so tight? Is it consistent with an open society? At what stage did he feel that his practice and his personal reputation were so secure that he could afford to take dangerous positions? Could he have done so earlier? Still, he finally *has* taken these positions. He has always been a detail man. Now

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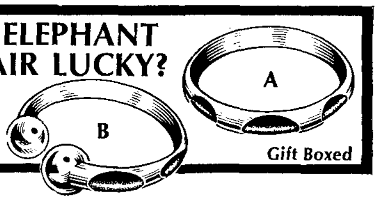

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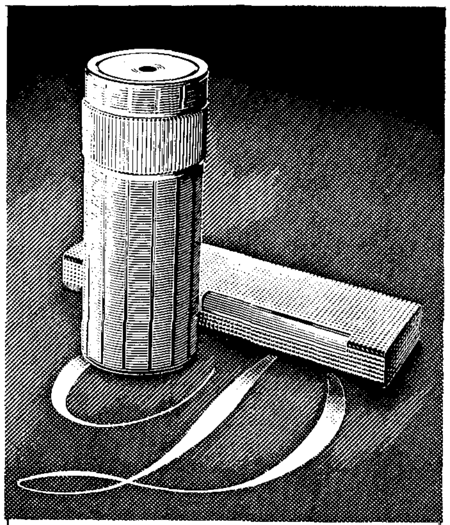

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> Salvat defined Mexico's attitude towards tourism "What it offers must be framed with decorum, with equilibrium, without breaking the limits of the golden mean . . . the tourist will bind behind, a little behind, the euphoma, the fiesta in his travels about the national territory the bases of the home that structure our own personality which we do not wish to lose on the altar of an illogical imitation . . ."
>
> "On the other hand," he added . . .
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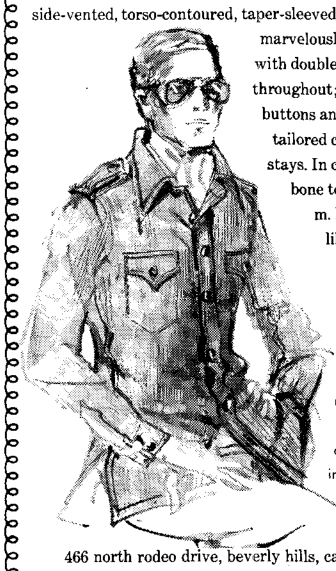

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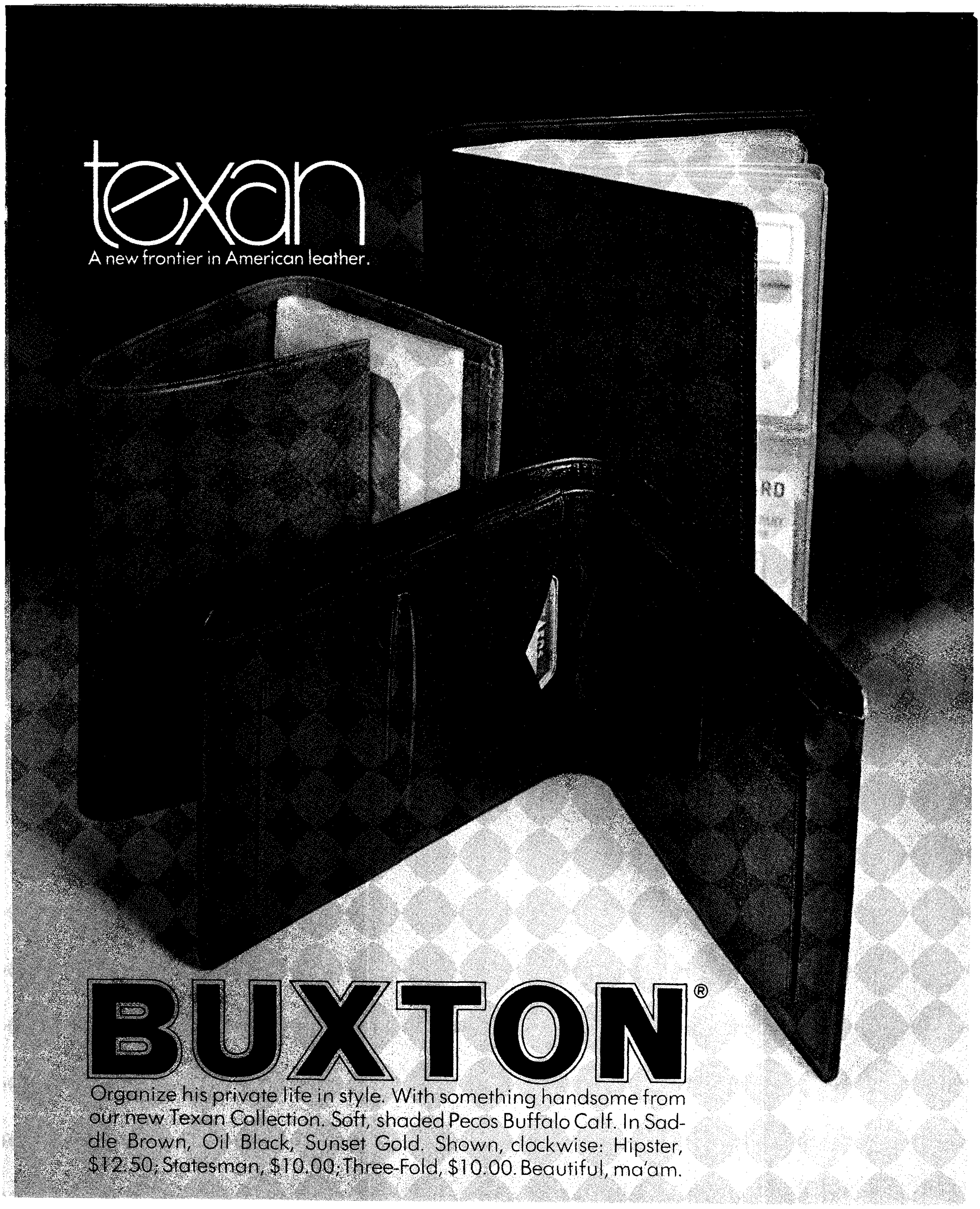

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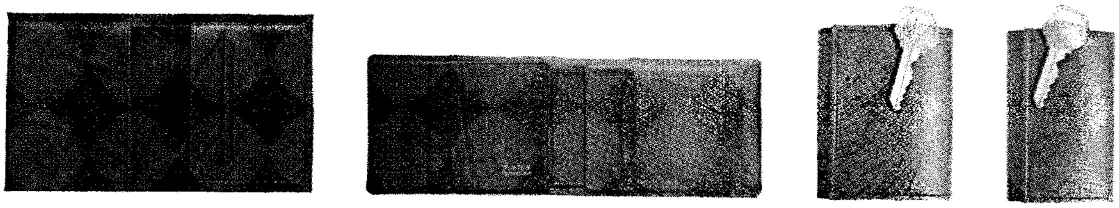

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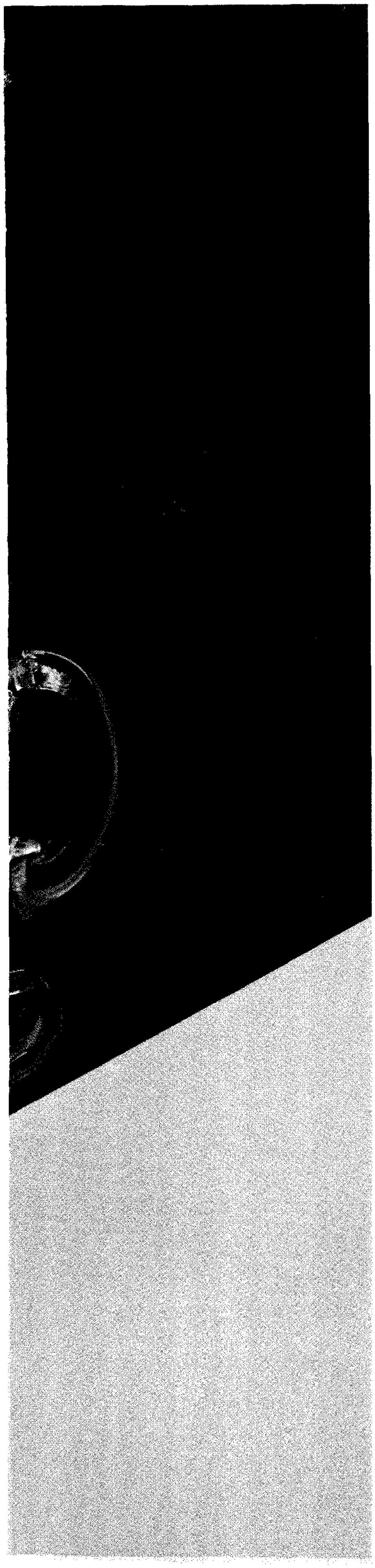

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2 *Thanksgiving Punch*

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3 *Hot Rum and Cider*

In a preheated mug containing 1½ oz. of White or Gold Puerto Rican Rum, add one teaspoon each of maple syrup, sugar and the juice of one lemon; fill with hot apple cider; stir; garnish with two cloves and a slice of lemon.

4 *Café Puerto Rico*

Pour 1½ oz. of White or Gold Puerto Rican Rum into a cup of strong, hot black coffee; add one teaspoon sugar and stir; float whipped cream on top.

5 *Egg Nog*

Beat 12 egg yolks until light; beat in ½ lb. sugar till mixture is thick. Stir in 1 qt. milk and a "fifth" of Gold Puerto Rican Rum. Chill 3 hrs., pour into punch bowl. Fold in 1 qt. heavy cream, stiffly whipped. Chill 1 hr., dust with nutmeg. (Serves 24.)

Quick Recipe: Use 1 qt. eggnog mix from your dairy; add 12 oz. rum. Fold in 1 cup heavy cream, whipped. Chill; add nutmeg. (Serves 12.)

6 *Tom and Jerry*

Beat 1 egg yolk; work in 1 tsp. sugar; ¼ tsp. allspice; 1 oz. Puerto Rican Rum (Gold or White). Continue to beat until smooth and thick. Beat egg white separately and add to mixture, stirring well. Put mixture into pre-heated Tom-and-Jerry mug; fill with hot milk and dust with nutmeg.

7 *Hot Buttered Rum*

Dissolve 1 tsp. sugar in a mug with some hot water; add 1 oz. Puerto Rican Rum (Gold or White); a cinnamon stick; a pinch of nutmeg. Fill mug with boiling water; top with pat of butter.

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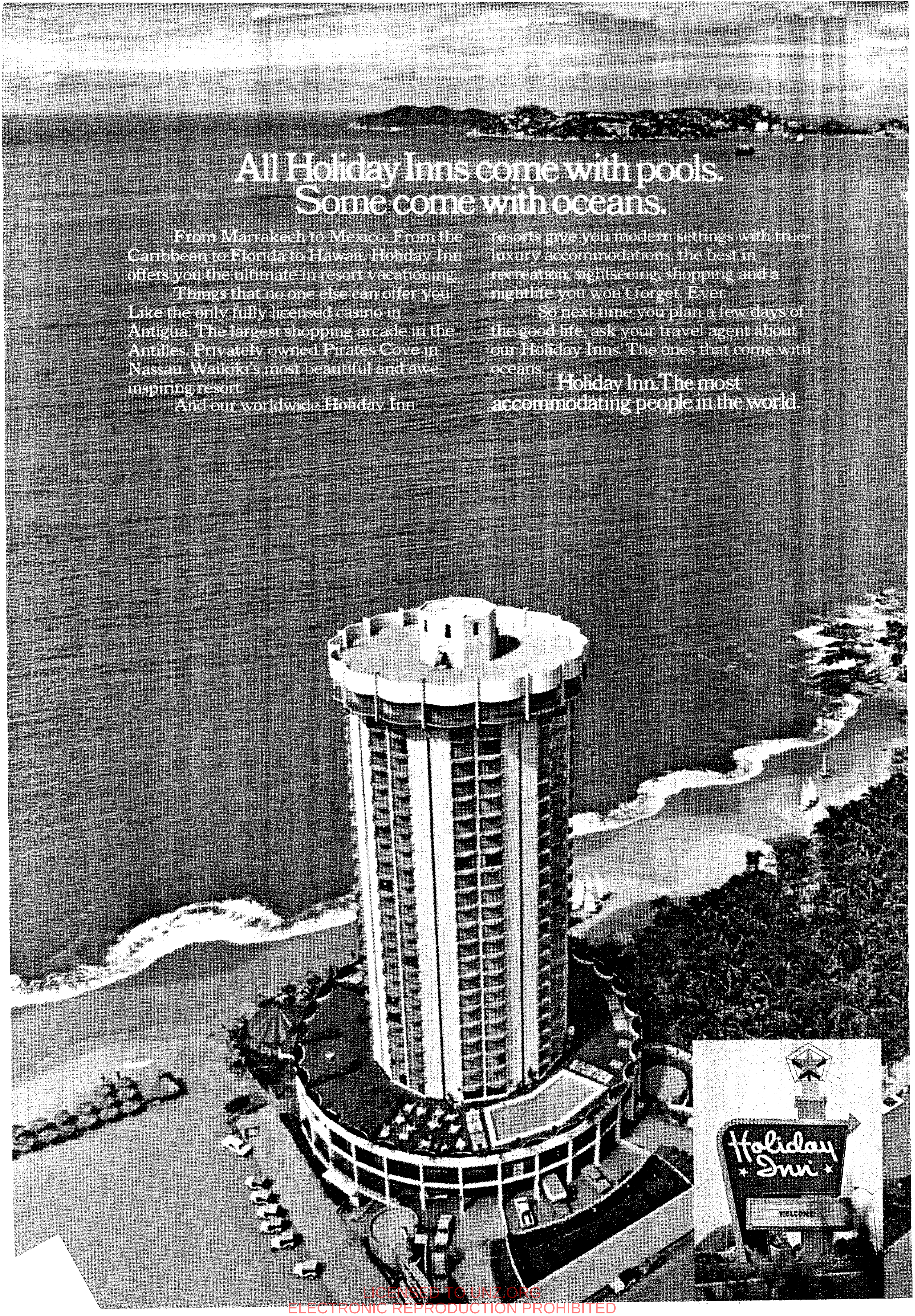

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THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

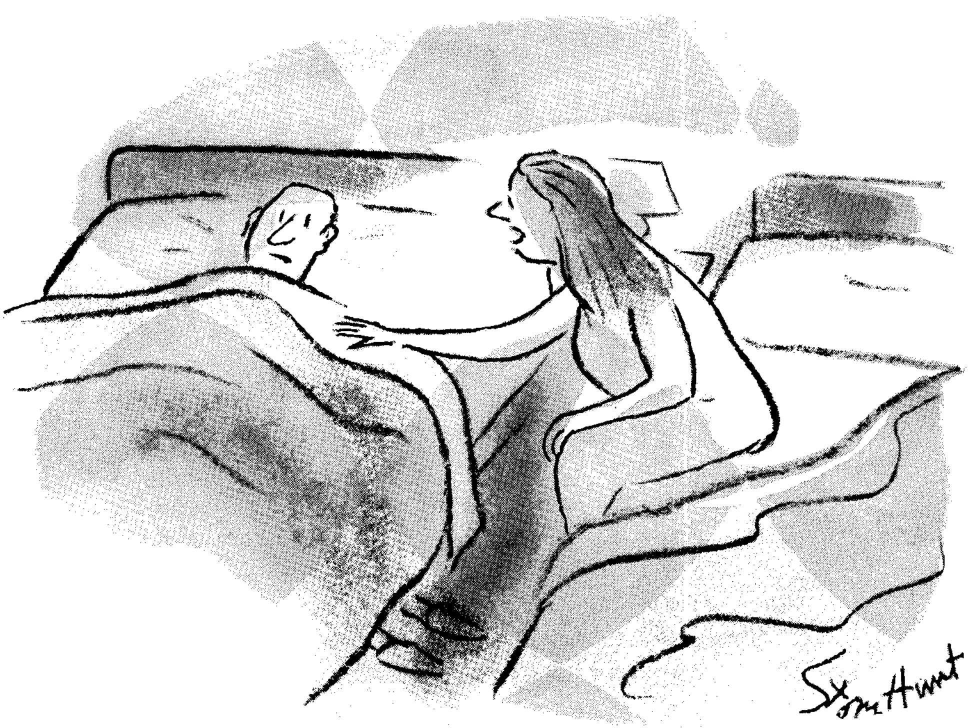
PHILLIP HAYES DEAN'S "The Sty of the Blind Pig," which gets the Negro Ensemble Company's season off to an impressive start at the St. Marks, seems at first to be just one more domestic play, both funny and sad, but as the action proceeds it becomes increasingly apparent that the powerful forces that spin the plot and enrich the characters stem from other times and other places. What give the play its stature are the performances of Moses Gunn and Frances Foster in the leading roles, and of Clarice Taylor and Adolph Caesar in supporting ones, all under the direction of Shauneille Perry. The cast is among the strongest that the N.E.C. has ever given us.

The four characters of "The Sty of the Blind Pig" are displaced persons, not only geographically—all are émigrés from the South—but in time. The action takes place in an apartment in a black neighborhood in Chicago in the nineteen-fifties, but its sources are in the South many years ago. The plot concerns an abruptly aborted love affair between Alberta, a spinster in her late thirties, and Blind Jordan, a street singer who is, and has been for a long time, searching the black tenements of Chicago for a woman named Grace he lost long ago. Alberta, who works during the day as a maid for a white family, lives with her meddlesome, shrewd, sly-tongued mother, a pillar of the church, and both are visited constantly by Alberta's sporty, down-on-his-luck Uncle Doc. The questing Blind Jordan comes to the door one evening when Alberta is alone, and the attraction she feels toward him, although she is unaware of it, is electric. The mother, however, when they meet, immediately sees in him something that frightens her, and she makes him promise to stay away from Alberta while she is off at a religious convocation in Montgomery, Alabama. The promise is not kept; all Alberta's emotional and sexual deprivation—her meagre life with her mother, her deadly job as a "treasure" in the white household, where the boss pinches her bottom and the boss's wife boasts of her on the phone, along with her desperate yearning for Blind Jordan—explodes in a tremendous scene at the end of the second act, when she relives the funeral of a boy she loved, reciting the eulogy she wrote for him, and swaying and clapping and singing, until Blind Jordan shouts her into quiet and holds on to her. By the time the evening is over, and after a number of strong face-to-face scenes, the past has forced itself into the present, and the South has, in a sense, invaded the North. None of the characters will ever be the same again. Except, that is, for the mysterious Blind Jordan, who vanishes as abruptly as he appeared. Shaken as she is, Alberta is not even sure that he really did appear.

As Blind Jordan, at once mysterious and reassuring, Moses Gunn plays with such subtle power and resonance that the dimming of the light on him during Alberta's big scene must have been a technical necessity; when Moses Gunn is on a stage, who can look at anyone else? Frances Foster is fine, too, making clear and moving the complex character of trapped Alberta, to whom it seldom occurs that the circumstances under which she lives are not inevitable, and who, if she were only ten or fifteen years younger, would have been marching behind that young preacher her mother saw in Montgomery, "who tell black folks not to ride the buses." Clarice Taylor plays the mother with a kind of quick-tongued friskiness and an underlying fierceness that are very effective, and Adolph Caesar is extremely funny as Uncle Doc. The script has its weaknesses—quite often the machinery shows through—but Mr. Dean has a sharp ear for family bickering and family comedy and personal anguish, and a marked talent for character. He can write parts. As for Miss Perry, who directed "Black Girl" and last year's "Rosalee Pritchett," she again shows herself a master of those small human details and nuances that bring a play to complete life without ever sidetracking it. Edward Burbridge designed the shabby, perfect setting. According to a note in the program, "a Blind Pig was a house of ill repute, where women, whiskey, and food were sold."

THE season at the little Forum, at Lincoln Center, unfortunately got off to a poor start with Athol Fugard's shallow and dismal "People Are Living There," which is notable chiefly for the presence of Estelle Parsons, in the role of a sluttish Johannesburg landlady who has just turned fifty and doesn't like it a bit. Miss Parsons is not entirely convincing, although she is as interesting as the playwright allows her to be. She is supported pretty well by Leonard Frey, as a particularly nasty lodger, and Peter Rogan, as a particularly stupid one. Seldom have three characters been drawn with less sympathy or understanding.

—EDITH OLIVER



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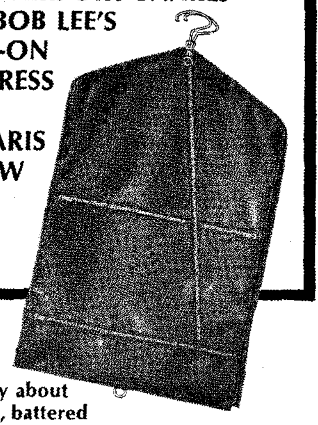

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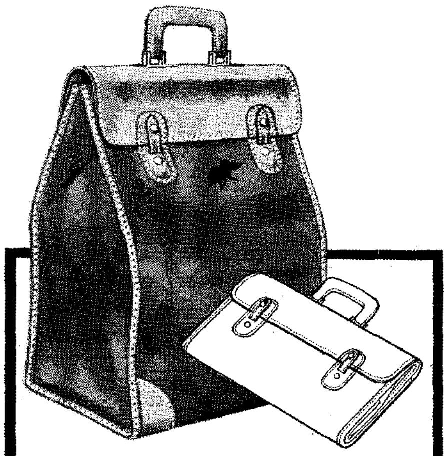

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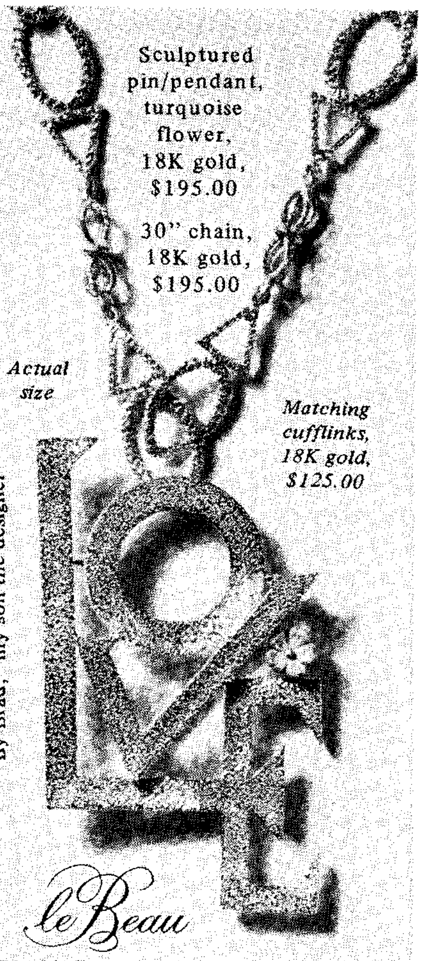
MUSICAL EVENTS

The Magic Touch

OFFHAND, you would think it difficult to romanticize anything as already Romantic as Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde." But that is exactly what Günther Schneider-Siemssen, the scenic designer, has done for the Metropolitan's new production, which was first seen week before last. And his conception works beautifully, barring a detail or two. In fact, it is the most magnificent production of anything the Metropolitan has put on in years. Taking his cue from a wish expressed by Wagner himself when he composed the work, Schneider-Siemssen has made each act partly realistic, partly magical. Thus, after the drinking of the love potion in Act I, the setting suddenly changes to a never-never land of mottled blue, and the pair of lovers are placed apart from the world, pinpointed by a spotlight. And in Act II Tristan and Isolde are placed well above the stage and spotlighted amid the galaxies as they sing their love duet. Finally, in Act III, they are again in the upper regions as Isolde sings the Liebestod. All this irritates some conservative tastes. But I find it entirely appropriate, with the exception of one moment—Brangaene's vigil in Act II; Mignon Dunn, who sang the role, is spotlighted so far up at the left of the stage that she seems totally unrelated to the rest of the action. Moreover, the episode in which Isolde waves the scarf is eliminated—a rather important flaw, since Wagner wrote music to wave scarves by for that particular moment. All in all, however, this is a stunning staging, and the director, August Everding, has added many an innovation to make things more convincing. After the drinking of the love potion, for example, Tristan and Isolde do not just stand there and stare at each other, as in the days of Flagstad and Melchior—a convention that prompted Sarah Bernhardt to remark that for Germans love is a state resembling paralysis. Tristan and Isolde go into a clinch, which is much more natural.

The setting and the action, good as they were, were by no means the only remarkable features of the premiere. The Isolde of Birgit Nilsson is a known quantity—a voice that can cut through



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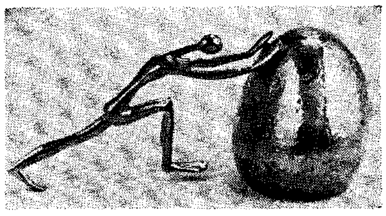

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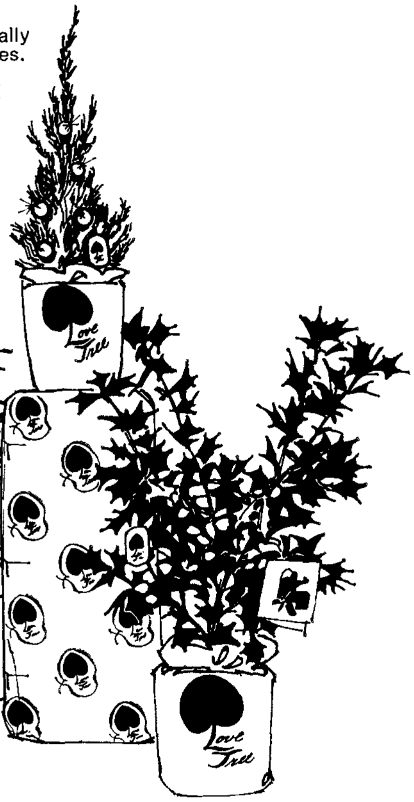
the thickest Wagnerian orchestration like a blowtorch and that is also capable of great refinement of nuance. The big surprise was Jess Thomas's Tristan. Nobody had ever considered Mr. Thomas to be a real *Heldentenor*. But that night his voice had such power and brilliance of timbre that he was in every way the equal of Miss Nilsson. Then, there were a sympathetic interpretation of King Marke by John Macurdy; a robust Kurvenal, blustery but full of tenderness, by Thomas Stewart; and Miss Dunn's beautifully sung Brangaene. The lesser roles were ably done, too—Rod MacWherter's Melot, Louis Sgarro's Steersman, Leo Goeke's Sailor's Voice, and Nico Castel's Shepherd. Altogether, this was the strongest cast the Met has put together for this work in a couple of decades, and one of the strongest it has fielded on any occasion.

"Tristan" has a purity of form that demands the most fastidious planning and regulation, and this, of course, devolves upon the conductor, who in this case was Erich Leinsdorf. A performance of the "Ring" under his baton some ten years ago did not convince me that he is by temperament a great Wagnerian conductor, but I must revise my estimate. He controlled the dramatic curve of "Tristan" from first note to last with astonishing precision and smoothness, and his treatment of orchestra vs. singers, and of climax restrained for greater climax, was as near perfect as I expect to hear. There are people who say that form is a characteristic of eighteenth-century music and that emotion is the dominating feature of Romantic music. Nonsense! I know of no musical work that has a more meticulously laid-out form than "Tristan," and Mr. Leinsdorf was responsible for the complete realization of this form.

Such a performance makes one discover all over again what a supreme masterpiece "Tristan" is. I have heard it described as "erotic" or "sensuous," but these terms convey nothing of the epic scope, the symphonic structure, and the otherworldly quality that are its noblest features. It is so overwhelming that one does not simply "enjoy" it; one *experiences* it, as one might experience an earthquake or a hurricane. One goes home exhausted but at the same time stirred; I did not sleep much that night, and the music kept ringing in my ears for days afterward.

MAURICE BÉJART's Ballet of the Twentieth Century opened a season at the City Center of Music and Drama last Wednesday night with an



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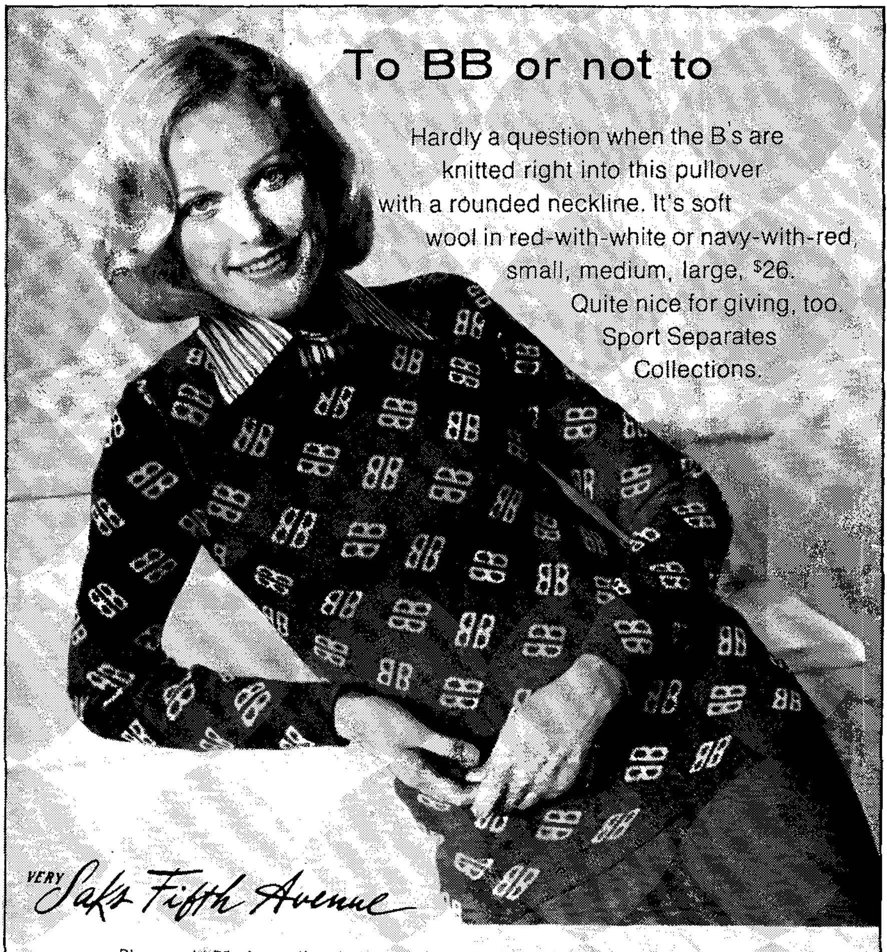

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all-Stravinsky program that included "Renard," "Firebird," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." Mr. Béjart has a unique way with old ballets. He uses the music, but his superb dancers, sixty-odd strong, are placed in an abstract setting that has nothing to do with the original concept. For contemporary eyes, this is far superior to any careful reconstruction. Most of the ballets of the Diaghilev period look rather dated today, and Mr. Béjart's method preserves their spirit while doing away with their faded trappings. What used to be scenic effects become pure dance, and the result is usually striking. Stravinsky wrote a good deal of trash, and the score of "Renard" belongs in that category. Béjart has made a sort of athletic vaudeville skit out of it, with stage trimmings evocative of the radical chic of the twenties, which is what the music expresses. A fox, a rooster, a cat, and a goat appear on a pile of old tires, and an amusing pantomime is carried out by Jaleh Kerendi (the Fox) and Victor Ullate (the Cock), who wears a bright-red leotard and a Charles Chaplin mustache. I found this only moderately funny. But "Firebird" was something else. Béjart has conceived this stage spectacle as a celebration of survival, employing a group of "partisans" as well as a Phoenix who symbolizes the rebirth of life and joy. The whole arrangement is very simple, and none of it derives from the Russian folklore that one is accustomed to in this ballet. Instead, the partisans, dressed in blue pajamas, raise their fists and go through vaguely revolutionary patterns, and the Phoenix (here called simply "the Bird") has a tremendous dancing role. The night I saw "Firebird," the role of the Bird fell to Paolo Bortoluzzi, who must be one of the world's three or four greatest male dancers—controlled, pure in line, and infinitely agile. This ballet has the advantage of what still seems to me Stravinsky's greatest score, and, what with Mr. Bortoluzzi's Renaissance looks and magnificent dancing, it is a knockout. The "Sacre" was done in a sort of Stone Age abstract manner, with dancers in leotards performing a sexual ritual in an atmosphere of anxiety. The principal dancers in this were Suzanne Farrell and Jorge Donn, both highly gifted, and the ballet, as a whole, is certainly effective. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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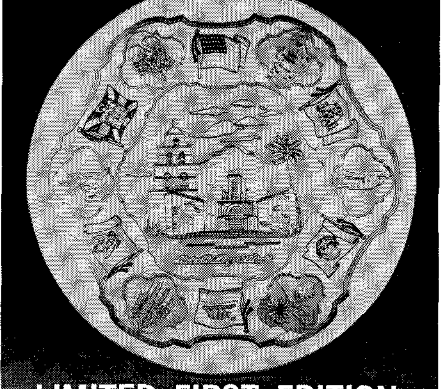

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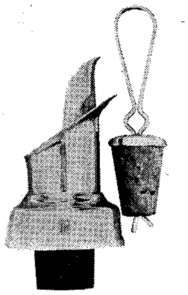

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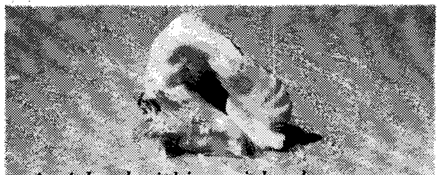

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U.S. JOURNAL: WATTS

THE TOWERS

THE Watts Towers have a history of not fitting in. By 1964, when I went to Los Angeles to write about the towers, a few critics had already called them the city's most important work of art, but some Los Angeles art lovers seemed to find them embarrassing. Watts was not what Los Angeles patrons of the arts considered an appropriate setting for the city's artistic superstar—not because they thought of Watts as dangerous or devastated (connotations that didn't arise until after the disturbances in the summer of 1965) but because they thought of it as an obscure, dreary, nearly inaccessible slice of the Los Angeles sprawl. In Florence or Paris or London or New York, after all, a visitor who wanted to see the most important work of art did not run the risk of becoming hopelessly lost on the freeways. Even if they had been in Beverly Hills, the towers would have had the problem of being the achievement not of a recognized and sophisticated artist but of Sam (or Simon) Rodia, an Italian-immigrant tilesetter who was untrained and uneducated and probably didn't think of himself as an artist at all. In thirty-three years of trying to transform his back yard into the garden of forms that developed in his mind, Rodia had used mostly what other people considered junk—old railroad ties, cast-off tiles, bits of 7-Up and milk-of-magnesia bottles, seashells, broken pottery. Eventually, architects compared the result to Antonio Gaudí's "Sagrada Familia," in Barcelona. Engineers expressed amazement that Rodia had managed single-handedly to construct openwork towers—one of them almost a hundred feet high—from nothing but steel rods and concrete and chicken wire. Art critics wrote rhapsodically about the mosaics of tile and shell and glass that encrusted the towers and the walls and the fountains and the gazebo and the benches Rodia had built. The Watts Towers, a lot of art critics thought, were magnificent. But for people sensitive about the reputation of southern California as a kind of summer camp for eccentric old folks and plastic starlets and loony evangelists the Watts Towers were too close to the kind of ersatz art that Easterners always joked about seeing in Los Angeles—those models of the Taj Mahal made of Schlitz beer cans or those bungalows covered with murals depicting the history of Carroll County, Iowa.

In its official relations with the city, Rodia's creation had been the most prominent misfit in the history of the Building and Safety Department—a work of art that couldn't seem to escape the category of "miscellaneous structures." The first public reaction to the towers by the city government, in 1959, had been an attempt to tear them down—a routine procedure for a miscellaneous structure that had no building permit and appeared to be a safety hazard.

The people who fought the city and saved the towers found it difficult to claim that Sam Rodia fit the role of an artist. He had abandoned his lifework in 1954, before he even finished it, and when he was discovered in northern California during the Building Department controversy, several years later, he said he had no interest in seeing the towers again—a position he maintained until the day he died. Although the people who went to see him found him unfailingly courteous (my sharpest memory of him is of a wiry little man dusting off the seat of the one chair in his room for a woman visitor and waving her to it with a "There, dear young lady"), his answers to questions about the towers and how he had built them and why he had left them were always evasive or contradictory. The people who saved the towers—a couple of dozen private citizens banded together as the Committee for Simon Rodia's Towers in Watts—accepted Rodia as he was. In fact, their affection for him seemed enhanced by his refusal to fit in—his insistence on contradicting any theory that anybody had about the towers, his ability to confound any impression of him that his admirers had pieced together. But they treated the towers as something that could fit in. They operated on the premise that the towers' being in Watts was not ironic but appropriate—that the towers could be used as an example to the black people of Watts of what one poor and unlettered man could accomplish, that morally, if not legally, the towers belonged to Watts.

In 1961, a program of free art lessons for the neighborhood children was started at the towers. A couple of years later, the committee bought a small house down the street so that classes could be held inside. The committee even developed a plan for a complex of buildings to be built around the towers someday—an art center and a community center and a museum and a place for an artist-in-residence. Some committee members thought that if the people of Watts became involved with the towers there might be all sorts of imaginative ways that art could be used to help solve the community's problems. Could children with

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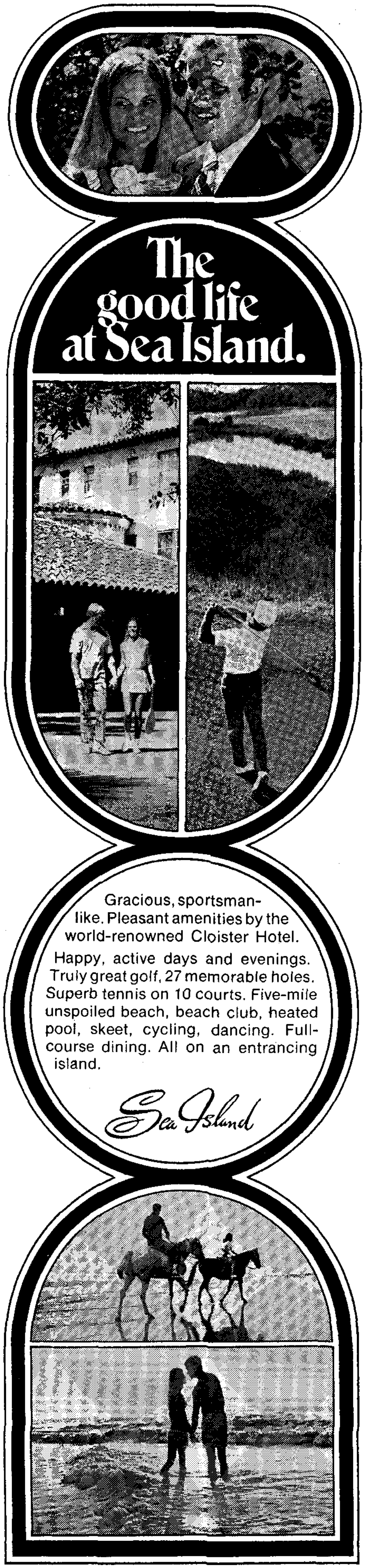

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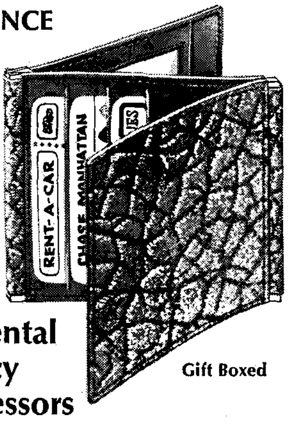
reading blocks, for instance, be helped by accomplishing something in painting? What would happen if children who had been deprived of art were suddenly exposed to some of the best artists in the city? By the time of the 1965 disturbances the children's art classes were well established. In a week of violence and destruction and looting, the towers were untouched. A committee member I talked with later said she thought the towers had been spared because the people considered them part of the community. An alternative explanation, of course, was that the people had not wasted their time breaking up something that could not be hauled off at a profit. What Sam Rodia had used in the towers was, after all, junk.

WHEN I returned to Los Angeles recently to look into what had become of plans for the towers, Watts was a lot easier to find. The Harbor Freeway now has a large "Watts" exit sign, which must have come as a great relief to all the government experts and antipoverty workers and foundation field men I have always envisioned driving their Hertz cars all over Inglewood and Compton looking for the object of their ministrations. Although there are new buildings in Watts, some of them bearing the names of government agencies that had been accused of being inaccessible to the residents, Watts is now, by most estimates, in worse shape economically than it ever was before. The unemployment rate is higher, the housing further deteriorated. The favored architectural style for the new buildings is a modified New Brutalism, apparently because it produces buildings brutal enough to resist efforts to break them open and cart off their plumbing. But to someone familiar with Eastern slums Watts still has a quiet, open look—superficially the kind of place that people in Bedford-Stuyvesant have in mind when they talk about getting a little bungalow somewhere with its own front yard. The block where Rodia built his towers still seems peaceful and forgotten; the only reminder of the shallowness of the peace is a uniformed guard whose presence is now considered necessary to prevent the tourists who have been attracted by the towers from becoming attractions themselves for neighborhood teen-agers in search of pocket money.

In one way, the idea of holding art classes in Watts—of teaching children to paint or teaching their mothers tie-dying or candlemaking—seemed less bizarre after the disturbances than it had before. A remarkable amount of the energy generated by the disturb-



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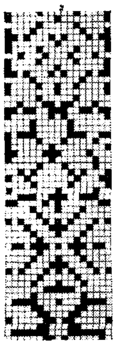

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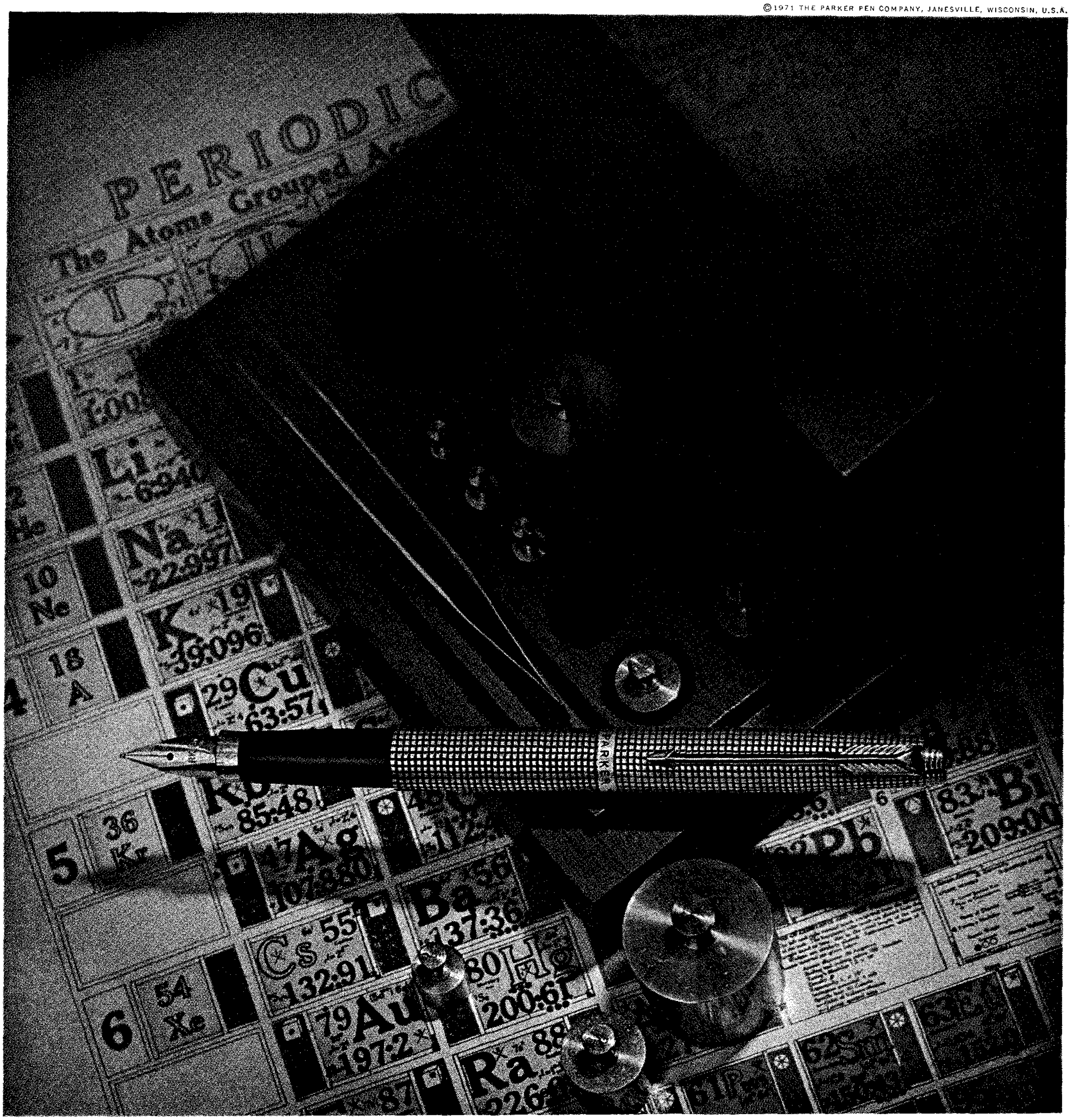

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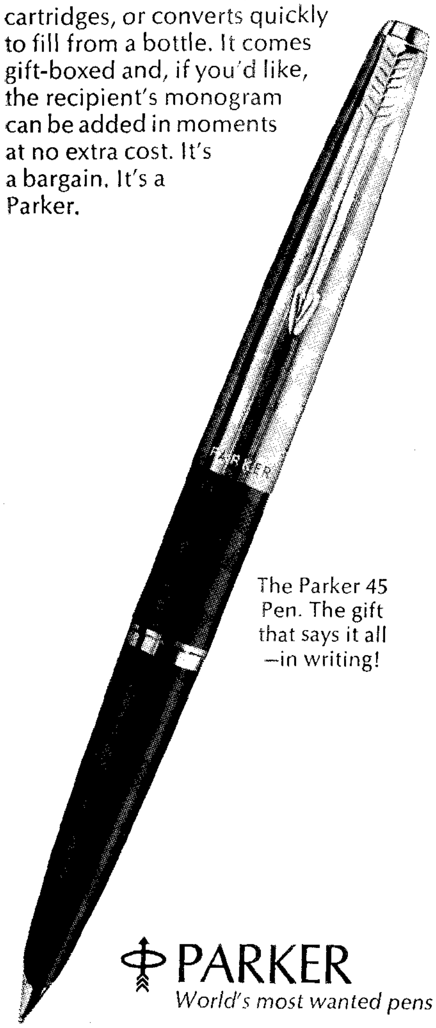

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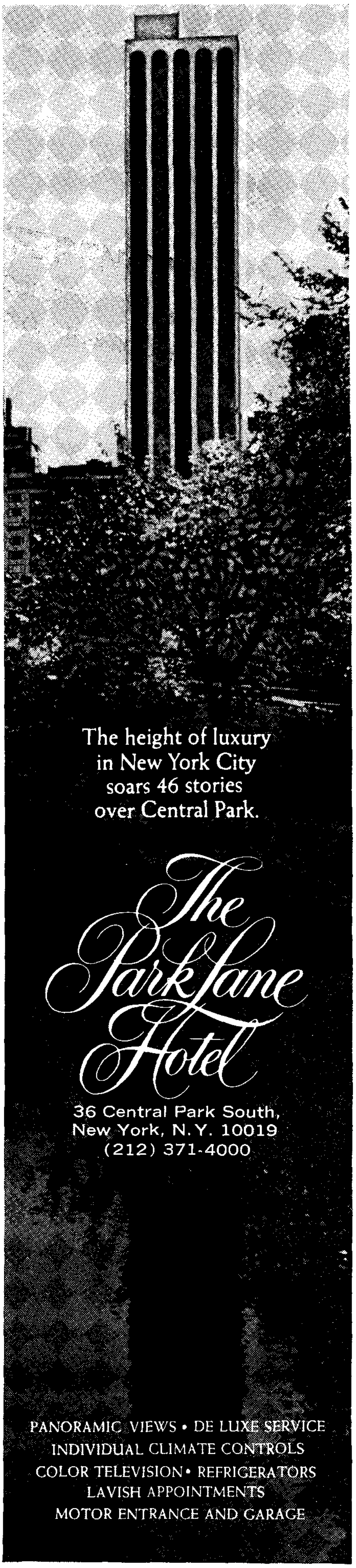
ances seems to have gone into founding organizations that are, in one way or another, cultural. Watts now has—at least on paper—a collection of cultural institutions that in a white suburb is likely to exist only in the dreams of the local librarian. There is a writers' workshop, a master-and-apprentice program for artists, and a symphony orchestra. The Mafundi Institute, operating in the new Watts Neighborhood Center, offers programs in dance and theatre and film. The institutions are normally so desperate for funds, though, that the most creative act their directors are asked to perform is the concoction of grant proposals to the federal government—the way an institution applies for government money these days being not to state its needs but to twist itself into a position that makes it eligible for a share of some funds whose availability some professional "coördinator" has discovered.

The Watts Towers committee did raise enough money to build a new art center, and the building-fund campaign was probably the closest the towers have ever come to being fashionable in Los Angeles. There were articles in the Los Angeles *Times* about how the towers and the art center provided one of the few meeting grounds for white people and black people in Watts. The little house that was to be replaced by the new building was shown in the *Times* being inspected by Raquel Welch. But when it comes to operating expenses, the center has never been able to raise much beyond the annual twelve-thousand-dollar stipend normally given by the city. The art classes have had to rely on volunteer teachers. After a year or so of negotiation, the center recently did manage to qualify for a Model Cities grant by devising a training program for twenty-five apprentices in graphic design and other fields, but the result was that the nonvocational art classes that have always been its basic concern were just about pushed out of the building. The Los Angeles Recreation and Parks Department once sponsored a program at the center that had paid instructors, and it was considered by some committee members to be about the liveliest program the center ever had. But planning the schedule and obtaining the necessary approvals and waiting for the normal delays took so long that the classes actually began only a few months before the end of the fiscal year brought the end of the program.

THE Watts Towers have not become a symbol of Watts—at least, not for the residents. The reason may



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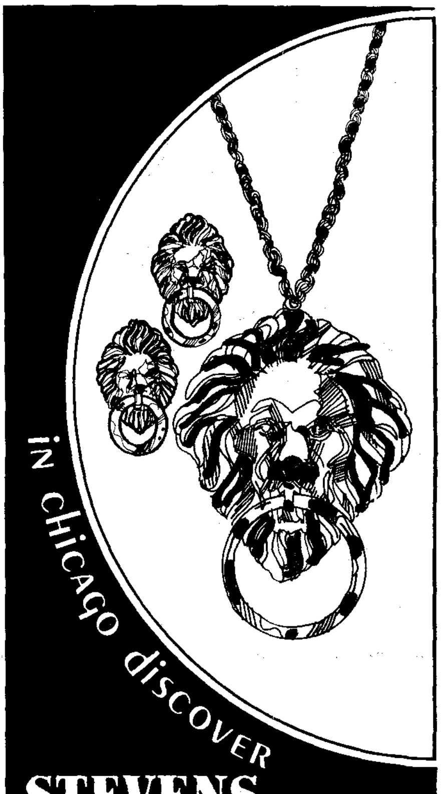
be partly that these days in Watts a work of art, like anything else, carries a racial identification. People in Watts now ask a question that no one would have thought to ask ten years ago, when the first art classes were being organized at the towers: "How can black children be inspired by something built by an Italian?" But the reason may be partly just that Watts defies symbols. There is still no feeling that the Watts slice of the sprawl is a neighborhood. A colossal example of a man rising above his surroundings is not much of a symbol to people who have no reason to believe that they will ever rise above their surroundings. Even purely black cultural projects face resistance in Watts. Some of the people active in establishing the cultural organizations believe them to be essential for Watts residents' sense of identity and even for their mental health. But a lot of people in Watts still think of music and painting and dance and poetry as frills that are not relevant to the lives of people who don't have enough money for groceries. The participation by neighborhood people in the art center has never been overwhelming, and when committee members ask each other where they're going wrong one of them is likely to raise the possibility that they were wrong to build an art center down the street from the towers when what the neighborhood kids really want is a roller rink and what their parents really want is a job.

The harshest view of the towers heard in Watts is that their presence is not only inappropriate but harmful—that they are merely a plaything satisfying whatever small interest white people have in Watts and detracting attention from the serious projects that could actually change the community. Charles Knox, who works in the district for Congressman Augustus Hawkins, says that the only hope for Watts is the kind of project he has been involved in—Ujima, which is somewhere between a housing project and a new town, and is designed to be self-supporting. "What plagues these kids and their families is a lack of bucks," Knox said recently. "The towers are just something to allow blue-lace ladies to come in here and feel good doing something. That's O.K. for the cultural page of the newspaper, but it doesn't have much to do with Watts. It's part of the idea that people don't do what has to be done unless it can be done around some excitement."

The same kind of criticism is sometimes heard among the committee members themselves, but they cling to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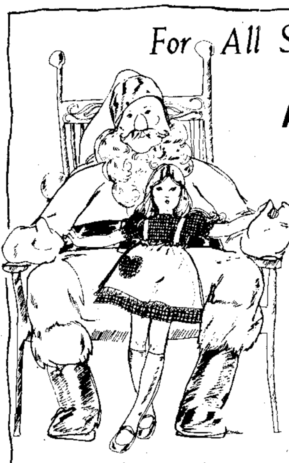
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the premise that the towers should be used to help Watts. Occasionally, of course, as they meet to try to figure out how to find money to hire a ceramics instructor or pay a light bill, someone will raise the possibility that the primary responsibility of the people who saved Sam Rodia's work of art might be to the towers rather than to the community—that perhaps the grant they should be seeking is not for art classes but for expert restoration of the mosaics that were destroyed during the years the towers were abandoned. Viewed purely in terms of art by someone who believes that Rodia created a masterpiece, there is no more reason to assume that the Watts Towers have to be used for the benefit of the people of Watts than there is to assume that the Cathedral of Chartres is a tool for raising the living standards of the local peasants. At times, committee members have spoken of the art classes as a kind of public-relations necessity to prevent the people in the neighborhood from resenting the towers or trying to exploit them for short-term financial advantage. "We are not insensitive to the bitter economic distress in Watts," the committee wrote in a grant proposal to the National Endowment for the Arts and Humanities, "but we have tried to remember that our unique role as custodians of an international art treasure is to protect and preserve that resource, for the people of the whole world."

It is even possible to see the use of the towers for Watts as a kind of betrayal of Sam Rodia as an artist. Rodia, after all, didn't make the towers *for* anything—at least, not for anything he would admit to. But, given the condition of Watts, even people on the committee who believe that an art center can have little effect see no alternative to trying to run one anyway—just as some people who may have little faith in federal programs for ghettos favor trying them anyway if the alternative is doing nothing. "It never occurred to us to ignore the community," William Cartwright, the man who rediscovered the towers when they were abandoned, said recently. "I don't think the top need of Watts is to teach a kid to paint. I'm sure it's nothing compared to getting his father a job. But if it changes his spirit a little, then it's worth something." —CALVIN TRILLIN

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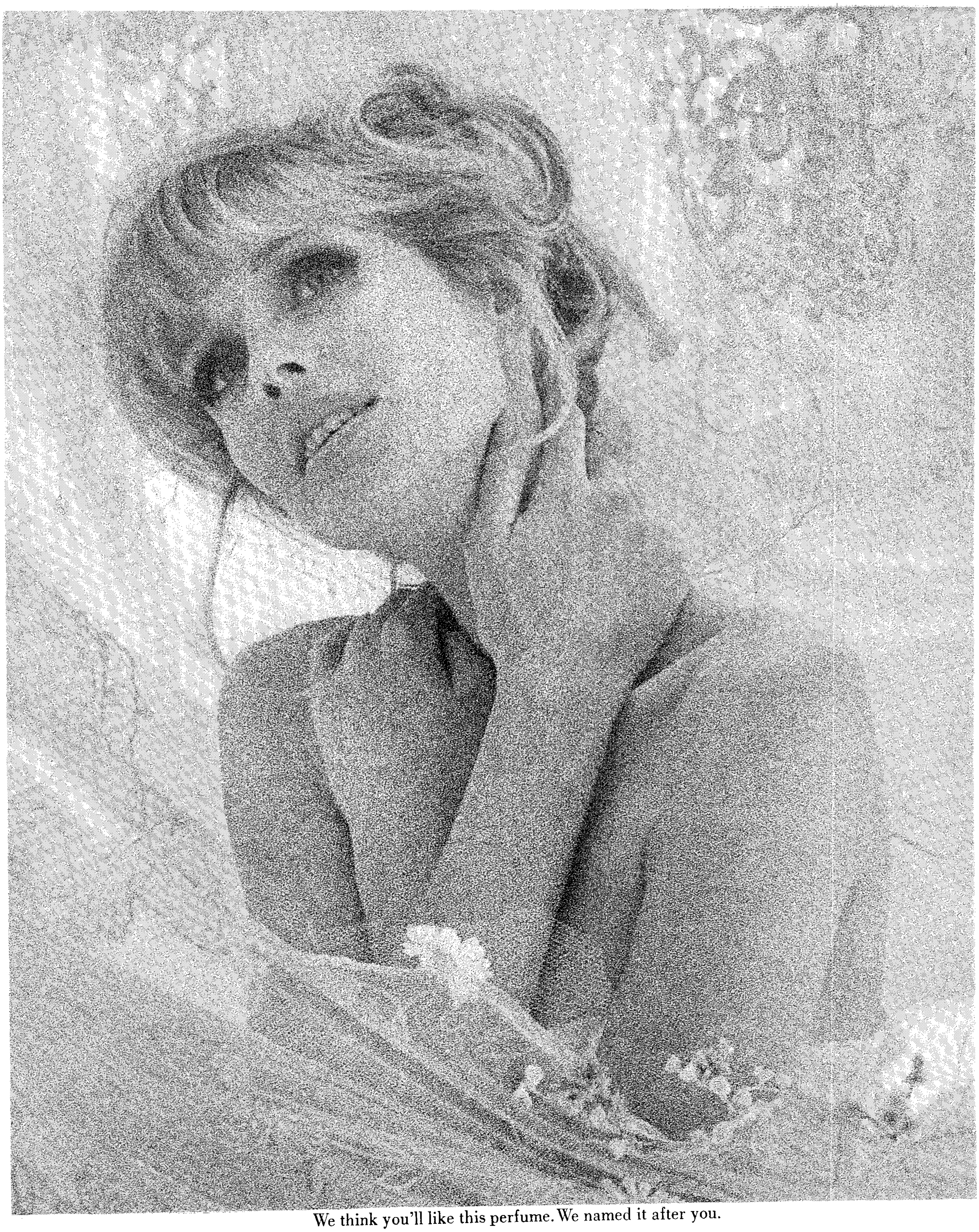

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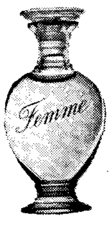

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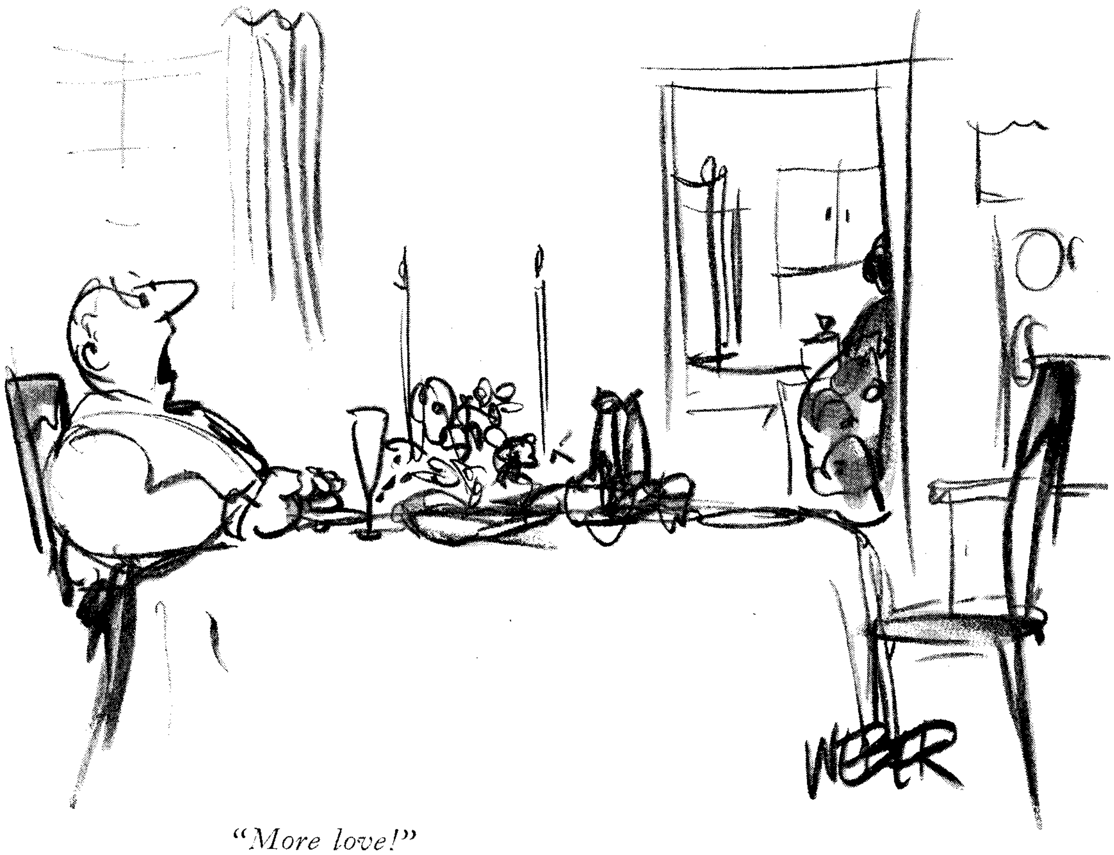
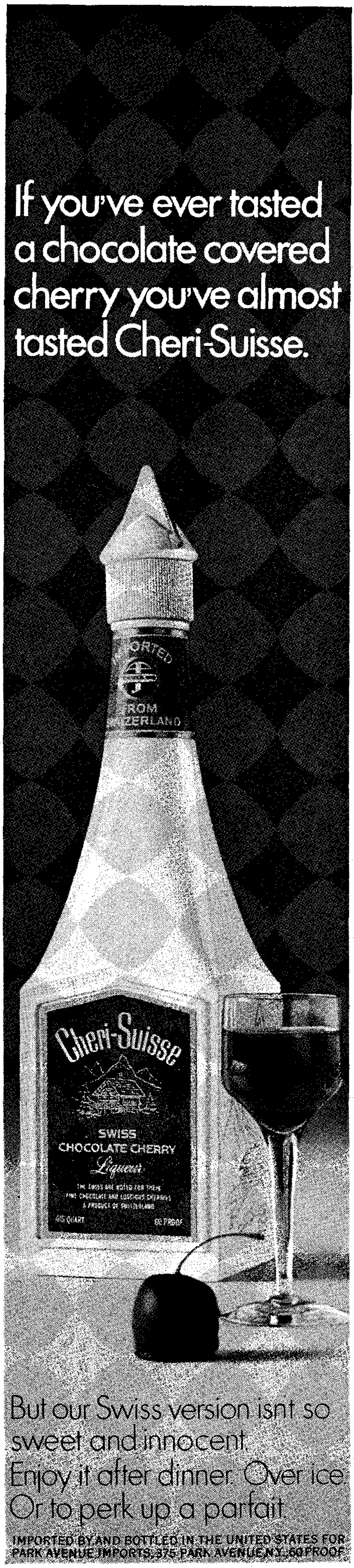
IN recent years, there has seemed to us to be a marked increase in good-looking functional objects in the shops during the Christmas season and almost a dearth of ugly futilities. Has the millennium arrived? Is Morris's dictum—"Have nothing in your houses that you do not know to be useful, or believe to be beautiful"—being practiced, perforce, by every New York householder? Is Christmas morning turning from an occasion for satire into a Good Taste Exhibition? Whatever the case, we are afraid—as we reflect upon some of the things we have seen during our annual shopping expedition for household presents—that Christmas morning will be a time of consternation for many recipients of beautiful and useful objects. What, for example, will the recipient of a beautiful and useful post-office window, flanked by mailboxes and surmounted by flags, which is for sale for $185 at Webster Hill Antiques, 302 East 50th Street, *do* with the thing? Or the family that finds under its Christmas tree the lovely hundred-pound polished-bronze propeller, priced at $450, that is currently on view at Entropy Design, 235 East 51st Street? The town is full of useful objects for which, paradoxically, there is no real use, and we caution readers who are enthusiastic (as we ourselves are) about the scientific, industrial, and vernacular forms that have come into vogue to give a little thought to the question of domestic utility before rushing out and buying lab glass for everyone on their Christmas list. Now, lab glass, as it happens, *is* of great potential household usefulness; beakers, Erlenmeyer flasks, boiling flasks, hydrocylinders, and Petri dishes easily become pitchers, vases, carafes, pasta holders, and stamp boxes when they are brought into homes, and their spare, handsome shapes seem more to the functionalist point right now than do most of the designs of official functionalists. At Entropy Design, which is subtitled "the Industrial Boutique" and devotes itself exclusively to objects of industrial, scientific, or commercial use, an elegant ruby-red decanter has been born of the union of a one-litre Erlenmeyer flask made of Ray-Sorb glass and a darkroom light bulb of exactly the same color, which happens to make a perfect stopper. The price of this felicitous present is $6.50. A two-thousand-cubic-centimetre (or two-litre) boiling flask with a long neck, for $5, would look nice with a couple of tulips in it; and a two-hundred-and-fifty-cubic-centimetre version is available for $2. The Entropy beakers, whose white numbers and lines on one side proclaim their original use but do not spoil their attractiveness, are conceivable Bloody Mary pitchers ($2.50 for a one-litre specimen and $4 in the two-litre size), and Petri dishes ($1.25 a set) can be filled with stamps or buttons. In the restaurant-ware section, we admired some large stainless-steel hanging spoons, at $3, and ladles of various useful sizes, ranging from a little gravy ladle, for $1.50, to a great big soup ladle, for $3.15. Entropy's selection of small chrome-plated structural beams, which come in L, H, I, X, and T manifestations ($15 and up), chrome-plated hob gears ($2 and up), and chrome-plated tapered drill bits ($2 and up) are no more useful around the house than the propeller—and no less attractive. Spool-shaped white or chocolate-brown ceramic electrical insulators ($1.50 and $3), on the other hand, are put to good use as candleholders, and look as if that were what they were made for. At Archer Surgical Supply, 217 East 23rd Street, a large selection of Pyrex lab glass is available to the retail public. We wish we could add that tremendous sums of money can be saved by buying here instead of at the elegant uptown stores, but actually the prices at Archer are only slightly lower than those that obtain uptown, and people who prefer Swedish angels to artificial limbs as decoration in the places where they shop would do better to buy their lab glass at Entropy Design, or at Bonniers and Bloomingdale's, who also stock it. People who *don't* care about décor or about having their purchases wrapped in newspaper will be gratified by the great variety of forms and sizes that Archer offers, and they will find things here that aren't available at the other sources cited. We have been making salad dressing in a little beaker we found at Archer (a hundred cubic centimetres, $1.05), and the task is greatly facilitated by the graduations and by our pleasure in the good looks of the object. A two-hundred-and-fifty-cubic-centimetre beaker makes a good cream or syrup pitcher, and costs $1.25. A four-litre Erlen-



"More love!"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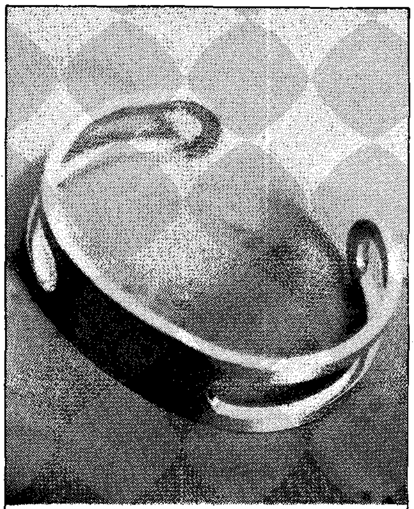
meyer costs $8 (this is an enormous vessel), and a small version (two hundred and fifty cubic centimetres) is $1.25. A foot-tall hydrocylinder is $3.25, and a heavy, lovely bell jar is $25, and heavy glass mortars and pestles are $3 and up.

A nineteenth-century dentist's cabinet is for sale at Webster Hill, and, unlike the post-office window, it is of pronounced contemporary utility and also looks like a real piece of furniture. The cabinet is made of oak and consists of five separate sections, which sit one on top of another and provide two glassed bookcases of one shelf each, eighteen narrow instrument drawers, six file-card-size file drawers, and two legal-size file drawers. There are white knob drawer pulls and none of the gingerbread that domestic oak furniture of this period usually groaned under. The piece is six feet three inches tall, three feet wide, and fifteen inches deep, and costs $350. The narrow drawers would nicely accommodate silverware, sewing things, collage materials, or maps. At Town House Antiques, 141 West 94th Street—a tiny new shop that occupies two rooms on the ground floor of a brownstone—we contemplated a nineteenth-century French-Canadian grain-storage bin of newly stripped and natural-finished pine. It is thirty-seven inches high and thirty-six inches wide, and there are two drawers at the top, below which is a sloping projection, like a cellar door, that is seventeen inches from front to back and has a hinged, lift-up lid. The interior of the bin is divided down the middle, and the proprietor (and its own rough informality) suggests that the piece be used to store logs next to a country fireplace. The price is $155. A pine piece from the Shenandoah Valley called a sugar chest has nice proportions and is made up of a bin partitioned to form two extremely unequal sections and, beneath them, a drawer that is divided in the same manner. The big storage spaces were apparently meant for brown sugar and the small ones for white sugar. The sugar chest could now be a bar or a place to keep magazines; $160. A French-Canadian pie safe of oak, fourteen inches wide, fifteen inches long, and thirteen inches deep, has four shelves and a slatted roll-front door. The words "Jacoet's Genuine French," lightly stencilled on the sides, suggest a commercial origin; $52 is the price of this comely little cabinet. At Lord & Taylor, we found an unfinished knotty-pine bench, made in Sweden a hundred years ago, with a high back and high sides, which becomes a child's bed when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the seat is lifted and the front pulled out. As a bench, the piece is forty-three and a half inches long, forty-one inches high, and twenty-one inches deep; as a bed, it fits a short child. The crudity of the piece (it hasn't been stripped, it simply was never finished) is mitigated by a plain carved molding on the back and some mild carving on the legs and arms. The price is $395.

An object much used by seventeenth-century New England householders was a hollow glass ball with a hole in the bottom, called a witch's ball. It was hung from the ceiling and functioned as a witch-spirit trap. A typewritten notice at the Lee Nordness Gallery, 236 East 75th Street, where the work of a contemporary witch's-ball maker named Fritz Dreisbach is on display, explains, "The theory is that the witch spirits are curious and they enter this hole. Once in, they are trapped—evidently witch spirits have no memory or else cannot descend." Mr. Dreisbach's witch's balls are lovely as well as functional. An eight-inch specimen called "Golden Striped Hanging Witch's Ball" is made of amber glass and is redolent, in its butterfly opalescence and its molten-looking surface, of Art Nouveau glass. An inconspicuous handwritten invocation is etched down one side: "Please enter here all ye witches." The price is $100. Richard Marquis's witch's balls, in contrast to Mr. Dreisbach's, are of no unearthly use, since they have no openings, but they are wonderful works of design. Each of these balls sits on the apex of a truncated glass cone, and where ball meets cone two small loops decorate the juncture. A large gray-green opalescent version of this design is priced at $250, and a smaller, predominantly yellow version is $200. The Lee Nordness Gallery, as you may know, is *the* place to go for the work of the avant-garde of the crafts movement, and few of the objects for sale here are functional. Today's most advanced craftsmen (especially in the field of ceramics and glass) have rendered unto Pyrex the useful things that are Pyrex's and are making objects that comment, often humorously, on the very utilitarianism they abjure. Bill Stewart's "Bopeep's Cheese Plate" is such an object. It is a white ceramic composition whose components are a girl wearing a kerchief and clutching her old-fashioned skirts, a round dinner plate decorated with a vulgar blue-flower decal border, and ten small sheep. Bopeep has a big black "B" printed on her chest and each sheep has a black number on its side. These are

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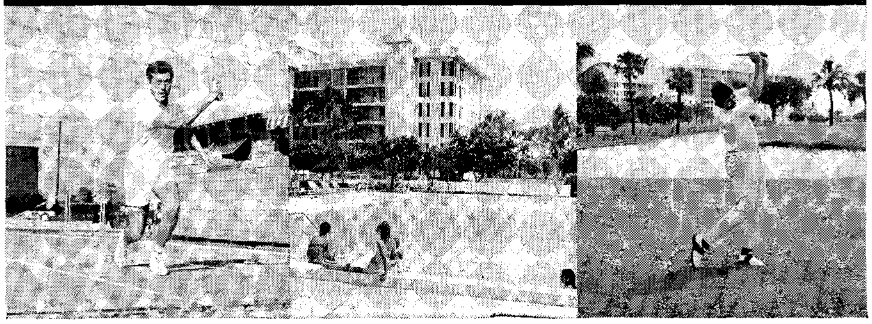

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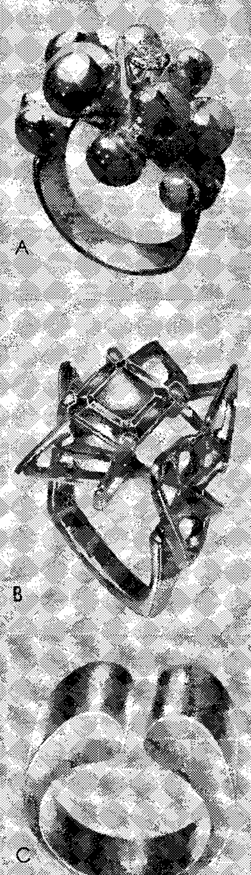

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all separate items, and there is nothing to prevent their owner from putting the plate in the cupboard, the sheep in the nursery, and Bopeep in the guest room, but what the artist intended was for the girl to stand in the middle of the plate and for the sheep to form a circle around the plate at a distance of about an inch from the rim. The price of this piece of amiable idiocy is $75. Jack Earl's white porcelain "Vase with Ideal Love Plate" looks, at first glance, like a chaste, classical Victorian urn, but then you notice something peculiar on the vase's attached base—a tiny white porcelain nude and her white porcelain dog are sitting on a patch of white porcelain grass. *This* piece of amiable idiocy, about seventeen inches high, is $250. Among the functional objects in evidence at the Nordness Gallery is an adjustable music stand, by A. C. Espenet, that is made of natural-finished cherry and is extremely well done—as well it might be, for $415. Bowls by the distinguished potter team of Otto and Gertrud Natzler are quietly beautiful and are priced from $200 and up. A set of six soup bowls, six spoons, a tureen, and a ladle, by a Hawaiian potter named Norman Mizumo, is gracefully bulbous, and its white glaze has a strange, wonderful opaline lustre such as appears on certain seashells ($200).

THERE seems to be no ceramic texture, color, or design that hasn't been anticipated by some gifted gastropod, cephalopod, or chiton, and it may be that decorative ceramic surfaces actually originated in the attempt of an early potter to imitate the surface of a shell. (The architectural influence of shells on the work of Frank Lloyd Wright is well known, and may be studied at the Guggenheim.) At the Collector's Cabinet, a new shop at 1066 Madison Avenue (80th), the incredible shapes and surfaces of over a thousand varieties of shells may be examined, and a great many of them acquired for only one or two dollars. In the world of man-made things, rarity counts for something, but in the marketplace of Nature's fabrications, where design, craftsmanship, and materials come free, rarity is everything, and thus some of the most exquisite shells (like some of the most beautiful wild flowers) are the least valued. The Cabinet is offering a collection of twenty-five good-sized, relatively common shells for $20; each of the shells is accompanied by a small card giving its name, its source, description, and its photograph, and an illustrated brochure also comes along. This collection would be a fine Christmas present, but a pres-

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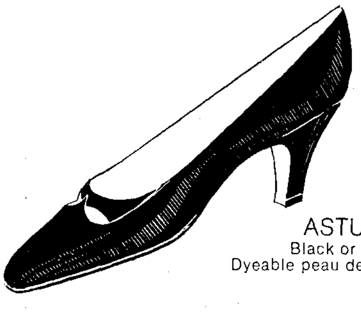

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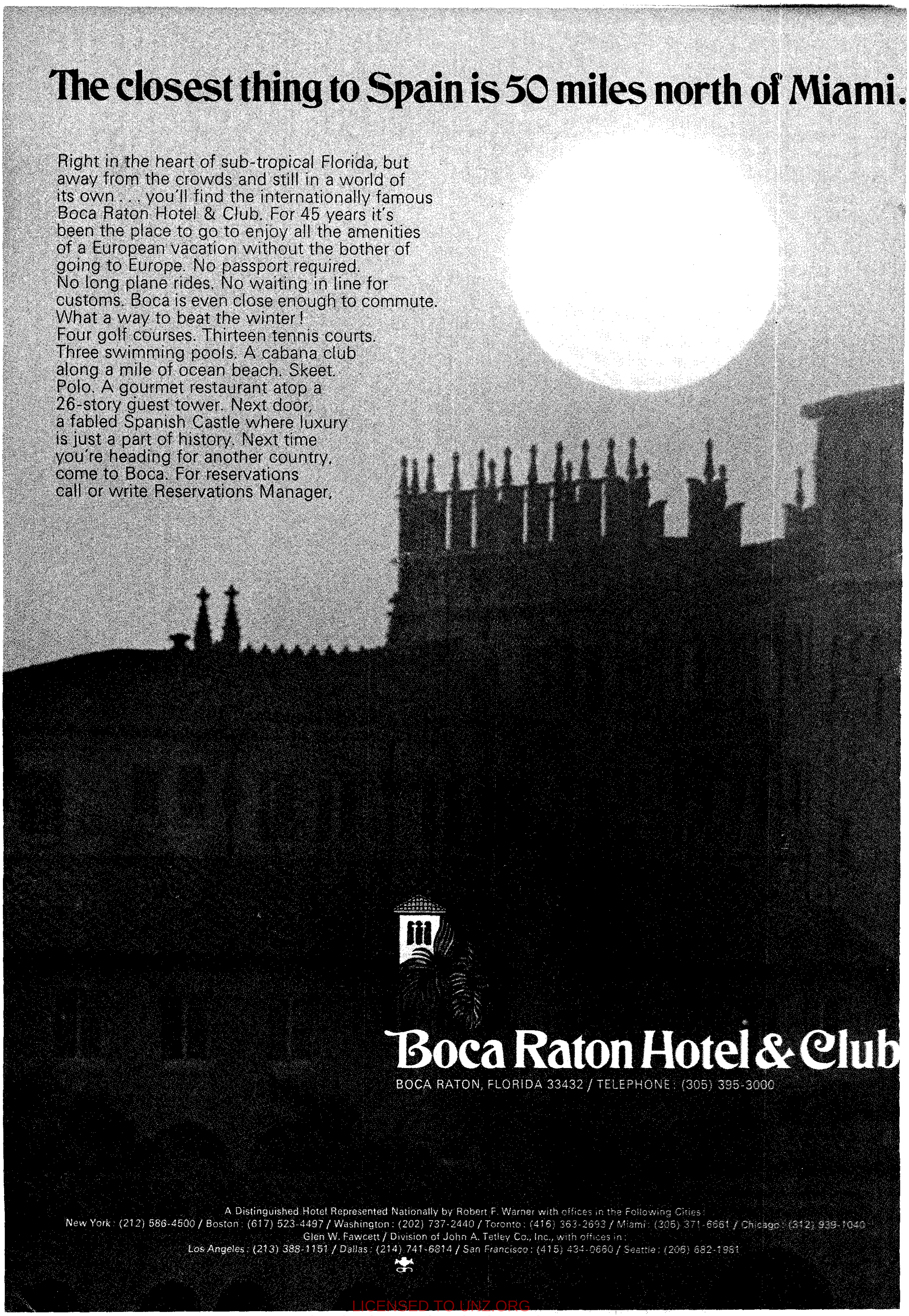

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ent we like even better (and have handsomely made to ourselves) is a selection of one's own favorite shells presented in a clear, four-inch covered plastic cube that the Cabinet has on hand for $2. The bill for our present reads:

1	Amphiperas ovum, white	$ .50
1	Polinices aurantium, gold	1.00
1	Architectonica maxima	2.00
1	Papuina pulcherrima, green	1.50
1	Cypraea, onyx	1.00
1	Conus marmoreus, black & w.	2.00
1	Terebra subulata, brown	1.50
1	Turbo stenogyrus, turquoise	.50
1	Cypraea histrio	1.00
1	striped tree snail	.35
1	box	2.00
	Total	$13.35

Some gift-worthy individual shells are the chambered nautilus ($5 for a whole one and $3.50 for a sliced half); a pearled and pagoda-cut Trochus ($7.50); orange and purple sea urchins from the English Channel ($6); and the precious wentletrap, which used to be worth thousands of dollars because of its rarity but, now that new sources have been discovered, costs only about $10. With your gift from the Collector's Cabinet you might throw in—if that's the word for a book that weighs seven pounds—a copy of "The Shell, Five Hundred Million Years of Inspired Design," by Hugh and Marguerite Stix and R. Tucker Abbott (Abrams, $25), whose color and black-and-white photographs by H. Landshoff simply take the breath away. The Landshoff photographs confirm our feeling that shells look best displayed in clear containers or all by themselves, rather than mounted on the stylish crescent metal holders that came on the market a few years ago and were designed, oddly enough, by Marguerite Stix herself.

At Limited Editions, 253 East 72nd Street, the Victorian approach to shells may be admired (or deplored) in the form of boxes and standing picture frames profusely encrusted with a variety of small seashells. The boxes have painted interiors, and the prices are $95, for one ten inches long, six inches wide, and ten inches deep, and $150, for an eight-by-twelve-inch box, fourteen inches deep. The standing frames are $45 (eight-by-ten) and $65 (eleven-by-fourteen). These bizarrely pretty objects are for the delectation of collectors of Victoriana rather than for the lover of shells. They reflect the exuberant, arrogant attitude of the Victorians toward Nature, which we are painfully unlearning today. (Since few species of shells are in danger of extinction, and none of them are present in the Limited Editions pieces, no practical ecological opprobrium attaches to these

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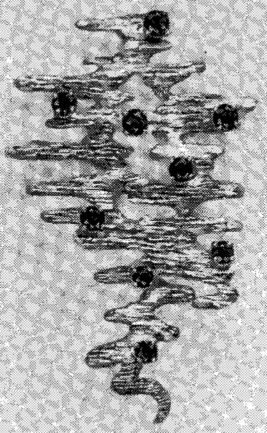

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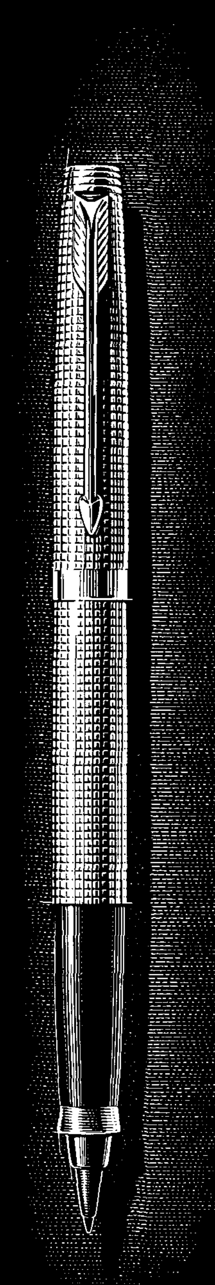

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boxes and frames.) Today's more abashed attitude toward Nature is exemplified by Limited Editions' clear Lucite rectangle in which a solitary emerald-green tree snail from New Guinea is serenely embedded. Here, too, Nature is being "used" for an aesthetic effect, but it is one that seems more in accordance with today's spirit of conservation as well as with the functionalist aesthetic. The tree-snail rectangle is four inches tall, two inches wide, and an inch and a half deep, and costs $12.50. Contrived along the same lines and offered at the same price are three tiny pink strawberry shells in a horizontal arrangement, and a rectangle in which a single turreted shell is displayed. Shells represent only one of a tremendous variety of things for sale at Limited Editions, which is one of the most attractive and peculiar shops in the city. Asked to characterize his merchandise, one of the proprietors gestured helplessly and finally said that he looks "for anything that's semi-unusual." Among the items that claimed our whole attention at Limited Editions was a white wickerlike pagoda-shaped lamp, made entirely of popsicle sticks by a lady in Connecticut ($85); a quintessential Art Deco painted bronze sculpture of a flapper and a borzoi who are both looking into the middle distance and are seated on a stepped marble-and-onyx base ($185); an enormous plaster bust of Marie Antoinette that came from the set of the film of "The Loved One" ($350); some dolorous paper calla lilies that have an odd, dusty elegance ($1 each); and a very well-designed Italian folding chair, called the Plia chair, with a chromium-steel frame and a seat and backrest of translucent plastic in a choice of blue, yellow, rose, smoke, and clear; $45.

A life-size tinted marble nude on view at the Shepherd Gallery, 21 East 84th Street, was made in 1901 by Jean Léon Gérôme and is entitled "Jeunesse des Boules." We dutifully call the attention of our readers to this semi-unusual Christmas present, but we rather hope the Jeunesse's price ($15,000) will discourage everyone from buying her. She is one of the city's pleasanter sights, in her place in the corner window on the parlor floor, where she stands looking over her shoulder at the passersby looking at her behind. The nude holds a ball behind her arched back and there is a chilly little smile on her tinted face. At her feet loll leering Roman masks, two with balls in their mouths, and the base is a velvet-covered stand that can be rotated.

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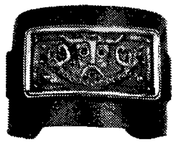

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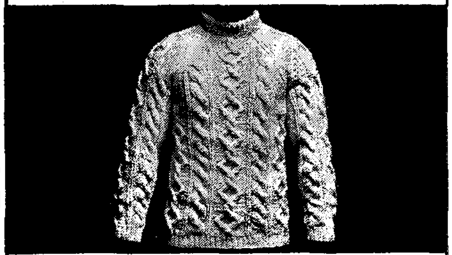

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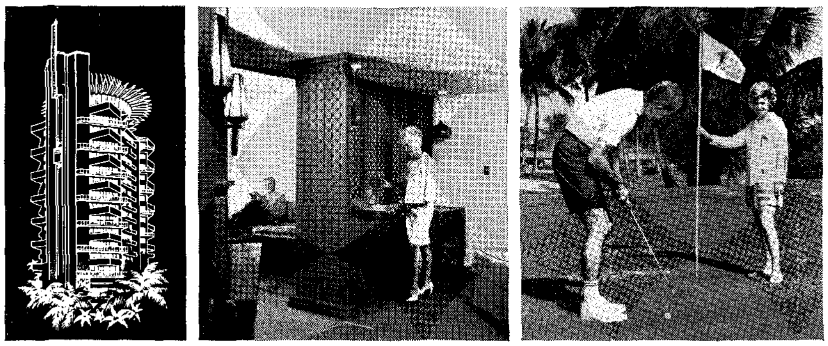
Avenue, at No. 1088, a new shop called the Macklowe Gallery specializes in art glass and itself looks like a shop of the early nineteen-hundreds—especially when the customers happen to be women dressed in shawls and long dresses. The plain glass cases, the stark white walls, the several pieces of Art Nouveau furniture all contribute to the atmosphere of a Whistler painting that the shop exudes. All the important art-glass masters are represented—Gallé, Daum, Muller, Tiffany, Quezal, Durand, and so on—and choice specimens of Rookwood pottery are also offered. Prices are high—in the hundreds and thousands. At the time of our visit, the window piece was a Gallé table lamp whose base is a convention of three white porcelain nymphs languidly raising their arms to support a shade that is shaped like an upside-down pudding basin and is made of delicate apricot-colored glass decorated with shadowy green foliage. This lovely, eerie, absurd lamp is $875.

LET'S turn to a lasagna pan now (speaking of Art Nouveau). The Pottery Barn, at 231 Tenth Avenue (23rd), 227 East 60th Street, and 49 Greenwich Avenue (east of Seventh), has designated for this purpose a colorful enamelled pan that is sixteen inches long, ten inches wide, and two and a half inches deep, and has stainless-steel wire handles. The colors are blue, orange, or pale green, and the price is $6.95. The Pottery Barn's set of four mixing bowls from England, made of off-white glazed earthenware, have rims like those on flowerpots and range from a little bowl to stir up a couple of eggs in to a big cake-dough mixing bowl; $6.95. An interesting long-handled wooden spoon whose big, deep bowl has a dozen or so small perforations is called an Olive Spoon and is the very implement with which they fish ripe olives out of vats in fragrant Greek groceries. The handle is thirteen inches long, the bowl is three and a half inches across, and the price is $1.95. The Barn's orange-juice squeezer, which comes from Italy and has a look of elegant compactness, consists of a stainless-steel reamer with perforations at its base, sitting atop a matching, double-lipped porringer, five and a half inches in diameter; $7.50. A big glass jar, like those from which they used to extract jujubes and licorice in old-fashioned candy stores, makes a good kitchen canister. Its metal-capped opening faces the dispenser rather than the ceiling, and its price is $4.50. An ironstone service made by the Mikasa



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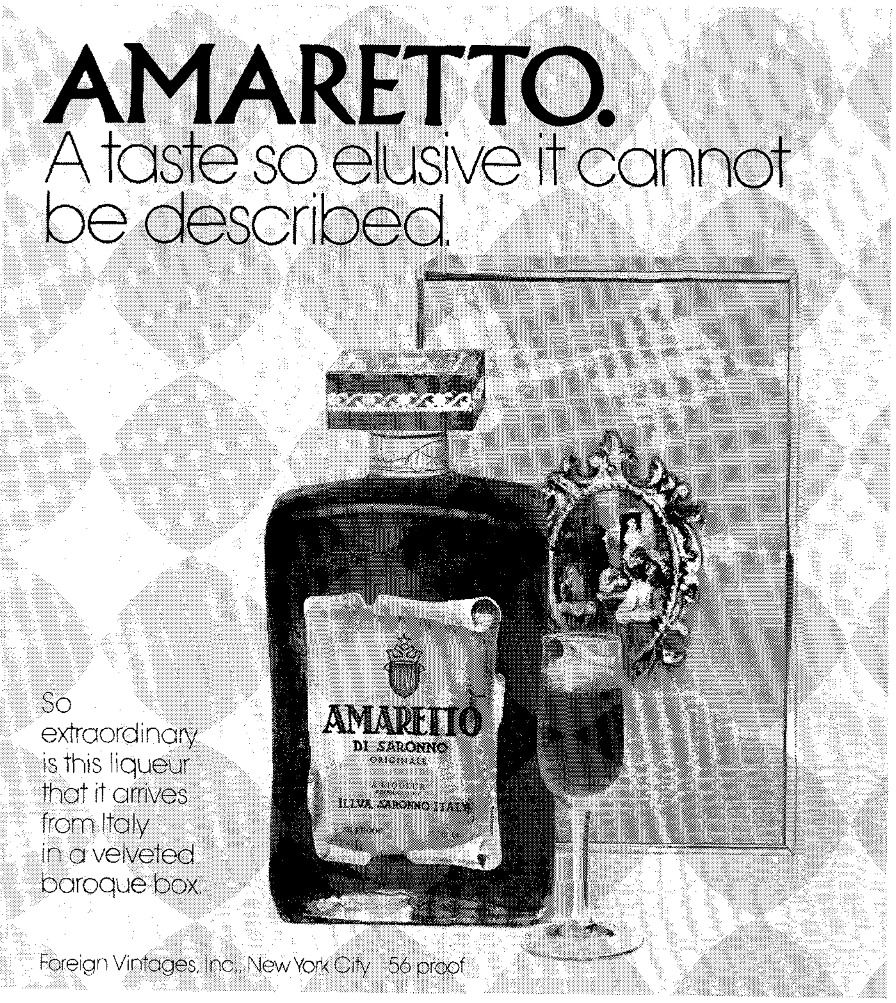
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Company and called Cordon Bleu has a fresh, clean, Scandinavian aspect and a reasonable price tag; the Barn asks $8.55 for a five-piece place setting. The pieces, which are simply shaped, have a gray-white glaze and are decorated with thin blue lines that encircle the plates at their edges and near their centers and the cups and bowls at their rims. A round platter, thirteen inches in diameter, costs $7.20, an open vegetable dish, fifteen inches in diameter, costs $6.75, a handleless creamer is $2.15, and a covered sugar bowl is $4.95.

AN extremely nice new kitchen shop called Let Em Eat, at 335 East 9th Street, leaves serious cooking equipment to the town's (no longer scarce) serious sources, and concentrates on things—both antique and contemporary—that contribute to the appearance of kitchens and dining rooms. That many of the things at Let Em Eat are useful as well as handsome seems almost incidental, in the way that, contrariwise, the loveliness of a wrench is not the hardware store's chief reason for selling it (yet). Blue-and-white plates depicting George or Martha Washington, which used to belong to a grandmother of one of the proprietors and were made by the Wedgwood Company on a commission from the Daughters of the American Revolution, are $15 each and a delectable sight on the wall. Some outsize potholders (eight by ten inches) have botanical prints on one side redolent of those in Gerard's Herbal. Like the plates, they are something one would rather hang than use; $2. A blue-enamelled tin pitcher from Italy with a most felicitous rounded shape is white on the inside and holds almost two quarts; $4. English yellowware canisters with cork stoppers range from $2 to $7 apiece, and a graduated set of four costs $17.50. A comely round white porcelain casserole from France has a mildly raised design, graceful side handles, and a knob on the lid; $11. Shallow white porcelain soup bowls from Singapore are decorated with a wonderful blue fish, done in broad, free brushstrokes. Like the Mikasa china, these bowls have a more Scandinavian aspect than the Made-in-Japan gestalt that our description may suggest. There are $3 and $4 sizes. Tablecloths of African cotton are printed with concise abstract yet folk-art-like designs in such color combinations as dark blue, bright red, and dark brown on white; they would be a pleasant sight on a table out-of-doors. The cloths measure forty-eight by six-

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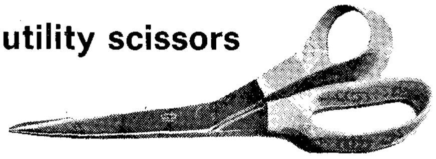

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ty-four inches, and cost $8. A plump old white ironstone soup tureen is $25. Minuscule ivory-colored plastic devices called honey wands sell for a dollar apiece and are designed to keep honey from dripping all over everything on its way from jar to bread. This is done by means of little discs that form a sort of thistle head at the tip of the wand, to which the honey adheres. (The honey wand is also available at West Town House, 260 West 86th Street.)

Bloomingdale's Au Gourmet department, on the sixth floor, has recovered from its malaise of recent years and is once again one of our most imaginatively stocked stores-within-stores. A squat glass jar with a wide neck, a cork stopper, and a rattan handle over the top makes one of the prettiest ice buckets we have ever seen. It is seven inches high and six and a half inches in bottom diameter, and the price is $10. A canister set of four very functional-looking graduated tin cylinders marked with big black stencil lettering (saying "Coffee," "Tea," "Flour," and "Sugar") would look right in a country or a countrified city kitchen; $7 for the set. A set of yellow, orange, or white hard-plastic dishes from Italy, designed by Massimo Vignelli and packaged in a box called Max 1, is composed of six dinner plates, six salad plates, six soup bowls, two serving bowls with covers, a covered casserole, and a tray on which everything fits in a stack. The plates are smaller replicas of the round, rimmed tray, and all the pieces have a lot of style. (The set has made the Museum of Modern Art's design collection.) The price is $45, and other sources are Altman's, D/R International, and Bonniers. Bloomingdale's glazed earthenware bowls and tureens from England, designed by Martin Hunt, of the Royal College of Art, have a pleasingly artless, hand-glazed aspect; the milky-white slip is applied so as to leave a suggestion of the buff-colored pottery beneath. The tureen is $15, a big, high-sided bowl is $10, a shallow bowl is $9, and small bowls are $2.50. Fifty paper placemats in a tear-off pad called "Eat and Learn Educational Place Mats" teach the diner what "plate," "fork," "knife," "spoon," "salt," "pepper," and "glass" are in English, French, German, and Spanish. This would be a fitting present for a family who don't learn so good, since they will learn the same thing day after day. Each placemat has outline pictures of the various components of a place setting, and each object is accompanied by a list of four words, such as

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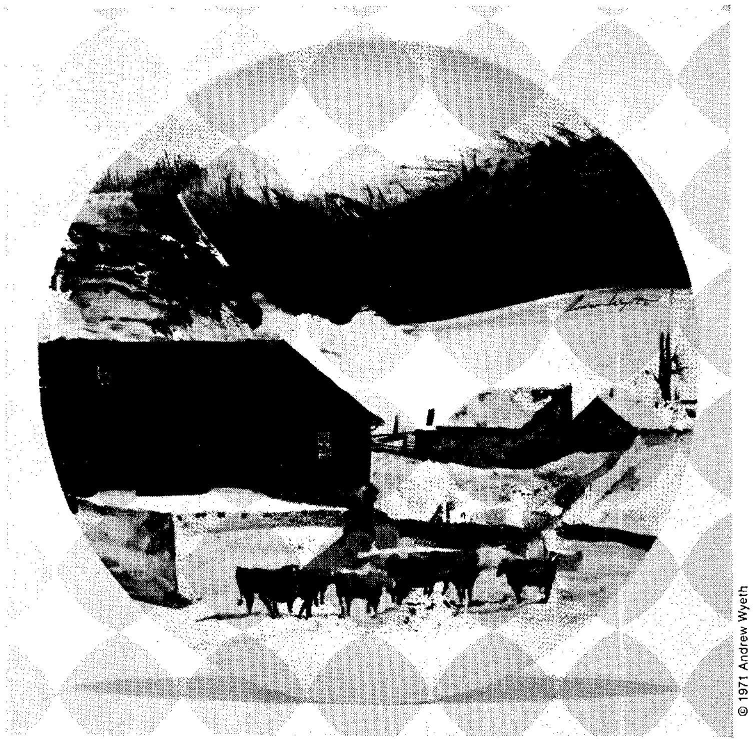

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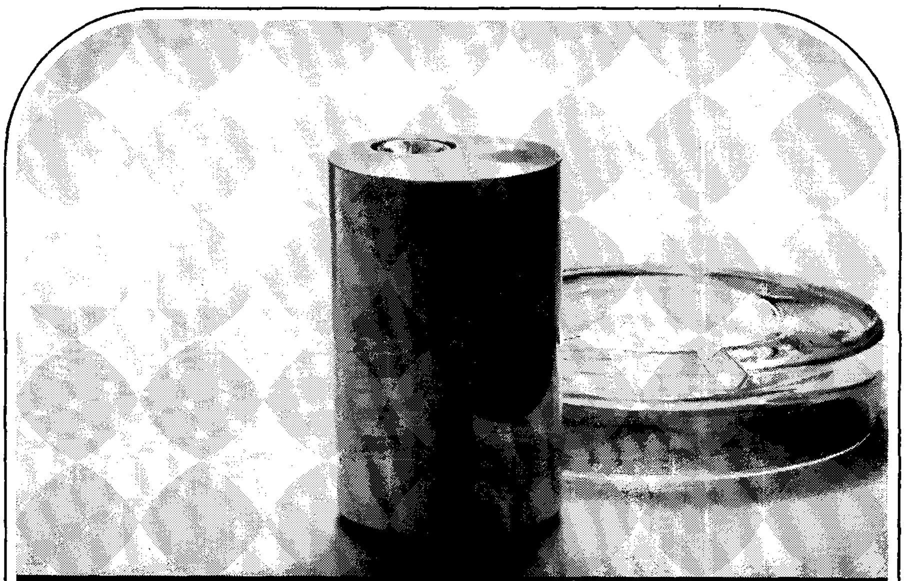

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"Plate, Assiette, Teller, Plato." The mats are very attractive, and come in orange or green on brown paper; price $4.50. A hollow glass rolling pin sixteen inches long with a small cork-stoppered opening at one end, so that it can be filled with ice water, might fetch the pastry-maker who has everything else; $8.

ANTIQUE glass rolling pins decorated with hearts and flowers and sentimental messages are on view at the James II shop, upstairs at James Robinson, 12 East 57th Street. The rolling pins were made in mid-nineteenth-century Bristol glasshouses, and the decorations were done by sailors during voyages, for the perusal of mothers and sweethearts. The prices range from $45 to $110. A handsome rosewood box at James II has a slot and a keyhole in its top and the words "Letters for the Post" printed on a mother-of-pearl plaque that appears over a glass window on one of the long sides. The box probably sat in the front hall of a Regency house and received the letters of the household. It is nine inches long, six inches wide, and five and a half inches high, and costs $250.

A sobering social document is on view at S. Wyler, Inc., 713 Madison Avenue (63rd). It is an ornate oval breadbasket made of pierced silver with a handle over the top, and it has a center partition inscribed on either side with the words "NEW" and "STALE." The basket was made in 1761—for the purpose, we presume, of putting governesses and tutors and other lowly types who dined with the family in their lowly place. The price is $2,200. A more egalitarian bipartite serving dish, at Hammacher Schlemmer—a vivid-blue glass bowl (eight and a half inches in diameter) equipped with an unmarked center partition—might please a couple who like different brands of canned peas; $12.50. A glazed white earthenware strawberry server at Hammacher is decorated with big red strawberries and green leaves and takes the form of a basket with a scalloped edge and a handle over the top. Little niches on either side of the handle harbor a creamer and a pear-shaped sugar shaker; $20 for this nice, feminine present. An unusual and elegant all-glass cheese server has a dome that fits into the rim of a receptacle shaped like a dog dish. The piece is eight inches high and seven and a half inches in diameter, and it comes in smoked or amber glass; $12.50.

A new arrival at Tiffany—Spode's reproduction of a cozy blue-and-white

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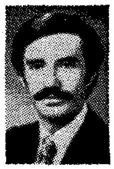

John C. Bruno

nineteenth-century pattern called Blue Italian—depicts a pastoral scene on a riverbank near a ruin and is bordered with lush old-fashioned flowers. A five-piece place setting costs $11.95, a milk pitcher of a low, comfortable shape is $10, a capacious square butter dish with a cover is $15, a gravy boat with an attached underplate is $20, and a jam pot is $9. A simple, graceful vase with a blue flower pattern on a bluish-white background is reminiscent of Delft but is actually Italian earthenware. The vase has a rounded body and a neck that widens at the top; it measures six and a half inches, and costs $8.50. Tiffany has added some pieces to the Caughley service it introduced last year. This glazed earthenware has a mottled surface produced by the sponges with which the glaze is applied, and it represents a very successful imitation of Early American spongeware. The colors are yellow, blue, or green on white, and they have a rich vibrancy, while the shapes have a stolid, hand-formed look. An oval casserole of a size to accommodate a small fowl (the cover can be used as a serving dish) costs $19; a big salad bowl is $22 and a small one is $10; mugs are $4 each; and a baby's set of a cup, a bowl, and a plate is $10.

ARTICLES with titles like "One Thousand and One Last-Minute Gifts *You* Can Make Out of Granola and Cancelled Checks" appear in the home journals at this time of year. Our contribution to this genre—a proposal that readers make decorative pillows for their friends—is admittedly dull in comparison. The receiver of such a present will not exclaim over the giver's "inventiveness" or her "way with glue." But neither, we trust, will he throw it out the next day. This is a golden age of fabrics—prints have never been more abundant and various and beautiful—and it is odd that so many people have taken to needlepoint and crewelwork just at the time when there is the least real need for it. At Sona, 11 East 55th Street, there are hand-blocked Indian cotton prints of a beauty and subtlety that surpass just about anything one could achieve with needlepoint. The prints are delicate floral and geometric designs, the colors are interesting and muted, and the effect is a quietly rich one. A yard of fabric thirty-six inches wide is only $2.50, and a yard of forty-five-inch-wide fabric costs $3. While at Sona, you may be seduced from your virtuous intention of thrift by the sight of the Chakla embroideries, about a yard square, that

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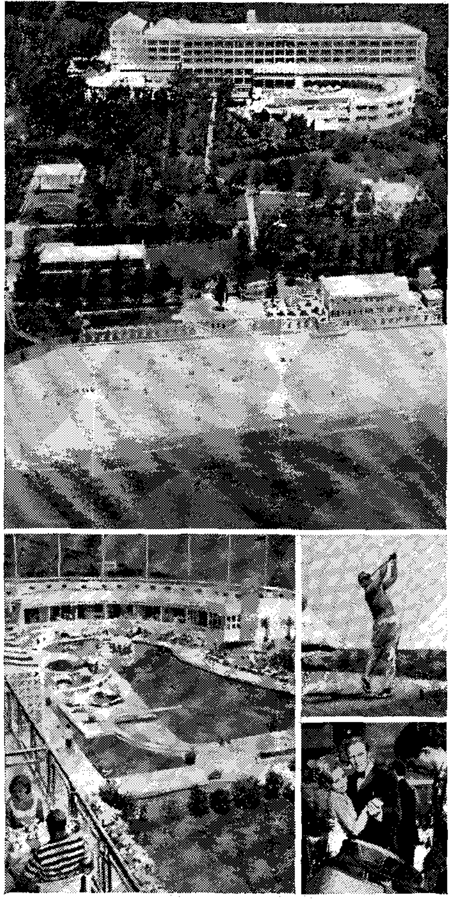

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Sona has mounted on wooden stretchers and sells for around $36 apiece. Like the quilts that were on view at the Whitney this summer, these embroideries become wonderful works of abstract design when they are hung on the wall. They have a look of glowing, Oriental opulence (magenta, yellow, and green predominate, and bits of mirror appear in many of the embroideries), and the patterns have great strength and complexity. Considering the incredible amount of work that each hanging represents, the prices are not high. Another bargain from India is represented by the durrie rugs at D/R International, which are handwoven of a stiffy, heavy cotton fibre (known as durrie); a forty-four-by-eighty-one-inch rug costs $15. The rugs have solid-color stripes alternating with geometrically patterned stripes, and they come in bi-, tri-, and multicolor combinations. (Magenta, orange, and green is one of the most colorful possibilities, and more muted combinations include olive green, yellow, and white, and just yellow and white.) These rugs are more elegant than ethnic-looking. But we digress from our subject, which, you'll recall, is homemade pillows. D/R's deservedly famous Marimekko cottons, printed with vivid abstract designs, are $8.50 a fifty-six-inch yard. D/R tells us that three fifteen-inch-square pillow covers can be got out of one yard of fabric. We also learned that D/R thoughtfully provides home pillow-makers with uncovered pillows stuffed with chicken feathers, for $2.50 each. These are the same pillows that D/R uses in the covered, zippered pillows it sells for $8.50 each. (A home-covered pillow from D/R comes to $5.33⅓, exclusive of thread and zipper, according to our calculations.) In Macy's overwhelming fabric department, we found some cozy calicoes ($1.49 to $1.69 a forty-five-inch yard) and thought of the nice sight that pillows thus covered would be strewn around a country house. In the bedding department at Gimbels, we found some uncovered pillows that, like the D/R pillows, are of the right size and have the right feel for sofa pillows. (Foam-rubber pillows seem to us to have the wrong feel.) The Gimbels pillows are filled with goose down, they measure twelve inches by sixteen, they are covered with a light-blue fabric, and they cost $3.50 each. We have a recommendation to make to pillow-coverers who are daunted by the grim job of putting in a zipper: Don't put one in. When the pillow cover needs to be cleaned or washed, a side can

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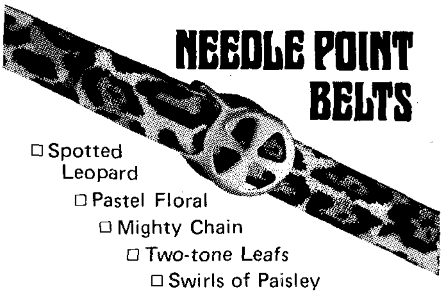

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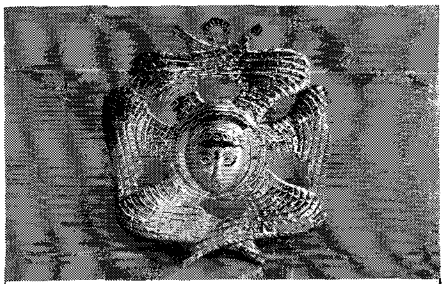

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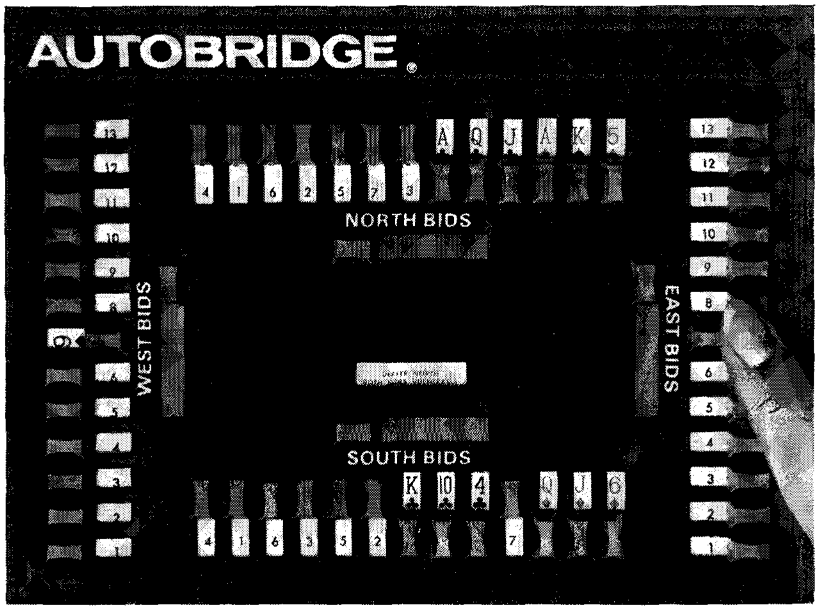
more easily be ripped out and resewn than a zipper can be neatly put in.

Some store-bought pillows that will surely not bore the receiver (or interest the thrifty) are for sale at a new second-story shop called the Pillowry, 929 Madison Avenue (74th). The proprietors have had the commendable idea of taking antique Oriental carpets that are worn beyond restoration and making pillow covers out of the good pieces that tend to remain in all such relics. They use both pile and flat-weave kilim carpets, and the results are magnificent. Sofa cushions come in various shapes and sizes (including hexagons, thin rectangles, and circles), these being dictated by the patterns in the rug remnants, and they are priced from $30 to $75. Big floor cushions are from $80 to $195. Pillows made from pile carpeting have velvet backs of a matching color, and pillows made from kilim rugs are backed with linen. The pillows are very nicely made (by an upholsterer) and are without zippers, to discourage people from sending them to the cleaners, for the shop owners believe that hand-sponging is the only way to treat Oriental carpeting.

Yet another excellent buy from India appears in the namda rugs at Claude Le Tourneau, 1226 Second Avenue (64th), which are made of a fuzzy feltlike material and are decorated with charming multicolored crewelwork representations of animals, trees, flowers, and people. The pictures look like a folk artist's version of the illustrations in the Babar books, and the rugs would delight children, both for the pictures and for their soft, comfortable feel. No two are alike, but they are all three feet square or round, and cost $18 and $15, respectively. At the Lighthouse Craftshop, 111 East 59th Street, there are some likable scatter rugs (eighteen inches by thirty-four) called Hit or Miss rugs, which are made in the following interesting manner: short strips of cotton rag of various colors are sewn together with no particular system, to make a strip long enough to be woven; the result after weaving is a patternless rug that has the effect of a bright-colored tweed. These rugs seem a bit garish now, but they are bound to fade after a few washings, and eventually they will look like the antique rag rugs they are modelled upon; $3.75 at the Craftshop and $4.25 by mail order. The brightly striped string hammocks from the Yucatán that are for sale at Hammock Master, 351 Bleecker Street (near 10th), are so comfortable that we are not disposed to quibble about their



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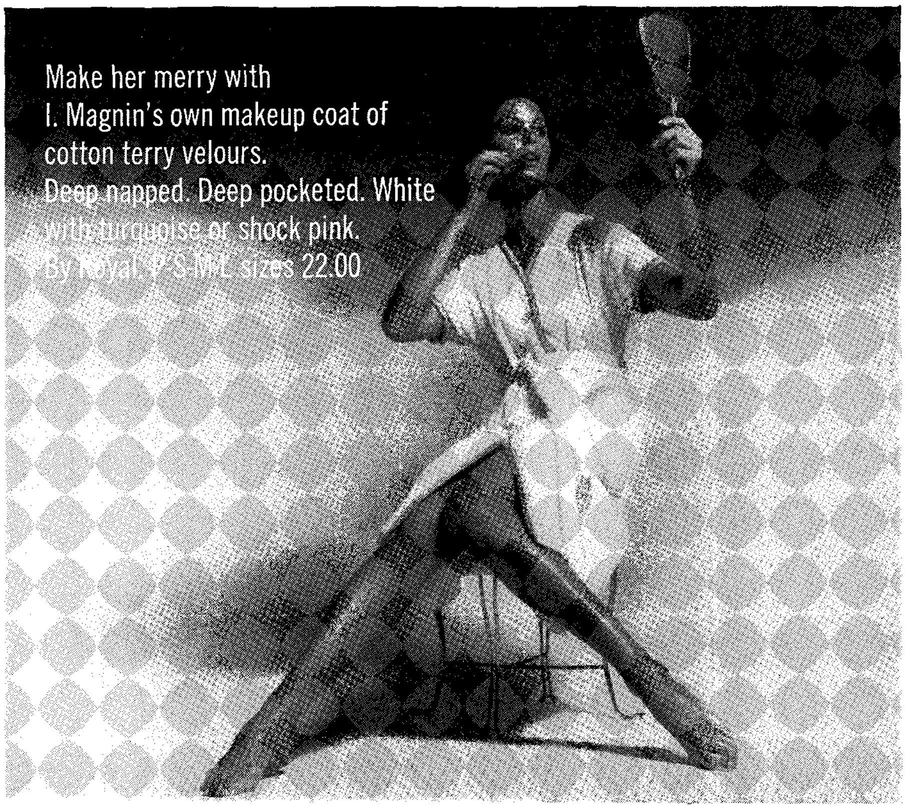
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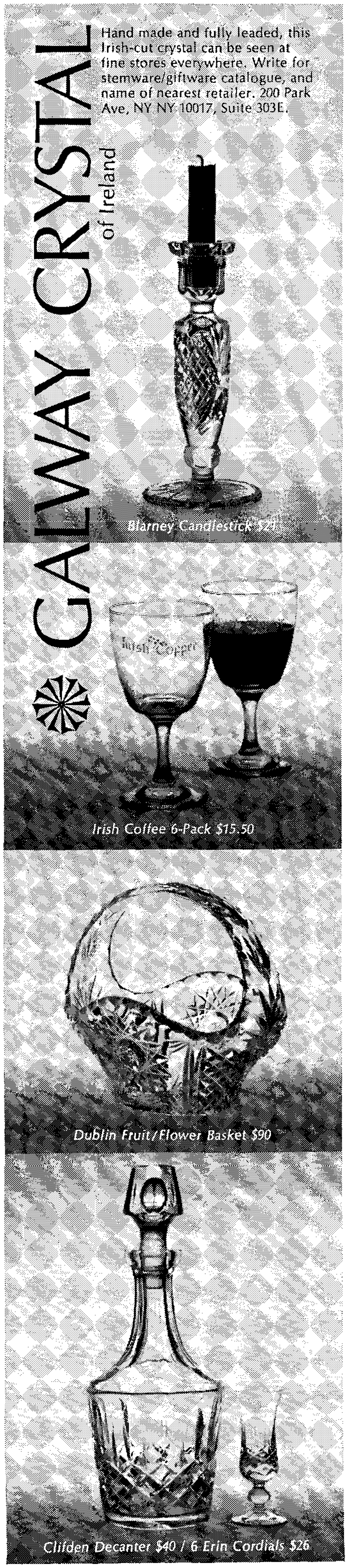
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vibrancy or whether they'll match the petunias. The young man who was minding the store when we arrived said that he would like to put us in the hammock that is stretched across the width of the tiny shop, and what he did was put us in crosswise. He explained that this is the right way to lie in these hammocks, and went on to say that they were hand-loomed and that there are more than three miles of string in each. A single hammock costs $30, a small hammock (for a child or a light adult) is $15, a double hammock (in which two people can lie) is $60, and there is even a hammock for a doll, dog, or cat, for $4. Each hammock comes with two lengths of rope and two hooks; a typical color combination is turquoise, magenta, and yellow.

At the Metropolitan Museum of Art, there is a particularly felicitous small framed picture for sale in the printshop—a reproduction of a color engraving by an unknown nineteenth-century American artist of a calico cat named Kitty, which the Museum introduced a few years ago as a Christmas card. It now sits within a distinguished gold-leaf frame, five and a half by six inches, and looks like a proper work of art. The price is $7.50.

"The Life, History and Magic of the Cat," by Fernand Méry (Grosset & Dunlap, $9.95), entirely differs from the boring and sentimental cat books that cat-fanciers politely receive from well-meaning friends at Christmastime and then drown as soon as they decently can. The text of this book is intelligent and informative, and the illustrations are first-rate photographs of cats, reproductions of works of art in which cats figure, and pictures of famous people who love or loved cats. A photograph of Harold Wilson, his wife, and two grown sons all beaming fatuously at a blur in the foreground identified in the text as the family Siamese, named Nemo, reminded us of something, and as we continued to leaf through the book we sheepishly realized what it was: the fatuous expression on our own face as we gazed at one photograph after another of cats and kittens looking *adorable*. There are also photographs of cats looking elegant, fierce, pitiful, pensive, wise, good, evil, and crazy, and there are color reproductions of paintings and of details from paintings that, like "Kitty," belong to art rather than to zoophilia. The text includes chapters on the origin of the cat, the cult of the cat, the cat in art, music, and literature, the science of the cat, the breeds of

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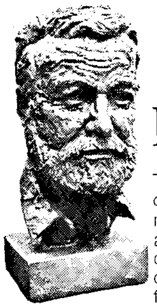
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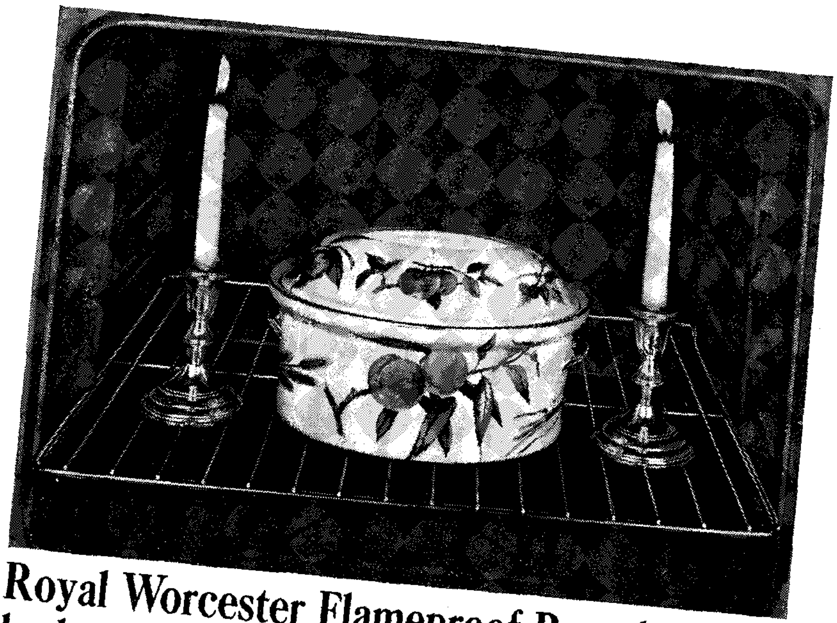
cats, friends and enemies of the cat, and the town and the country cat. In the last chapter, M. Méry writes with bitterness about the people who abandon their cats when they go away on vacation. "The reasoning, if such a word can be applied, seems to be that many people feel the cost of kennelling to be too high, especially when they probably paid nothing for the cat in the first place." We share M. Méry's distress about this situation and his hope that legislation may help to alleviate it.

In the case of houseplants left to a neighbor's mercy when the owners go away on vacation, our sympathy is all with the neighbor. Watering other people's plants is about as gratifying as taking guff from someone else's child, and the wonder is that any plants survive these importunate arrangements—not that some don't. Julian Stone, a former schoolteacher who is now the owner of a greenhouse in Brooklyn, proposes to remedy this state of affairs with a boarding service for houseplants. He will come and pick up the plants, as long as they are in Brooklyn or Manhattan, and bring them back for a seven-dollar delivery fee, and boarding rates begin at eighty-five cents a week, for a plant in a six-inch pot, and rise to $1.75 a week, for a plant in a twelve-inch pot. (For big palms that take up a lot of space in the greenhouse, $2.50 a week and up is charged.) Mr. Stone will also undertake to re-pot plants that need it, for $5 plus the cost of a new pot. If a plant dies while under his care, Mr. Stone will replace it or pay for it if something he did or didn't do caused the plant's demise. If, however, a plant dies the way plants sometimes just do for no apparent reason, then no reparation is made. We have not visited Mr. Stone's greenhouse, but two of our houseplants have, and they came back from their two-week test expedition in flourishing condition. Mr. Stone's telephone numbers are 648-1282 and 338-8740, and a gift of his services can be arranged for either winter or summer vacationers.

THE natural habitat of antique shops is old brownstones and tenements, and as the old buildings come down the number of antique shops in New York is being seriously diminished. To reverse this unhappy trend, an Antiques Center of America has been established at 415 East 53rd Street, harboring a hundred and ten antique shops within twenty thousand square feet of ground-floor space, and reminding one of the old indoor markets, except that instead of stalls there are



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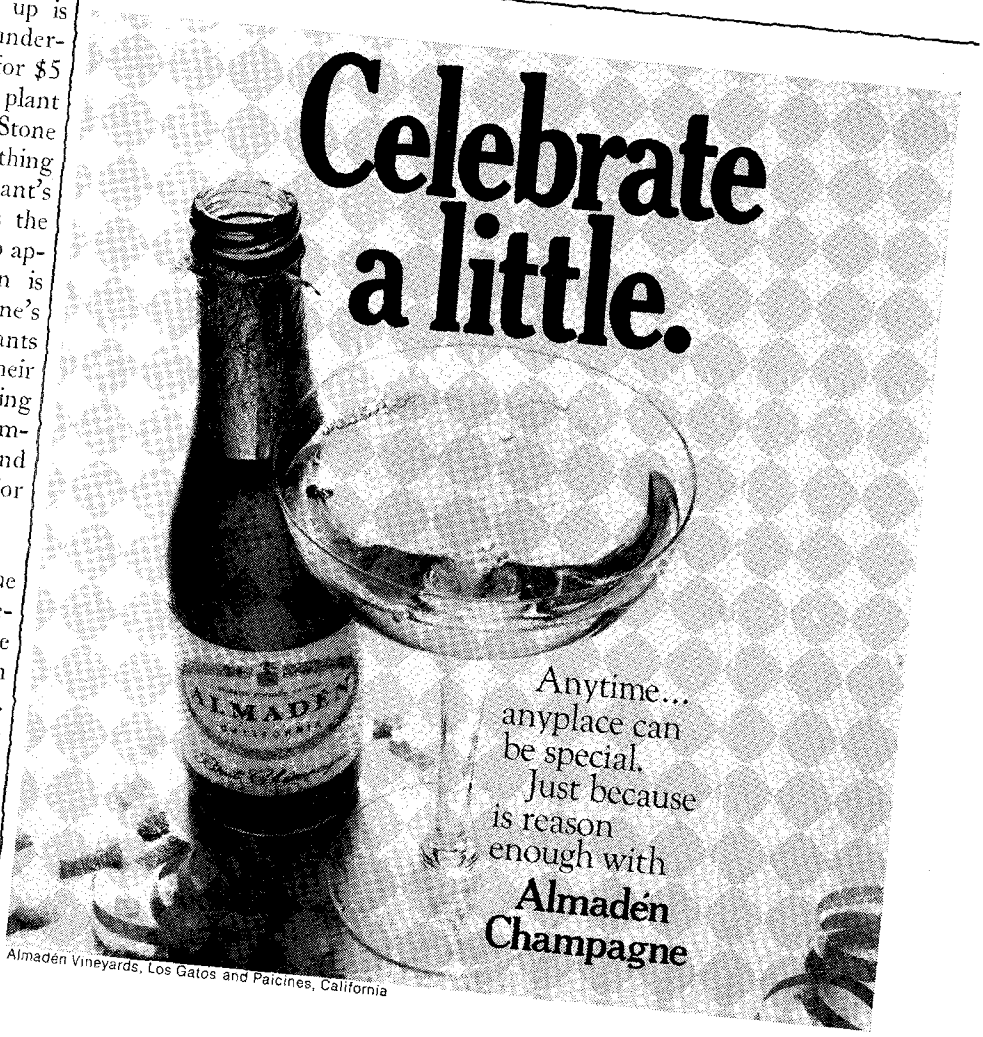
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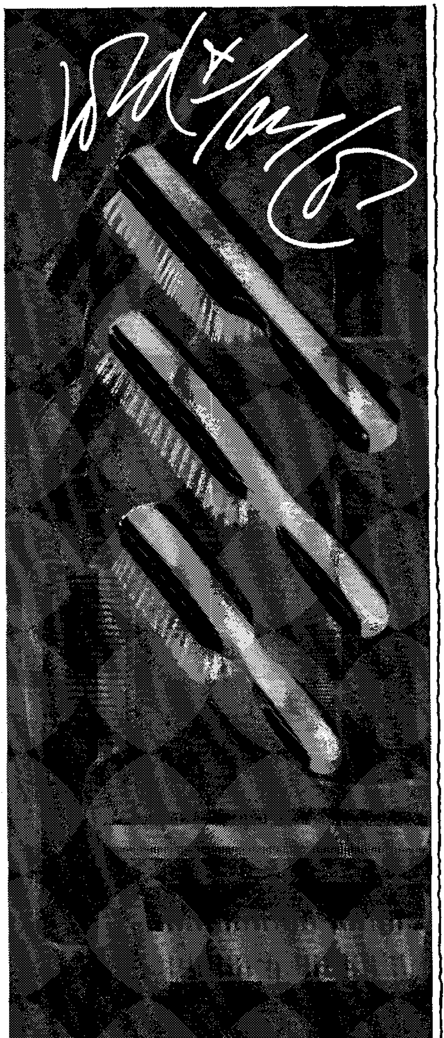

Our colorful brushes from Italy have natural bristles, come in bright stripes of red-white-blue, orange-red-white or green-navy-white-blue. Regular, 10.00; slim, 7.50; purse size, 6.00 (Combs and mirrors come in assorted shapes and colors). Street Floor, all Lord & Taylor stores.

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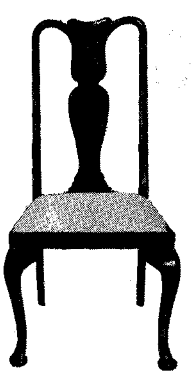
elegant little booths built along the walls and down the center of the expanse, and instead of frowzy immigrant housewives the customers are stylish East Side chatelaines. Every imaginable kind of antique can be found here, and while some of the shops have only rare and costly items, others offer a miscellany of inexpensive objects. One could easily and happily do all one's Christmas shopping at the Antiques Center. The dealers seem less grumpy here than dealers do in regular antique shops (where they are isolated and fearful of holdups). The spirit of camaraderie and community that exists among the tenants of the Antiques Center communicates itself to the shopper, and the open arrangement of the place gives him the sense of being in an infinity of treasures rather than in one of the small traps that antique shops all too often feel like.

Allan and Alma Daniel's solution to the hazards of shopkeeping in New York is to have no shop. They use the Early American antiques that they purvey as furniture and decoration for their own apartment, on Central Park West, and cheerfully sell it out from under themselves. The Daniel apartment may be seen by appointment only (the telephone number is 799-0825), and most of the things for sale are of a quality and price that most people cannot afford, though there are some noteworthy exceptions. Not one of the exceptions is a delightful Noah's Ark with two hundred and thirty passengers, including the Noah family members, all of which were carved out of wood and painted by a nineteenth-century folk artist. The ark is a house that seems much too small for all that creation. The tiny figures are finely detailed, and in most cases the pairs are sexually differentiated. The Daniels will part with this rarity, including a lighted display case for it (and wrap each figure in colored tissue paper), for $900. Less costly items at the Daniels' are some stoneware jugs with handsome blue scribble decorations ($22), and a nest of four round spice boxes painted brown ($75), which, though nice, are without the perfection of fit and finish that Shaker boxes of this type are known for.

Also entirely lacking in this quality, curiously, is a hanging Shaker cabinet for sale at John Gordon, 313 West 57th Street, for $180. Mr. Gordon, who is an authority on American folk art, pointed out with what seemed almost like relish that not everything the Shakers made was distinguished, and went on to admonish us about what he calls "the Shaker cult." He



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feels that the Shaker accomplishment has been overestimated—that it is but "a drop in the bucket" of the large body of folk art produced in this country between the Colonial period and the Civil War. The greatest piece of Shaker furniture is "nothing," Mr. Gordon says, compared to a work of cabinetry that solves problems of true complexity. Mr. Gordon's view differs from our own frequently expressed one of admiration for the Shakers' art, and we mean to slug it out with him after the season of good will is over. Now let's return to the cabinet that started Mr. Gordon off—it is eighteen inches wide, twenty-three inches high, and six inches deep, and has typical flat Shaker panelling on the door, a simple molding on top, and a pleasingly worn coat of Shaker red grained paint. Its rough interior has three shelves full of little books that belonged to a previous (non-Shaker) owner. (The Shakers probably used the piece as a spice cabinet.) The books, which are included in the price, are nineteenth-century works with titles like "Pearls for Little Ones, Designed to Teach Young Children to Think," "The Gospel Lever Applied to the Overturning of Romanism in Six Discourses," by the Rev. E. Nangle, A.B., and "Psyche and Other Poems," by Mrs. Henry Tighe. An early-nineteenth-century redware plate, fourteen and a half inches in diameter, is decorated with lovely flowing calligraphy in pale-green slip which spells out the words "Adeline Sweet." The price is $1,250. A rare eighteenth-century chandelier with four S-shaped iron arms that extend from a mildly conical center post of tin costs $1,750.

The costliness of Early American chandeliers comes from the fact that the number of people who could afford candles in those days was about the same as the number of people who can afford to buy Early American chandeliers today. Fortunately, a source of excellent reproductions of Early American lighting fixtures exists. The sconces and chandeliers for sale at Authentic Designs, 139 East 61st Street, are based on museum pieces and are made by hand from materials and with techniques that closely resemble the materials and techniques employed in their originals. (The Metropolitan Museum, the Boston Museum, the Art Institute of Chicago, the Winterthur Collection, the Shaker Village in Hancock, and the Rhode Island School of Design are some of the sources.) The differences between the Authentic Designs fixtures and really authentic ones have to do chiefly with the modifica-

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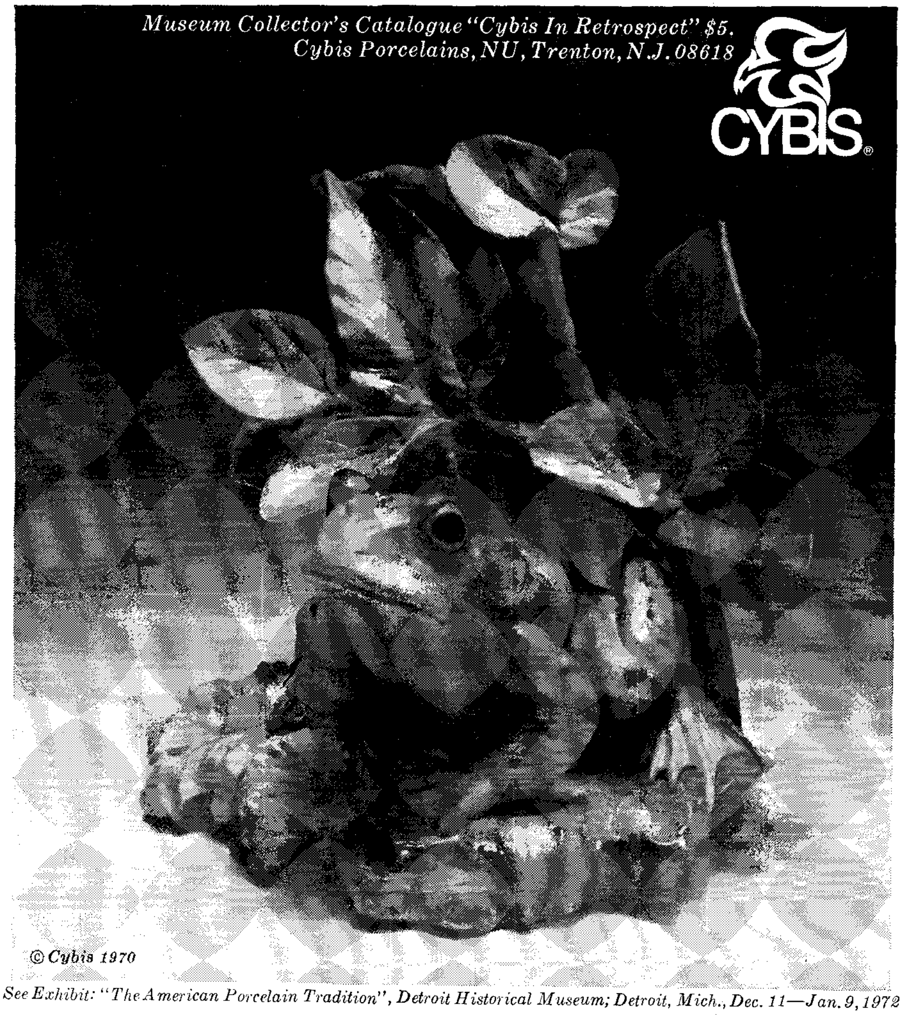
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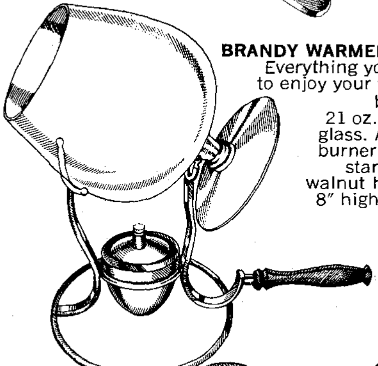

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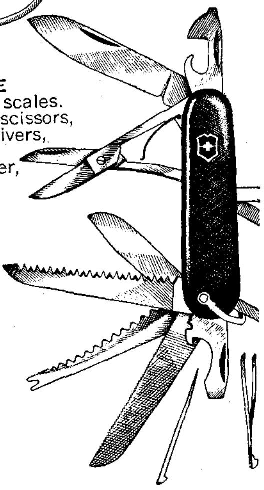

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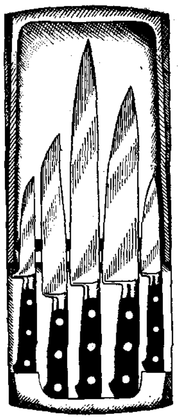

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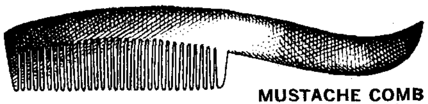

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tions necessary when a lamp is wired for electricity, and all the Authentic Designs fixtures are electrified—unless the customer wishes them not to be, in which case he gets a fifteen-percent discount. The owner of the shop showed us an eighteenth-century chandelier from Pennsylvania for which he had paid $2,700, and his copy of it, which he was selling for $265. A turned-wood post painted black and red and twelve graceful S-shaped metal arms presented themselves in both cases, and only a slight alteration in the turning at the bottom of the copy showed that the pieces weren't identical. The bright, fresh colors of the Pennsylvania original answered our silent question about the veracity of the numerous colored chandeliers that hang from the ceiling at Authentic Designs. There are also all-metal chandeliers whose posts are brass plated with pewter, which takes on an antique finish in no time. The prices of the chandeliers range from $60 to $500, most being between $150 and $200, and sconces cost from $20 to $125. A sconce of arresting simplicity—it is just a triangle with a candleholder in front of it—is based on a Shaker sconce at Hancock and (*pace* Mr. Gordon) is a great work of design. It is made of pewter-plated brass, and costs $35. A chandelier with a cylindrical brass-and-pewter center post to which a ball is attached at either end has eight graceful brass arms, and costs $185. The fixtures are sold with "candles" that are paper tubes, which yellow nicely and into which flame-shaped light bulbs fit. Everything is made to order, and orders are filled within two weeks.

Appealing inexpensive adaptations of Early American redware pie plates are for sale in the Williamsburg shop at Altman's. The plates are decorated with yellow marbled patterns—no two are alike—and the backs and rims are left unglazed, as they were in the original ware. A plate ten and a half inches in diameter is $5, and a seven-inch version is $3. Antique redware is usually blackened around the edges, and the raw look at the edges of the Altman examples can be eliminated by baking things in the plates. A stubby stoneware preserve jar, five inches tall and three and three-quarters inches in diameter, is another welcome new addition to the Williamsburg collection. It is decorated with a few simple blue flowers, a blue "X" under each handle, and some sgraffito designs, and the price is $5. Altman's plastic glassware from Israel, on the fifth floor, is well designed and pleasant to grasp. Four blunt, short-stemmed goblets

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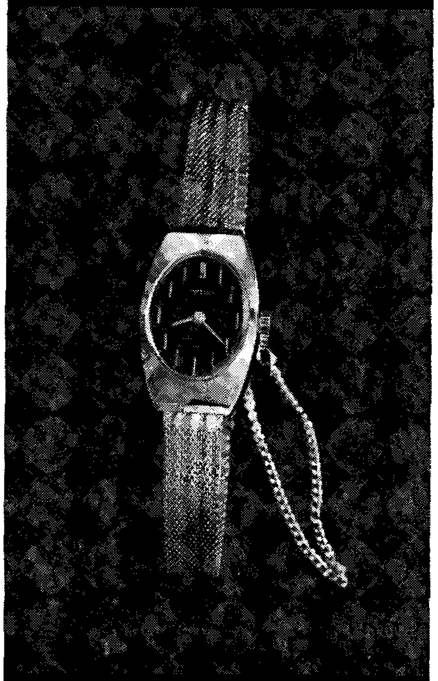

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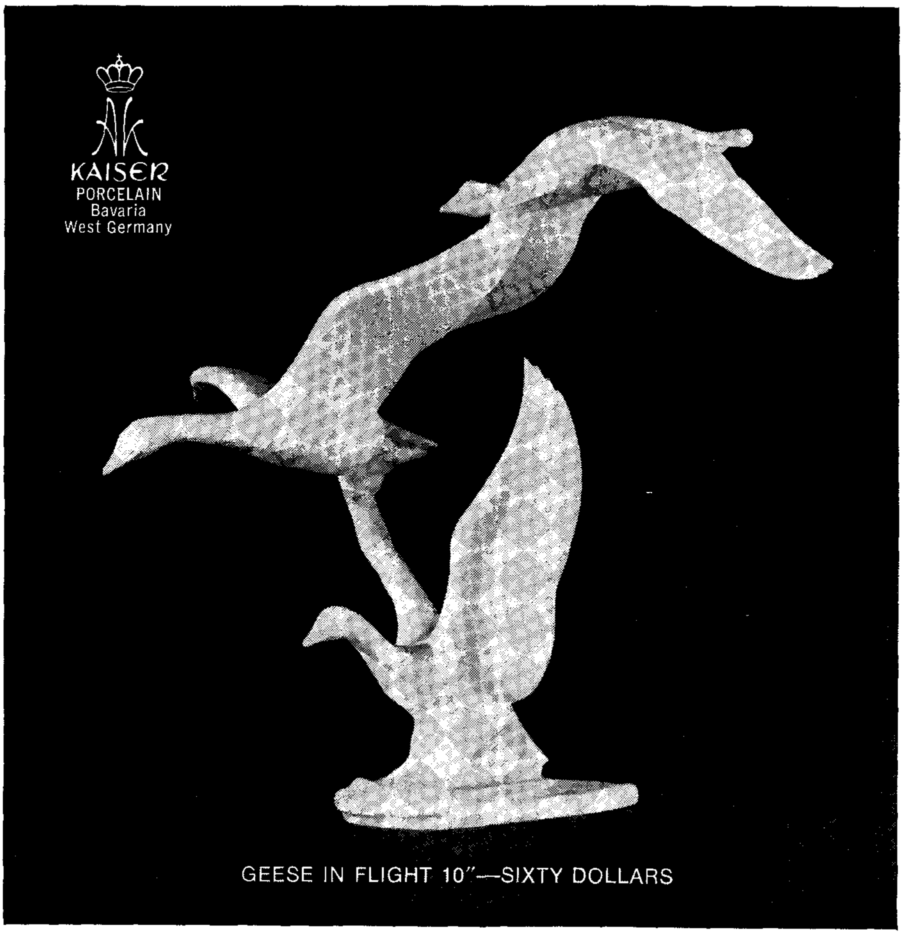
are $8.50, and eight stubby, sort of T-shaped highball and old-fashioned glasses are $7.50. Colors are smoke, green, and amber. At The Phoenix, 793 Lexington Avenue (61st), goblets, highball glasses, small bowls, and small pitchers made of hand-blown, characterful Mexican glass are sold for $1.25 each. The glass has a slight green tinge, and there is muddy-yellow coloration at the rims of the pieces. Bonniers has some plain, clear-glass tumblers of an odd, pleasing shape. The glasses attenuate slightly around the middle and splay out mildly at the top and bottom. They are $2. The Arthur Goblet at D/R has seams down the sides to show its machine fabrication, and it is made of the most ordinary glass; $1. It is one of those classics of mass production (like the bentwood chair or bluejeans) whose truthfulness informs it with something almost like elegance. Baccarat's new "melon bowls" are heavy and lovely. Their bulging, fluted sides are designed to give the bowls the look of Cranshaw-melon halves. A bowl seven and a half inches in diameter is $45, and a nine-and-a-half-inch specimen is $60; a six-inch oval coupe in the same pattern is $40.

At Lord & Taylor, we saw some towels utterly unlike any towels we had ever encountered before. They are printed with elongated, streaked beige-rose-green-and-white clouds floating on a pale-blue background, and they have a mysterious Surrealistic quality. They are members of a collection that Bill Blass, the clothes designer, has done for the Springmaid company. (There are also bed linens available in the Blass patterns.) Another, more conventional pattern is a brown- or blue-and-white tweed that has something of the appearance of the spongeware we mentioned earlier. The Blass towels have a soft side and a thirsty side, and cost $4.50 for a bath towel, $2.30 for a hand towel, and ninety cents for a washcloth.

AT Florence Goldman, 995 Second Avenue (52nd), a choice collection of old samplers is on display. Most are English, and they range in price from $75 to $250. At $235, there is a delicately faded work made in 1824 by a fourteen-year-old named Ann Lakin, which is stitched with baskets of flowers and this earnest admonition:

Let Virtue prove your never fading bloom
For mental beauties will survive the
  tomb.

Frances Fisher (age unknown) advises: "Study virtuous actions, and en-



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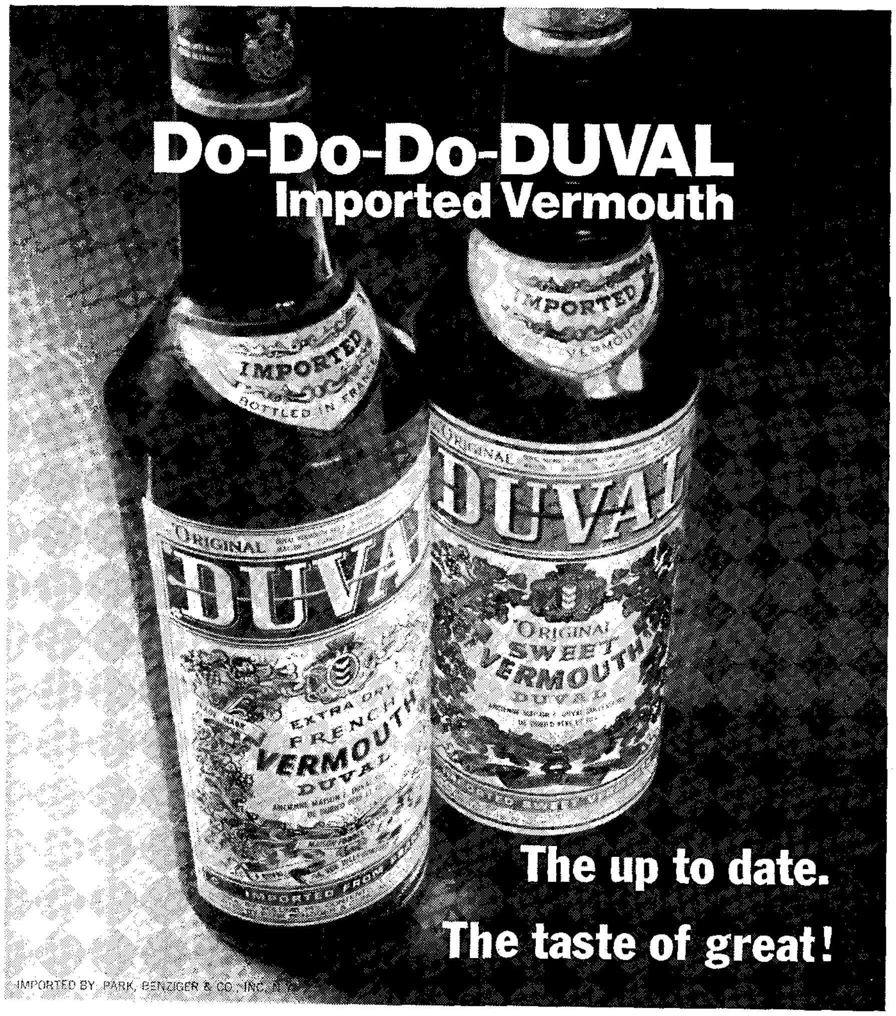

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Through Sterling Associates, Lewis creates hand-blown glass chandeliers and fountains as well. Sterling Associates also represents other major contemporary artists who create tapestries and one-of-a-kind desks, tables, and chairs.

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deavor to be always exercised therein, so shall you acquire such a habit of well-doing as not to be easily induced to do evil." Her sampler was made in 1845, and costs $165. A three-dollar-and-fifty-cent paperback entitled "Samplers and Tapestry Embroideries," by Marcus Huish (a Dover reprint of a book that first was published in 1900), might be an addition to (or a substitute for) a gift of a sampler. There are a hundred and one illustrations (a few in color, most in black and white) of samplers dated from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth. Among them are three gloomy embroideries executed by the Brontë sisters, which, Mr. Huish observes, "show a strange lack of ornament and a monotony of color (they are worked in black silk on rough canvas) which deprive them of all attractiveness in themselves." He adds, "But when it is remembered who made them, and their surroundings, these appear singularly befitting and characteristic." Color Plate XII shows one of the most exquisite samplers we have ever seen—a delicate oval wreath of flowers and fruits that surrounds a bird and the usual edifying message—made by a child who was only seven. But there is something depressing, too, in the thought of small children creating careful little masterpieces. The shiftless lives that children lead today seem more befitting and characteristic.

While our children flop around the house, our inventors are not idle. Scarcely a year goes by that doesn't bring a patent for some ingenious and novel solution to a problem that is itself something new under the sun. This year's entry is the Slush Mug. The problem that this contrivance both invents and solves is the vexatious one of how to turn soft drinks into slush. The solution lies in a double-walled cylinder of white plastic that has some secret chemical between the walls and is activated by being stored in the freezer for ten or twelve hours. Cold soda is poured into the cylinder, and, after a few minutes of stirring, the liquid turns into lovely, icy slush. The Slush Mug comes equipped with a colored plastic holder, and most department stores have it. The name of the maker is Glacier Ware; the price is $2.98.

•

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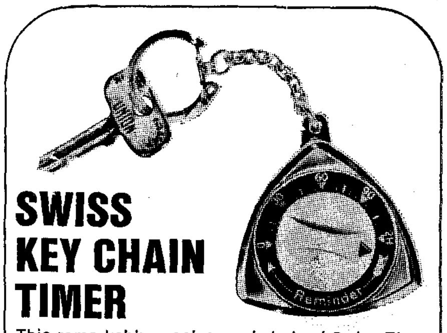

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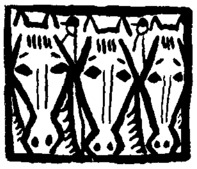
THE RACE TRACK

Over the Fences

IF we'd had a few jumping races this season as thrilling as the recent Colonial Cup at Camden, South Carolina, I wonder if steeplechasing would have been relegated to what amounts to oblivion hereabouts. Of course, there weren't enough jumping horses around to have many races. What's more to the point, the New York Racing Association wasn't likely to put up hundred-thousand-dollar purses for them, as Camden did.



I caught the Colonial on TV, and wished I could have seen it in the flesh, instead of between races at Aqueduct, for it was as exciting to watch as anything on the flat all year. Fifteen jumpers went all out from start to finish of the two miles six and a half furlongs, and at the end Inkslinger won by a neck from Soothsayer, with Top Bid, the winner of the Cup last year, coming in third, eight lengths behind them and three lengths ahead of Shadow Brook, the favorite. For most of the way over the Springdale Course, the horses—except for Tingle Creek, who led by lengths into the stretch—were closely bunched, clearing the seventeen fences in fine style. Inkslinger and Soothsayer were always well placed, and went to the last fence shoulder to shoulder. Here the latter bobbled on landing, and it probably cost him the victory. It was Ladies' Day at Camden: Inkslinger is owned by Mrs. Martha Jenny; Soothsayer by Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott, on whose estate the race was run; Top Bid by Mrs. Ogden Phipps; and Shadow Brook by Mrs. Stephen Clark, Jr. Inkslinger, a four-year-old bay gelding by Bronze Babu out of Laurel Wreath, won six of his seven starts over hurdles at three; in the last one—a portent, perhaps—he beat Soothsayer. That was in a race just before the first running of the Colonial Cup, last year.

It was a pleasure to listen to the broadcast by Michael O'Hehir, who does the racing for Dublin's Radio Eire. He never missed a horse. A financial note: The off-track betting shops around town handled $151,354 on the race.

FOR most of the season, Red Reality has raced on the grass. One day last month, Mack Miller, who trains him for the Cragwood Stable, put him in the Queens County Handicap on the main track at Aqueduct, and he won it comfortably. So Miller sent him out for the Stuyvesant Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday, and he won again, coming up in the last few strides to beat Silver Mallet by a nose. Luckily for him, he escaped a spill on the backstretch in which three horses fell: Flight Topic's legs went from under him, and Peace Corps and Twin Time crashed into him. Luckily, too, their riders escaped unscathed except for shakings up and bruises. By the way, Tinajero, to the disappointment of his Puerto Rico following, was withdrawn from the race. He's going to Santa Anita.

THE merry men who bet on jockeys—particularly on Pincay's mounts—got their turkey money the day before Thanksgiving. He rode five winners, including those in the daily double, which paid $101.20. Next day, he didn't have one in five tries. On Thanksgiving Day, attendance dropped to less than twenty-two thousand—the lowest for a holiday since the N.Y.R.A. took over Aqueduct. It was no day to go racing; post time was 11 A.M., and the weather was so cold and windy, with flurries of snow and rain, that even many of the hardy regulars I know skipped it.

TO the old saying about horses for courses you could add that there are horses for stakes races. A year ago, Hitchcock won the Gallant Fox Handicap at the Big A, beating Chompion and others. Earlier this season, he trained off, but he was as good as ever in the renewal a fortnight ago, beating Chompion again, by a length and a half. Then, there's Jaikyl. At Liberty Bell the same afternoon, he won the Garrison Handicap for the third year in a row. Offhand, I'd say that Kelso has the record for that sort of thing; he won the Jockey Club Gold Cup five times in succession.

THE Rokeby Stable's Key to the Mint was much the best in the Remsen Stakes at Aqueduct the other afternoon, though he won by only half a length from Determined Cosmic, having got away slowly and been caught on the outside of the big field for most of the mile. If anyone cares, he's my choice for the classics of 1972.

—AUDAX MINOR

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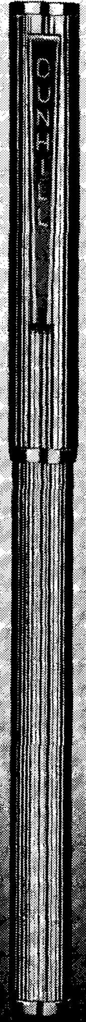
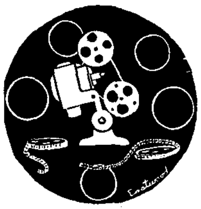


THE CURRENT CINEMA

Notes on New Actors, New Movies



FRANK CAPRA destroyed Gary Cooper's early sex appeal when he made him childish as Mr. Deeds; Cooper, once devastatingly lean and charming, the man Tallulah and Marlene had swooned over, began to act like an old woman and went on to a long sexless career—fumbling, homey, mealymouthed. Can this process be reversed? It's easy to see why Richard Benjamin has been working so much. He's a gifted light romantic comedian (on the order of Robert Montgomery in the thirties), and he's physically well suited to the urban Jewish heroes who dominated American fiction for over a decade and have now moved onto the screen. Benjamin is good at miming frustration and wild fantasies, and he's giggly and boyishly apologetic in a way that probably pleases men, because it reminds them of their adolescent silliness, but he doesn't quite appeal to women. What's missing seems to be that little bit of male Fascism that makes an actor like Robert Redford or Jack Nicholson dangerous and hence attractive. Benjamin needs some sexual menace, some threat; without that there's no romantic charge to his presence. There's a distinctive nervous emotionalism in his voice (there is in Deborah Kerr's, too); one isn't quite sure how to react to it, because, although his sensitivity is sometimes rich (like Miss Kerr's), it's also on the borderline of weakness. He uses his voice for tricky comic effects: he cackles when one least expects it, or lets the sound break on a word, as if his voice were still changing. (That's a borderline device, too, although Melvyn Douglas always got by with it—but only within limits. Douglas was a leading man, never a star.) When Benjamin slips into nasality—even when it's for humor—there's the danger that he'll slide down into the Arnold Stang range and be sexually hopeless. Can Benjamin get by in the movies without that bit of coarseness or aggression which seems so essential to sex appeal? Fredric March did, but I can't think of many others. And now there's a new question: Can Benjamin get by if he *develops* sex appeal?

Richard Benjamin has, of course, been in demand for some roles just *because* he can project lack of confidence and suggest sexual inadequacy; he can impersonate the new movie stereotype of the American male as perennial adolescent. The Tony Perkins boyish juveniles of the late fifties are now exposed, like Art Garfunkel in "Carnal Knowledge," in terms of their failure to become men. The new trend is to show the women as abused, deprived, and depersonalized, and an actor with sexual assurance wouldn't function right in these movies, because then there might seem to be something the matter with the woman if she wasn't having a good time. In "Diary of a Mad Housewife," the mopey heroine is meant to be superior to her tormentors; she's given a nagging, social-climbing fool of a husband (Benjamin), and her selfish lover is played by Frank Langella, the new chief contender for the acting-in-a-mirror (or Hermann Hesse) award. The period coming up may not be the best period for actors who project sexual competence. In Paula Fox's fine novel "Desperate Characters," the husband is civilized and fastidious, a rather elegant man, who deeply loves his wife; in the movie version, the director, Frank Gilroy, cast an actor best known for his mad Nazi in "The Producers," and so the reason for the woman's isolation becomes largely the brutish man she is married to, who at one point in the movie is so sexually excited by the vandalism of their home that he is moved to rape her.

•

Though directors become fairly knowledgeable about the chemistry of performers, even the greatest directors are not always in control of the effects the performers produce. I was offended for Bibi Andersson in Ingmar Bergman's "The Touch" when Elliott Gould, playing a lout, but also playing loutishly, was nuzzling her—offended that she should have to be touched by him. Gould's performance threw me out of the framework of the movie, since what was happening on the screen made me react for the actress, and not in terms of the role she was playing. Most of the women I know felt Gould's touching Bibi Andersson as a physical affront to her and recoiled in the same kinesthetic, empathic way that I did. Some men have said they felt it, too, and were embarrassed for the women they were with. At "Waterloo," the audience broke into laughter when Rod Steiger, as Napoleon, spoke his first line, simply because he was so unmistakably Rod Steiger. Second-generation actors and actresses may throw us out of the movie because of a line reading or a camera angle that recalls their parents. Peter Fonda can't move or talk without creating an echo chamber, and he looks as if somehow, on the set of "The Grapes of Wrath," John Carradine and Henry Fonda had mated.

•

In "Doc," Stacy Keach presents so obdurate a face that you feel he has to consider when to let a flicker of expression through. Those who fight easy expressiveness may be actors of integrity, but they're likely to be repellent screen actors. In movies, one can accept non-actors and mediocrities, one can accept stone-faced dummies, but deliberately masked, intellectualized acting—acting by a theory—is intolerable. Keach doesn't offer himself to the camera; he fights it, and in so doing he limits the meaning of his roles and sharply limits our pleasures. Such pleasures may have as much to do with what we see in an actor as in what he consciously projects. We care more for a trace of personality than for all of Keach's serious intentions. If Richard Benjamin is too lightweight, and maybe even too *loose*, Keach turns himself into a heavyweight and is much too tight. He's so determined to give us the constricted performance he has worked out that he gives us less than most Hollywood bums do just by not caring.

•

Dustin Hoffman has become such a culture hero that one hesitates to point out that he's more relaxed and likable on TV talk shows than when he's acting. In his screen roles, he hasn't yet found the gift of moving into a part and then just going with it. I love to watch him, because he's intelligent and he has extraordinary drive and he takes us by surprise, but he isn't an intuitive actor, and we're aware of how cleverly he's playing the part. To some degree, his rapport with the audience is based on our awareness of his cleverness, and our rooting for him, but then when his dexterity fails, and he's open-mouthed—and Hoffman, like Richard Benjamin, is nasal—we have nothing to fall back on. When his role isn't funny, he's usually helplessly tense; you can see him wishing he had something to *play*.

•

Though the dream of movies as a great popular art slips further and further away as the audience grows

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smaller and smaller, still, every year there are a handful of really good movies and others that reveal social changes, and almost always, even in bad films, one can count on some good performances. That's probably what holds the remaining audience together: actors like Dustin Hoffman and Richard Benjamin are fun to watch. There aren't any rules about movies—except maybe the fluky ones, such as that it's impossible to get a college atmosphere on film that feels authentic, and that pictures set in ancient Egypt are always ridiculous—but one might say with some confidence that feature filmmakers who don't care about actors and acting may have some sporadic luck but they're not likely to make movies for long, because *nobody* is going to go to their pictures. The promising American directors are not those who try to give us a sensory overload (we get enough overload without getting it at the movies) but directors, such as Robert Altman, Paul Mazursky, Jack Nicholson, Irvin Kershner, John Korty, Woody Allen, Brian De Palma, and Tom Laughlin, who are trying to find new ways for the performers to connect with the audience. They use quick-witted performers—often those trained in cabaret theatre, who can enter into the moviemaking in a different spirit from the actors who just learn their lines.

•

In the past two decades, male movie actors have carried the pictures, not only without much help from women but often without much help from the scripts and the directors. Still, they have had a rough time trying to keep some pride in themselves as actors. Every time we pick up the paper, another top-box-office actor informs us that he wants to become a director in order to do something "creative": Paul Newman, George C. Scott, Jack Lemmon, and even John Wayne and Clint Eastwood—though perhaps in their cases for other reasons. Maybe just a change? (The actresses don't want to direct, they want to write books—but that's another story.) Men—and not only American men—have always had hangups about acting; heterosexual men, in particular, tend to feel that acting is not a fit occupation, and that it doesn't fully use their abilities. One famous male star said in conversation, "I just can't say lines anymore"—meaning, I suppose, among other things, that he'd grown up. Yet few of the men stars risk more difficult roles or attempt new styles of acting, in which they might grow up as actors. The stars prefer to become directors,

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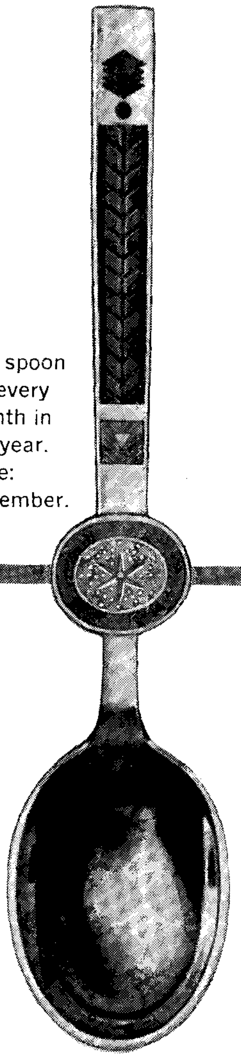

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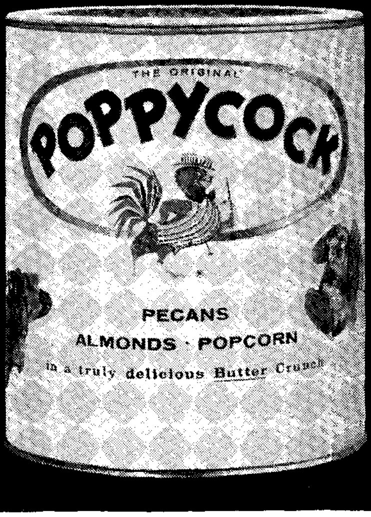

From Villa Park, Illinois, to gourmet food sections, to you.

usually to turn out more of the same kind of movies that make actors feel like fools.

But movie acting has been loosening up, and it could be turning into a profession for smarter, more intuitive people. Some of the most inventive performances have been in flops—like the performances of Peter Bonerz, the hero of the neglected film "Funnyman," and Barry Primus, the hero of "Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up to Me," and William Tepper, the hero of "Drive, He Said"—and so they aren't talked about. But these put-on artists are part of a new and already taken-for-granted style of screen acting, which affects how we look at star-commodity performances. It's now difficult for us to accept the established stars in contemporary settings. We've lived for years with stars who didn't know what to do with a laugh line. (Has anyone seen Charlton Heston, for example, trying to play comedy?)

George Segal, who is probably the best light comedian in American movies, bridges the styles of the romantic screen stars, such as Cary Grant and Paul Newman, and the hip, loose, put-on comedy style of the sixties. He seems to be one of the few actors to find their challenge in acting, and he gives his roles solidity and some human weight—the way Spencer Tracy did but without Tracy's boring pugnacity. He's kept working for seven years, as if the old studio system were still intact, and he gets better all the time—maybe because he's never quite made it to the top box-office brackets, so he isn't image-conscious, like the million-dollar-a-picture men, whose films become high-risk corporate enterprises. Last year, he did the failed artist in "Loving," the self-deceiving book clerk in "The Owl and the Pussycat," and the frustrated lawyer in "Where's Poppa?," and now he has tried, and brought off, the prodigiously difficult role of a hipster junkie in the Czech director Ivan Passer's new film—and his first to be made in this country—"Born to Win."

Movies are so porous a mixture of intentions and accidents that when cultures are crossed the resonances may become confused. Dubbing is the most egregious example, but the resonances can go more subtly wrong, as when the locale of a story is changed, or when the director is a foreigner. In Miloš Forman's first American picture, "Taking Off," the suburban Americans looked Czech to me and seemed to be living in the thirties, and I got a

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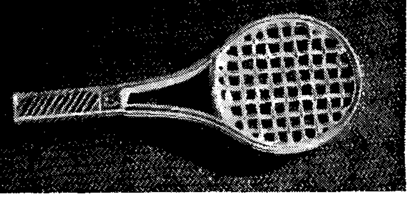

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little sleepy, the way I sometimes do at Czech films, in which the rhythm of life seems too mild, too pokey. I didn't have that problem with "Born to Win;" Passer's sense of America is very sharp, and the rhythm of the picture, edited by Ralph Rosenblum, who was once a jazz musician, is active, volatile. You feel your senses are being quickened as you watch. The only way Passer reveals his foreignness is in the innocent, idealistic sincerity with which this slice-of-life film appears to be made, and in the tactful intelligence with which he spares us needles in the arm. He doesn't try to turn the audience on; it's clear that he wants to show us this junkie's soul, not his habit.

"Born to Win," from a screenplay by David Scott Milton, was shot under the much better title "Scraping Bottom;" I assume that the title was changed to con audiences into thinking they were going to see an upbeat movie. But it isn't that the movie is downbeat that works against it commercially—it's that it's downbeat in a way that isn't glamorous. J, the junkie, isn't mutinous, isn't anti-establishment. J isn't even chasing freedom. The movie doesn't make him a romantic loser (which is the path to box-office success). It's like those other stories of driven men who destroy themselves—usually prizefighters, as in "Requiem for a Heavyweight," or gangsters. Anyone can see that "Born to Win" isn't totally successful. It's the best of the addict movies, yet, like the others, it has no place to go but the too familiar down. Junkies don't get cured in contemporary movies—they don't even want to be cured—so we know everyone is doomed. And the explanations never suffice: we come out still puzzled as to why people do it to themselves. Maybe the best clue to J's character is his line "I'm a very boring guy when I'm straight." But though, in all probability, nobody will come out of "Born to Win" fully satisfied, I don't think anybody will regret having gone to see it, either.

Segal gives the most imaginatively complete performance in an American movie since Jane Fonda in "Klute." His J, the city rat, is a smarter version of Dustin Hoffman's Ratso—not pathetic and not a simpleton. You know J isn't going to get away with anything, yet this stoolie—the lowest of the low, and not because of stupidity but because of an addict's moral vacuity and indifference—holds you. J doesn't know or care that New York City is under siege. At the bottom,

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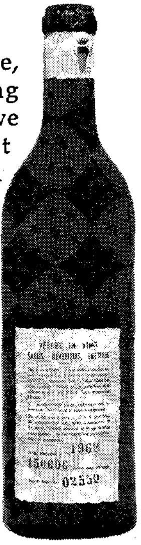

things don't change that much. Yet the bottom can also be funny in a different way from any other place (as Samuel Beckett recognized), because of the insane freedom of total losers. Words come easily to this smart, funny hipster, who seems essentially harmless and yet manages to wreck everyone who gets close to him. He has an anguished but ironic and knowing face; the transitions of mood are so fast they seem never to have gone through the brain. The glee and the horror are rolled up together; he's like Harry Ritz in agony, yet he has a sense of the ridiculous that includes whatever he's doing. Like many good movie actors, Segal can be very quiet, very still; he seems able to incorporate a character and then let it come out easily, naturally—as if it had always been there in him. But he has never before attempted such a quicksilver character: J is a comedian in pain yet so shallow he forgets his own pain, a man with absolutely no sense of tomorrow or of yesterday—an absurd man seen not in the abstract setting of an absurdist play but in the lower depths of New York City.

IF an actor has any screen presence at all, his ego usually shows: you know he thinks well of himself. (When he pushes his luck, we call it conceit.) For a while in the thirties, juvenile leads did the passive-vulnerable bit, like some of the ingénues, but that was when there were strong women to overpower them—Garbo swooping down over them and exposing her throat, and Hepburn playing tomboy to fey young men—and it doesn't work anymore. Even a juvenile like Ryan O'Neal comes on cocky-vulnerable, and when you see a non-egocentric performer, like Timothy Bottoms in "The Last Picture Show," you know that he requires a director to bring him out—that, like the European actors who often fail over here, he doesn't have the strength of the actors who bust through no matter what. Richard Benjamin's comic persona is based on his self-confidence as an *actor*. George Segal has this cockiness, Spencer Tracy carried it to monotonous extremes, Gable wore it as his crown. It's what gives Warren Beatty his comic edge—he uses it ironically; so did Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas. A dull actor like Rock Hudson lacks it, and so does Gregory Peck—competent but always a little boring, a leading man disguised as a star. It's a quality that is usually described unflatteringly in women, though the only recently arrived woman star, Barbra Streisand, has got it, and I doubt if a new

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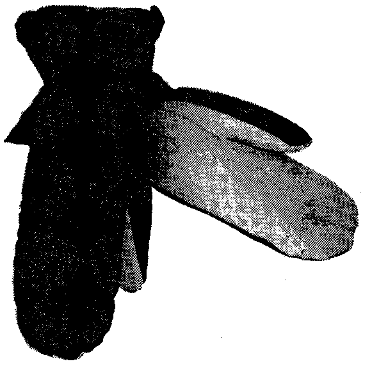

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woman star could come up without it.

Robert Mitchum has that assurance in such huge amounts that he seems almost a lawless actor. He does it all out of himself. He doesn't use the tricks and stratagems of clever, trained actors. Mitchum is *sui generis*. There have been other good movie actors who invented for themselves without falling back on stage techniques—Joel McCrea, for one, a talented romantic comedian who became a fine, quiet, and much underrated actor. But there's no other powerhouse like Mitchum. This great bullfrog with the puffy eyes and the gut that becomes an honorary chest has been in movies for almost thirty years, and he's still so strong a masculine presence that he knocks younger men off the screen. His strength seems to come precisely from his avoidance of conventional acting, from his dependence on himself; his whole style is a put-on, in the sense that it's based on our shared understanding that he's a man acting in material conceived for puppets. He can barrel his way through, as he does in the new "Going Home," even when the role isn't worth playing. The script, an original by Lawrence B. Marcus, is about a man who kills his wife, with their child as witness (this opening scene is bloody powerful); when he is paroled from prison thirteen years later, the obsessed boy, full of fear and hate for his father, comes to visit him. I'm sure the script looked good on paper; like the scripts—also originals—that Alan Sharp wrote for "The Hired Hand" and "The Last Run," this Marcus script has a literate, "gritty" surface and a symmetrical structure. The trouble with these scripts is that they achieve their classicism too easily: there's nothing *under* them; they have the paper thinness of TV drama. In "Going Home," the ominous atmosphere (Will the son do something terrible? Will the father kill the son?) is simply for its own sake; there isn't enough revelation to justify keeping us so tense. The lurid big sequences (a rape in a room full of crowing gamecocks; an Expressionistic party and fight in the old family home, now a restaurant called the Inferno) are beyond redemption, but the director, Herbert B. Leonard, has done an impressive professional job; the small towns and seashore trailer-camp locations have an authentic and lovely melancholy, and are not presented condescendingly. Still, "Going Home" is an empty suspense film that exploits its star for a fake humanity. Mitchum is forced to overdraw on himself.

—PAULINE KAEL

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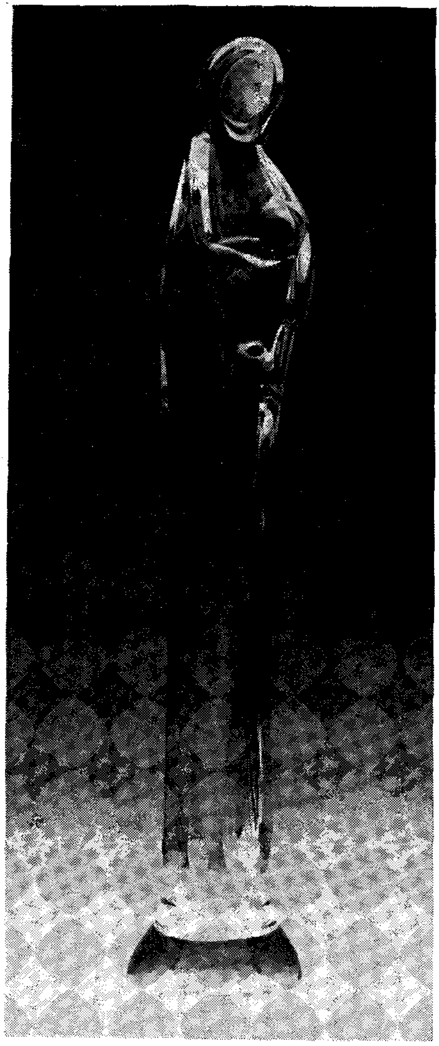

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FOOTBALL

Saving for a Rainy Day

IT was just as well that Army and Navy had been on furlough for a fortnight, nurturing mind and body for the great event last Saturday in Philadelphia; despite, and in part because of, foul weather that no one deserved, the service squads put on a show—unbelievable fumbles, unbelievable catches, unbelievable tackling, unbelievable ending—that should be re-savored on slow-motion tape for the rest of the winter. It was just as well, because the season needed a whirligig finish to offset the effect of several closing-out matches that had rapidly turned into foregone conclusions. Dartmouth, under the control of Stetson, had quickly walked away from a Princeton that, with power to burn, had simply burned it (33–7); Harvard, with the repaired Crone in control, had quickly walked away from a seemingly transfixed Yale (35–16); Cornell, with Marinaro running four times as many yards as all the Pennsylvania backs put together (which, come to think of it, they rarely were), pulled steadily away (41–13). Columbia, it is true, played cat-and-mouse with Brown, allowing it to take a small lead before overthrowing it, 24–6.

In a matter of minutes, Army, picking up (or perhaps inducing) three Navy fumbles, was on its way, with a 16–0 headway, toward another touchdown when—presto chango!—one of the day's many incredibilities. Fink, chased far back into his own territory, threw an impecunious pass toward a highly ineligible bachelor, his teammate Walter (Walter is a tackle, after all), and the officials came to a decision that may have set a precedent in collegiate football—Fink had intentionally grounded a pass. Territorial imperative be damned! Army was in trouble, and Navy spent the ensuing forty-five minutes collecting enough touchdowns to be out in front, 21–16. Presto chango again! Army recollected itself, Fink threw a touchdown pass, and threw a pass on the next play for two points after touchdown. Army has it wrapped up, 24–21! But no; with what seems like seconds to go, Navy storms down on the Army goal, and only an interception saves Army. But no; Army fumbles the ball to Navy, and Navy storms down again; only a dropped fourth-down pass on the goal line itself saves Army this time. But no; Army cannot move the ball, and on fourth down the Army punter is back as far as he can go in the end zone. But instead of punting he runs to his right; there is a clearing ahead, if he wants to try to get out of the end zone, but he runs to his left, then again to his right. What is he doing? Only he and Cahill, the good dominie who rules Army, know: under orders, he is running out the clock, and as time expires he will step out of the end zone and give a safety and two points to Navy. But the game will be won: Army 24, Navy 23—a match that has to stand forever as the most improbable teaser of them all.

STADIUM PARKING
Hm

Stuvek, whom nobody had heard of when the season began, though he had thrown twenty-one touchdown passes for the plebe team last year, is a prize. His father, who coached him in high school, must have helped a lot to make him what he is today—confident runner, thrower, and field marshal. Fink, like nearly all quarterbacks today, was brought up on the motto "When in doubt, or when not in doubt, throw," but Cahill says he has time to make the young man into a keeper and a scrambler before next season. He will need to. Still, it was a great season for novice quarterbacks. But it was Bogosian, the Army end, who really caught the eye. Navy wasn't going around his side of the field at all, and the three tackles he made when Navy was storming down on Army at the last minute did most of all to save the situation.

NEBRASKA 35, Oklahoma 31, on a last-minute touchdown as good as Army's—a fitting replacement for the Cornell-Pennsylvania Thanksgiving Day game of so many years, even though this one had to be seen on the screen by these eyes. Next year, maybe the real thing, in person. And we should pay more attention to Morgan State and Grambling, without which there may be no more pro football. If pro football players keep falling apart, perhaps Morgan State and Grambling will have to start summer sessions. And, finally, a salute to Pat Sullivan, of Auburn, and his Heisman Trophy. For wasn't it right that it should go to a good, solid family man instead of to one of those devil-a-care young bachelor aspirants?

—J. W. L.

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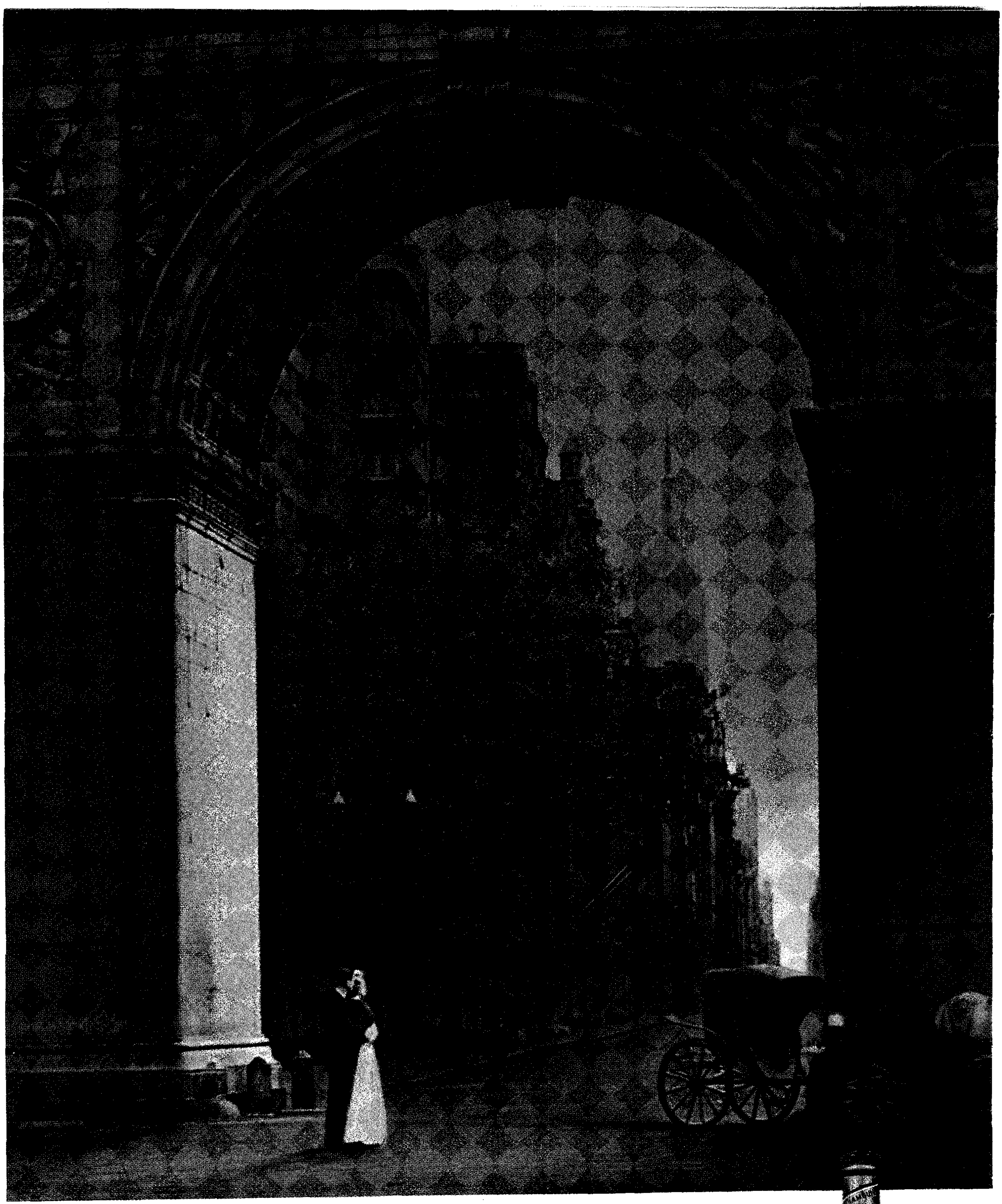

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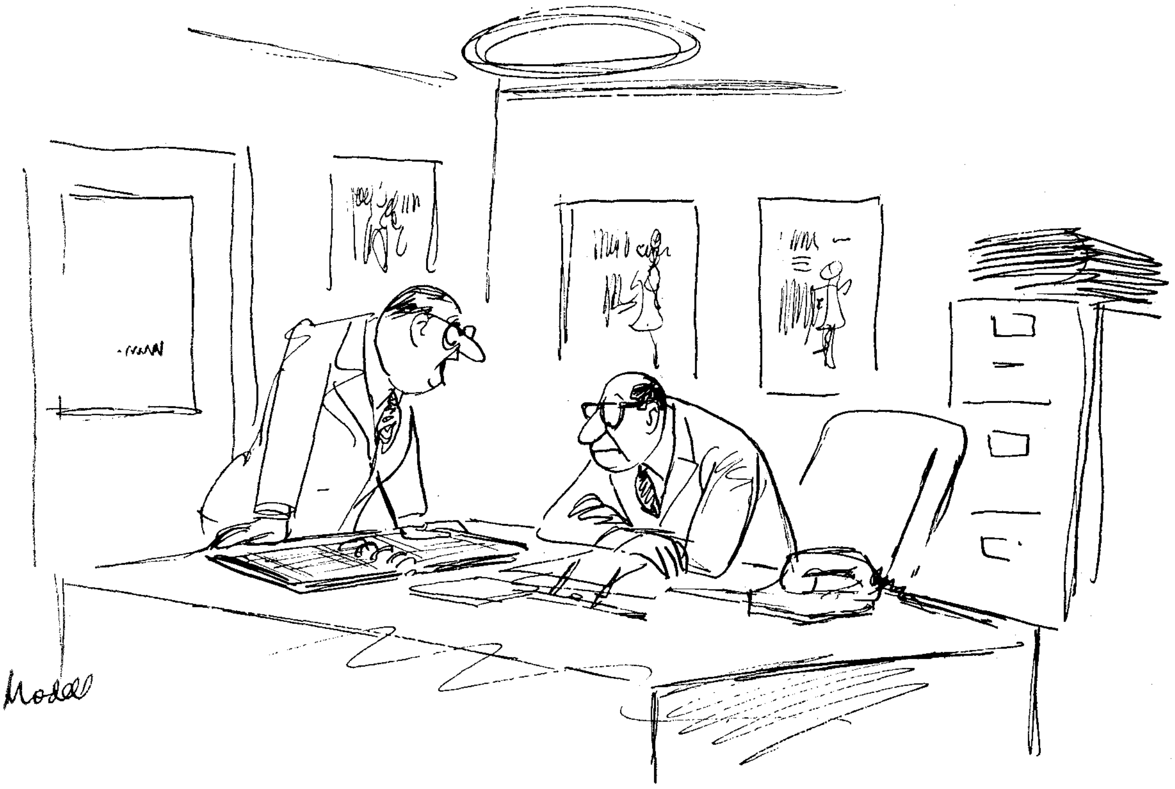
BOOKS

Children's Books for Christmas

WHILE Elizabethan children were encumbered and tortured by their clothes—little girls were straitened in boned corsets, and heavy farthingales weighted down their numerous prickly crinolines; little boys were choked with ruffs, and their stiff, embroidered coats were fitted out with the preposterously vast sleeves that Henry VIII had fancied—they were not so burdened by their schoolbooks. Not, at least, by their first primers, which were known as hornbooks. These were sheets, first of vellum and later on of paper, attached to wooden frames and protected by a thin layer of horn. Most commonly, the text, preceded by a cross, consisted of the Arabic numerals, the alphabet in both upper- and lower-case letters, a tabulated presentation of the vowels and their combinations with the consonants; then, following "ad, ed, id, od, ud" and "da, de, di, do, du," Satan was exhorted not to trespass, with the exorcism "In the Name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen;" then the godly, upholstered child spelled out the words of the Lord's Prayer. There was a handle for the hornbook, and it hung from a girdle. In time, the shape of the abecedarium was changed, and it came to be known as a battledore, suggesting that it might also have been used as a paddle for the backsides of the laggard or the recalcitrant, provided their backsides could be found under their caparisons of horsehair and brocade. The fine sheath of horn was apparently used to safeguard the fundamentals from fingers that had not been washed between one meal, of gammon and grouse, and the next, of jugged hare and pigeon pie.

Considering the remarkable cost of children's books and their remarkably brief life span, publishers might do well to encase their pages and bindings in some sort of ersatz (but recyclable) horn. This would, to be sure, cut down on their profits, but the publishers would be better loved by parents and other kinsmen of the young and by friends of the family who see a piece of merchandise retailing at $4.95 plastered here with dollops of Sloppy Joe and defaced there with runic graffiti in crayon before the lights illuminate the tree on the second night of Christmas. Atheneum this year has brought out a number of books that bear the cheerful if unmelodious tidings that "this reinforced binding features Smyth sewing with sturdy drill cloth reinforcement. The pyroxlyin impregnated cloth is washable, damp-proof, and soil-resistant." I have not made any experiments in begriming and bespattering and then laundering to check on the claim, but I applaud the selflessness of the innovation. One of these books, "The Tenth Good Thing About Barney," by Judith Viorst, illustrated by Erik Blegvad, is the lamentation of a little boy whose cat has died; before the funeral, his mother enjoins him to remember ten good things about Barney to recite in his eulogy at the graveside. He can think of only nine, but when he learns from his ecology-hip father that now Barney will be assimilated into the earth and cause flowers to grow from the seeds they plant over the moldering bones, his grief is assuaged. The moral is mushy but not pushy, and Erik Blegvad has not lost his touch with cats and trees. Likewise in Atheneum's newfangled wrappings is "The Ox of the Wonderful Horns and Other African Folktales," retold and illustrated by Ashley Bryan. The five short yarns deal wryly with animal and human knaves, the mischievous tricks and the delicious treats that seem especially stylish in African lore. My favorite is "Elephant and Frog Go Courting." It appears at first glance to be an unlikely chumship, but the gents have a good deal in common: "They were both very handsome, each in his own way, of course. . . . And although they were not the same size, they were the same age." They are keeping company with two girls (human, not pachydermatous or amphibian) who live in a house in the forest. Mr. Frog has a streak of Katzenjammer Kid in him, and one day, paying a call alone on the girls, he dreams up a highly inventive and low-down prank to play on his friend, and he follows through the next time Mr. Elephant goes with him. The caper is too good to reveal. Mr. Bryan's illustrations in black-and-white and others in red and ginger, with emphases of



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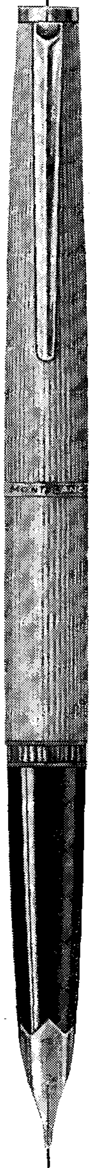
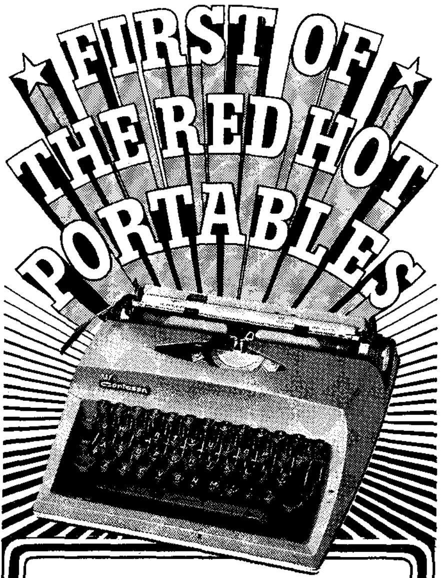


black and interstices of white, are as bold as brass. "The Boy, the Rat, and the Butterfly," by Beatrice Schenk de Regniers, illustrated by Haig and Regina Shekerjian (another of Atheneum's drip-dries), is in every way a charmer; the rat is keen on reciting poetry, and while he doesn't get very far with the lines, he makes up for the shortcoming by tossing in proof of his erudition:

> A thing of beauty is a joy forever.
> Its loveliness increases. It will never
>
> John Keats
> Born October 31, 1795
> Died February 23, 1821

(I checked up; he is right every time.)

Even better news than the invention of pyroxlyin impregnated cloth (it sounds like a poultice for spongy gums) is the abundance of good things in the paperback supermarket. Holt, Rinehart & Winston offers a series called Holt Owlets, in prices ranging from ninety-five cents to $1.65, and I found the books by and large attractive and sometimes enchanting. Of the tales retold, I especially like Sorche Nic Leodhas's "All in the Morning Early," illustrated by Evaline Ness. Its prose and verse make use of incremental repetition—a surefire formula; jaded indeed is the tad who will not respond with glee to "This Is the House That Jack Built" or "The Partridge in the Pear Tree" and does not get the hang (or the fun) of the game "I Packed My Bag for Boston and in It I Put: a Labrador; a Labrador and a Lilliputian; a Labrador, a Lilliputian, and a Leek," etc. All in the morning early, Sandy, a Perthshire boy, sets forth with a sack of corn to have it ground by the miller. En route, he is joined by a huntsman, then by two old ewes, then by three gypsies, and when he reaches the mill he has an entourage of fifty-five—lads and lassies, birds and beasts and ladybugs. The lilt of the verses mesmerizes, and the suspense of waiting for the next surprising rhyming word intoxicates. The inimitable Edward Gorey draws the pictures for the inimitable Jan Wahl's "Cobweb Castle" Owlet, an exhilarating letdown—that is, as entertaining as a joke that appears to be travelling down a path to a very dirty garden but fetches up in a dewy bower of innocence. Flemming Flinders, a greengrocer addicted to fairy tales, one day walks out on his turnips and squashes with the intention of realizing dreams of glory. He asks a silly question of a witch (she isn't a witch at all, simply a respectable matron of the town with a wart on her nose) and she gives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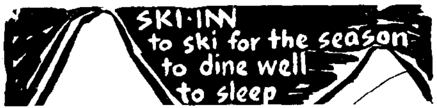

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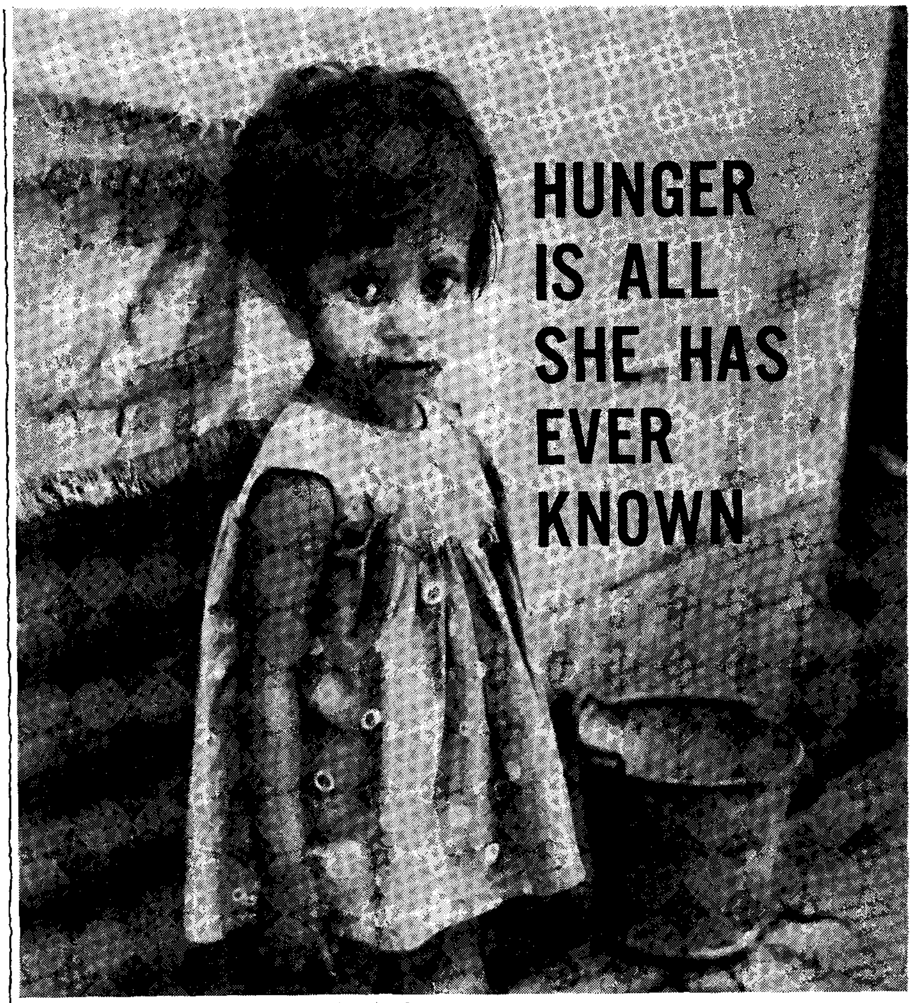
him a silly answer; he is further misled by a magical crow (no more magical than my hat; it is only a talking crow, fugitive from a vaudeville troupe) to impressively grand and spooky Cobweb Castle, in which Ingaborg, looking down from a window, isn't a beautiful princess at all but only the daughter of summer renters. Fiasco should at times be the name of a genre of great finesse. Mr. Wahl is fortunate in his illustrators; Adrienne Adams dresses up his Owlet "Cabbage Moon" with exuberant color and an elegant cleanness of line. Miss Adams is also the illustrator for "The White Rat's Tale," a little Owlet story of love and marriage as pretty as the pictures for it. Another Owlet frolic that should please anyone is "Mr. Brown and Mr. Gray," written and illustrated by William Wondriska. Mr. Brown and Mr. Gray are pigs who till the lands of the King, a horse. His Majesty, eager, as the mighty often are, to find the secret of happiness, gives each of his subjects an island and the wherewithal to maintain it, on condition that at the end of the year they report the ingredients of a foolproof recipe for the good and gracious life. Mr. Gray, a bachelor and a swine of the first water (not an evildoer but the worst possible enemy to himself), builds a vast luxury hotel, in which he is the sole guest, sleeping in a different room each night—there are three hundred and sixty-six, to provide for leap year—and gorging on banana splits at the three hundred and sixty-six soda fountains, but his sweet tooth dulls and his stomach wearies, so he switches over to a mania for television; however, since all the programs on all the sets are the same, he goes in for sports cars, in which he can do no more than circumnavigate his inconspicuous island. Mr. Brown, a uxorious fellow, and his wife, a fond and modest helpmeet, build a nice little house and beset it with hollyhocks, and they invite five nephews and five nieces to come to stay, to swim and picnic and play hide-and-seek and listen to stories. At the end of the year, the majestic but humbly questing horse calls first on spendthrift, feckless Mr. Gray, who says he is very close to the secret of happiness and would surely hit upon the formula if only he were King. The King gladly gives up his crown, replaces the hotel with a small fishing lodge, and spends the rest of his days happily swapping fish for the vegetables that thrive on the comfy Browns' tidy island. It is a winsome little sermon, as plain as the nose on your face, but it isn't cute, and the drawings, some acerb and some



Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

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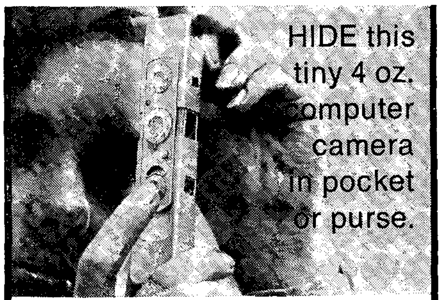

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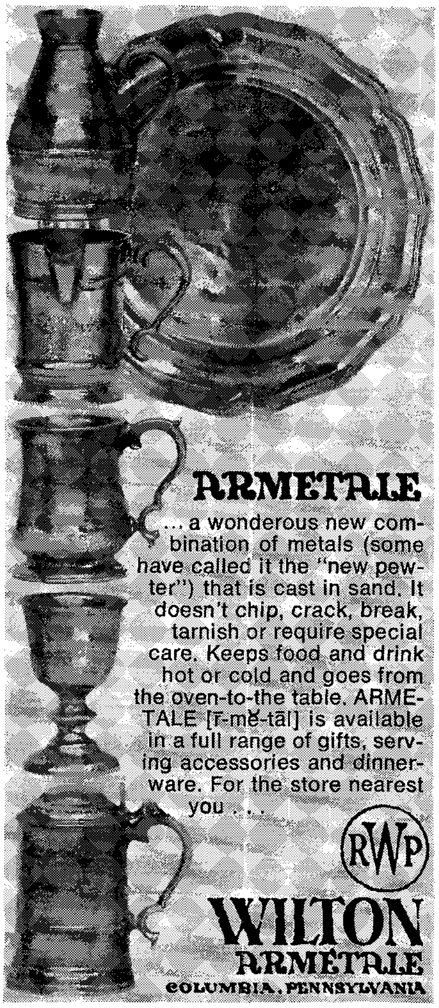
hospitable, are in a style properly laconic for children. Still more Owlets to be recommended for their simplicity and bite are "Coll and His White Pig," a lesson in ecology prettily veiled in the mists of magic by Lloyd Alexander and illustrated by Evaline Ness, and "Alphabet of Girls," by Leland Jacobs, with pictures by John E. Johnson. The girls, beginning with Arabella and ending with Zepha on zither and Zelda on comb, have grandly goofy names like Una and Ura, who are twins, and Xenobia, who understandably detests her moniker, and Queenie, who is tougher than the toughest boy in town. Another Owlet is "Sam, Bangs & Moonshine," by Evaline Ness. "Sam" is short for "Samantha," and Bangs is her cat, with whom she talks in Moonshine, and she uses the culture of Moonshine to flimflam her best friend, Thomas, into all manner of wild-goose chases until he nearly comes a cropper with a sudden storm at sea, and then, alas (for that is the way of the world, and bad cess to it), Sam has to grow up and relinquish the relish of Moonshine for the meat and potatoes of reality; Miss Ness isn't nearly as cross about this as Sam and I are. Rebecca Caudill has done several Owlets. One, "A Certain Small Shepherd," for which William Pène du Bois made the pictures and which is a tender modern Christmas miracle, is not so much to my taste as "Contrary Jenkins," a hillbilly tall tale with flavorsome dialect and funny funny-paper drawings by Glen Rounds. Almost nobody knows any of the work of Frank R. Stockton except his cliff-hanger, "The Lady or the Tiger," but now he shows up with an old humdinger, "The Bee-Man of Orn," published originally in the days of *St. Nicholas*, and now embellished by Maurice Sendak in fine fettle. (Mr. Sendak has several fettles, all of them fine.) Here he makes use of the Eloquent Loony Fettle to point up the adventures of a quirky old man who loves and is beloved by bees but is temporarily put off his rocker by a meddlesome *Junior* Sorcerer who is convinced that the bee-man has been transmogrified from something more respectable and more plausible. But after tiring and dangerous journeys and encounters with monsters of unthinkable nastiness, the bee-man finds that he was foreordained to be a bee-man, so he goes back to honey and contentment.

Mr. Sendak's success of last year, "In the Night Kitchen," reappears as a paperback coloring book put out by Harper & Row, and while it should provide a child a good deal of amuse-



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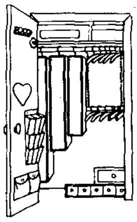

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A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

ment and a smart challenge, I think that if a coloring book was what I had in mind to go with a box of crayons or a bundle of pencils I would choose "Edward Lear's Nonsense" (Dover). How could anyone resist empurpling and gilding and reddening and silvering that old person of Crowle "who lived in the nest of an owl;/ When they screamed in the nest, he screamed out with the rest,/ That depressing old person of Crowle." Because the owl has several children, the quarters are cramped. Another Dover coloring book is "Antique Automobiles," by Clarence P. Hornung, but the "Haynes-Apperson Touring Car—1904" and the "Cadillac 'H' Limousine—1907," while classy as all getout, are so alien (far more alien than a Bandersnatch or a Toeless Pobble) that the book would be more suitable for a great-uncle nostalgic about his Stutz Bearcat than for a child looking forward to a Jaguar or an Impala.

HAVING addressed myself to Santa's penny-pinching deputies, I now turn to the treasures (and a heap of them there are) awaiting discriminating big spenders who wish, fittingly, to please themselves as well as their beneficiaries. Tops on my list this year is "The Slightly Irregular Fire Engine," by Donald Barthelme (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), which, in an immediately captivating variation on "Once upon a time," begins, "One morning in a recent year, a year not too long ago—the year 1887, to be precise . . ." Matilda wakes up on this *fin-de-siècle* day to find that a Chinese house six feet high has overnight materialized in the back yard. Her first reaction is not surprise but disappointment; she has quixotically been wanting a fire engine, but she is a sensible girl, and bound to admit that a Chinese house is better than nothing. She enters it, to make the acquaintance of an admirable assortment of eccentrics, including a pirate taken captive off Port-au-Prince (the cargo he and his freebooting mates carried included plundered silk stockings and a plundered lady—an irritable one) by the inhabitants of the Chinese house, who operate a junk from time to time. He has been told by his jailers that he will get out of his doldrums if he tends to his knitting, and this he does, assiduously turning out long beards for himself in four different colors—brown, brown, brown, and brown. Mr. Barthelme has adorned his ingenuities, bestrewn with throwaway pearls of great price, by arranging collages of bits and pieces taken from nineteenth-century engravings. He

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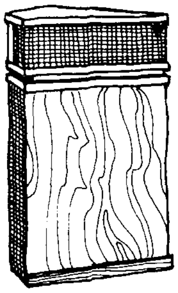

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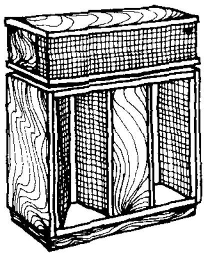

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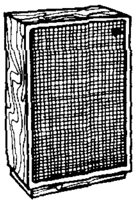

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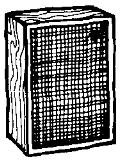

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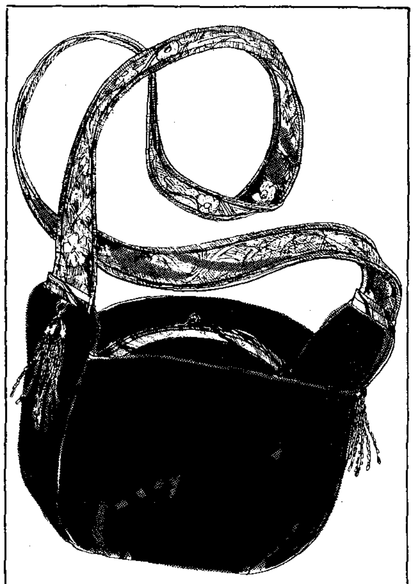

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inserts as well a good many exhortations and come-ons, many of them quite independent of the text; there is, for example, no discernible explanation for the insertion of an advertisement, set in elegant type and begirt with arbitrary leaves and loops and Persian-looking kickshaws, that touts

HYDRATE OF CHLORAL
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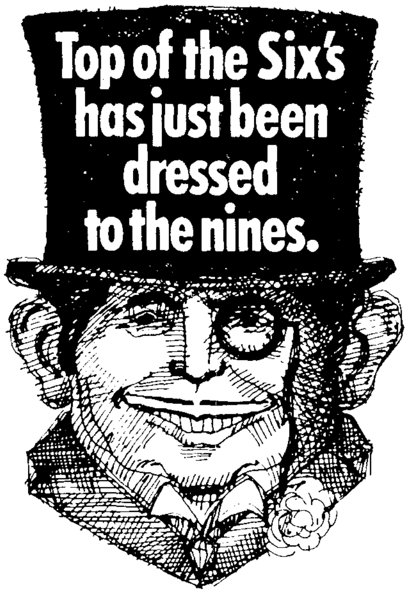
The lettering is so awesome and funereal, and the language sounds so authentic and so proper, that one assumes Mr. Barthelme has snipped this and other tempting advertisements from ladies'-ready-to-wear mail-order catalogues and the brochures of pharmaceutical concerns. In point of fact, these conceits and crotchets were concocted in the brainpans of anonymous nineteenth-century geniuses who, compiling books of type specimens, could not resist inventing pills to cure the fidgets and corsets for ladies of "Waspish Affinities." I am sorry that these are not Mr. Barthelme's own antics, but I am mighty glad he found them and appropriated them for my regalement. Matilda's likeness remains unchanged throughout her odyssey: to her hair, a well-dressed mop of waves, is pinned a saucy ribbon bow (grosgrain, in all likelihood, or possibly changeable taffeta), and she is collared to the ears in shirring and lace; her great big unblinking eyes appear to have been liberally treated with kohl, and her unsmiling mouth is bee-kissed. Her skirt is midi and her waistline long, her black stockings rise from her Mary Janes halfway up her calves, and she carries a hoop, which she never rolls. She stares straight at the dickey-bird and holds her pose whether she is in conversation with a cat-seller (whose vocation is not further documented) or watching acrobats. She is the quintessential Victorian child, and she is disconcertingly bright. She takes the cake.

"Amos & Boris," about a mouse and a whale whose affecting friendship William Steig esteems (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), takes the cake, too, but a different kind—as light and delicious as angel food, though without the hidden sixpences and bits of glazed ginger in Matilda's. Amos, a thalassophile, makes and goes to sea in a ship he appropriately names Rodent, and, one night, lost in enraptured contemplation of the firmament, he rolls off the deck, but he is taken aboard by a hospitable whale. They whale about, swapping stories, telling of their ambitions and their hearts' desires, their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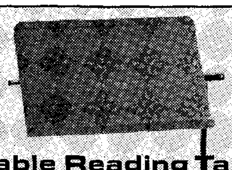

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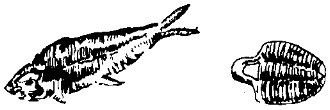

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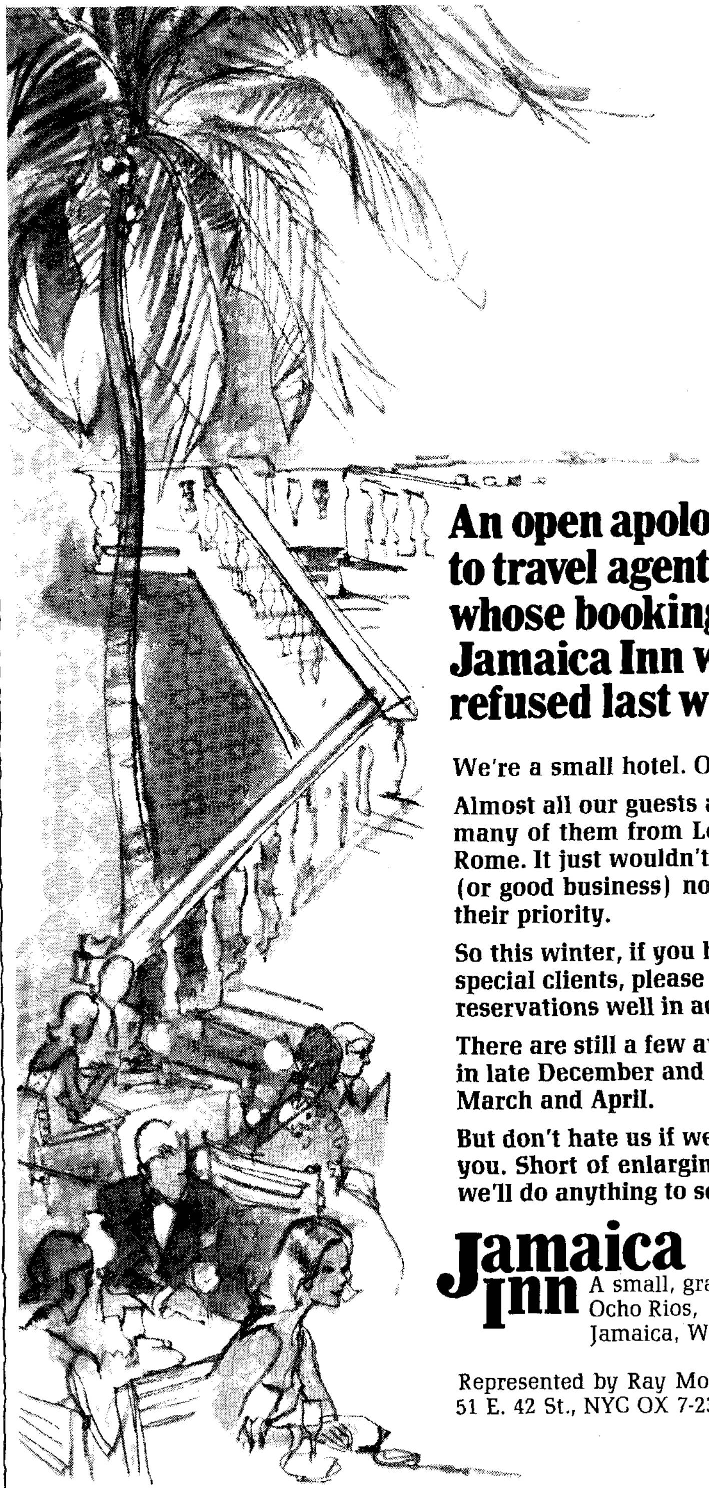
sorrows and their joys, and in time they come back to Amos's home base, where he, having had a surfeit of salt water (he hasn't minded eating plankton, but he has missed a good fresh drink), sadly takes leave of his dear friend. But they are to meet again, and this time the mouse saves the whale's life; the rescue is a brilliant engineering achievement, and Amos is a mouse with know-how, so he carries it off with dispatch; now slow tears fall from the eyes of the mammoth and the mite, who know their paths may never cross again, but they will never forget.

And there is more animal life for very beginners. With two wholly cock-eyed eyes, Arnold Lobel illustrates and describes the habits of "The Ice-Cream Cone Coot and Other Rare Birds" (Parents' Magazine), which include a Gramophone Gullfinch and a Dollar-bill Dodo. (I query Mr. Lobel's ornithology on one point; in speaking of the Dodo, he says, "He is made of green paper and worth quite a lot." The Dodo may have returned to this hemisphere, but if this new one belongs to the same species as the American Greenback, it's not worth much more than crowbait.) "The Beast of Monsieur Racine," a new flight of Tomi Ungerer's fancy (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), is a good joke, told succinctly in the Ungerer way and decorated in the messy, razzle-dazzle Ungerer way; among the bit players in the farce are some "wealthy maniacs." The smart and intrepid hero of "How a Piglet Crashed the Christmas Party" is an engaging fourflusher, and I am happy to report that although he is unmasked and found to be a porker, not a pupil, and is sent packing in disgrace, he manages to conceal his identity until after he is fully stuffed with children's-party food. This is by Boris Zakhoder, translated from the Russian by Marguerita Rudolph, gaily illustrated by Kurt Werth, and published by Lothrop.

Other books I find seductive and tasteful for the very young are: "One Misty Moisty Morning, Rhymes from Mother Goose," illustrated by Mitchell Miller with beautifully misty, mysterious pencil drawings (Farrar, Straus & Giroux); "Dorrie and the Birthday Eggs," by Patricia Coombs (Lothrop), which has to do with the shenanigans of a covin of witches—Dorrie is a little-girl witch and her mother, Big Witch, has a common, garden-variety cook, quite indifferent to her employer's means of transportation; "Farmer Hoo and the Baboons," a preposterous story by Ida Chittum, with pictures by Glen Rounds (the cracker specialist men-



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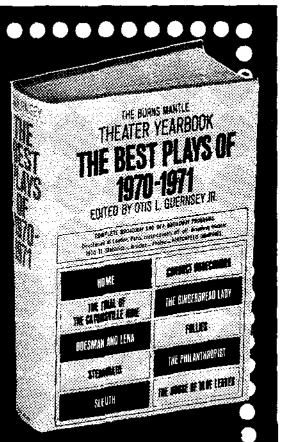
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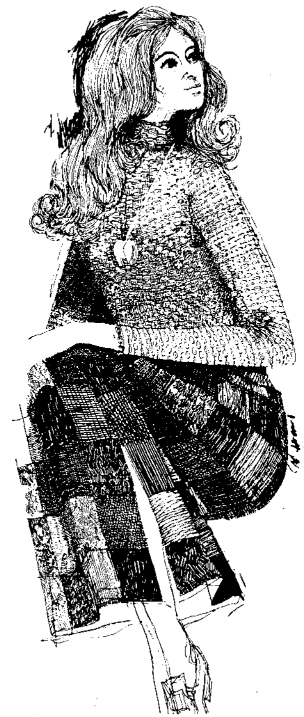

The Country Store of Concord

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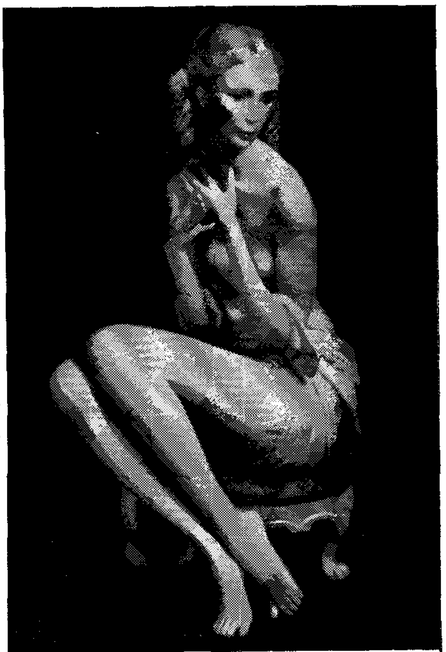
tioned earlier, who outfitted Rebecca Caudill's "Contrary Jenkins"), published by Delacorte. "What Is Pink," Christina Rossetti's poem, is illustrated in lovely color and goofy line by José Aruego (Macmillan). "Three Rolls and One Doughnut," fables from Russia retold by Mirra Ginsburg, are very short and very peppery, treating of lies and humbug and tricks of logic, and the pictures, by Anita Lobel, are as wise as the text (Dial). "Slash" (Harlan Quist) is about an alligator given to Edgar Featherstone by his parents on their return from a trip to Florida; Dr. F. *and his missus are not very bright*, because they give Edgar's twin brother, Timothy, a blue-eyed orange bird; the dumkopfs should know that you give identical twins identical presents. Edgar covets his brother's bird, and such all-fired hell breaks loose that, moving himself and his things and Slash up to the attic, he sprouts demonic horns. Everything turns out all right in the end, but it's a near thing when Bad (formerly Good) Edgar tries to get Slash (who does not remain small, as advertised, but grows rapidly to full size) to eat the bird. Wendy Ann Kesselman made up this satisfying wickedness and Philippe Weisbecker illustrated it.

Isaac Bashevis Singer gleefully parodies modern times (or any other rotten times) in "The Topsy-Turvy Emperor of China" (Harper & Row). Because the ruler is ugly, ugliness must be the rule: women dress their hair with living worms and frogs; gardens must be planted only with artificial flowers; in the Court of Injustice, the judge is addressed as Your Dishonor and keeps his feet on the table. This spoof speaks truth (ha-ha! alas!), and it is made the more ridiculous and tragic by the pictures William Pène du Bois has drawn for it. It would be unfair to tell what "The Talking Machine" is that Miguel Angel Asturias's greenest, laziest, happiest frog heroine, Ranita, wants and finally gets. She comes from a family of sots; her mother, Doña Feliciana Rum, "a merry widow," was not named Rum for nothing: "For as long as anyone could remember, her ancestors had lain in the cool shadows of toadstools sipping rum—and they usually sipped far too much of it." This shimmering trinket of nonsense by the Nobel Prize winner is enhanced by shimmering fish and shimmering flowers and cool lily pads painted by Jacqueline Duhéme. Doubleday is the lucky publisher.

A title that put me off was "The Book of Wishes and Wishmaking" (American Heritage); what possible



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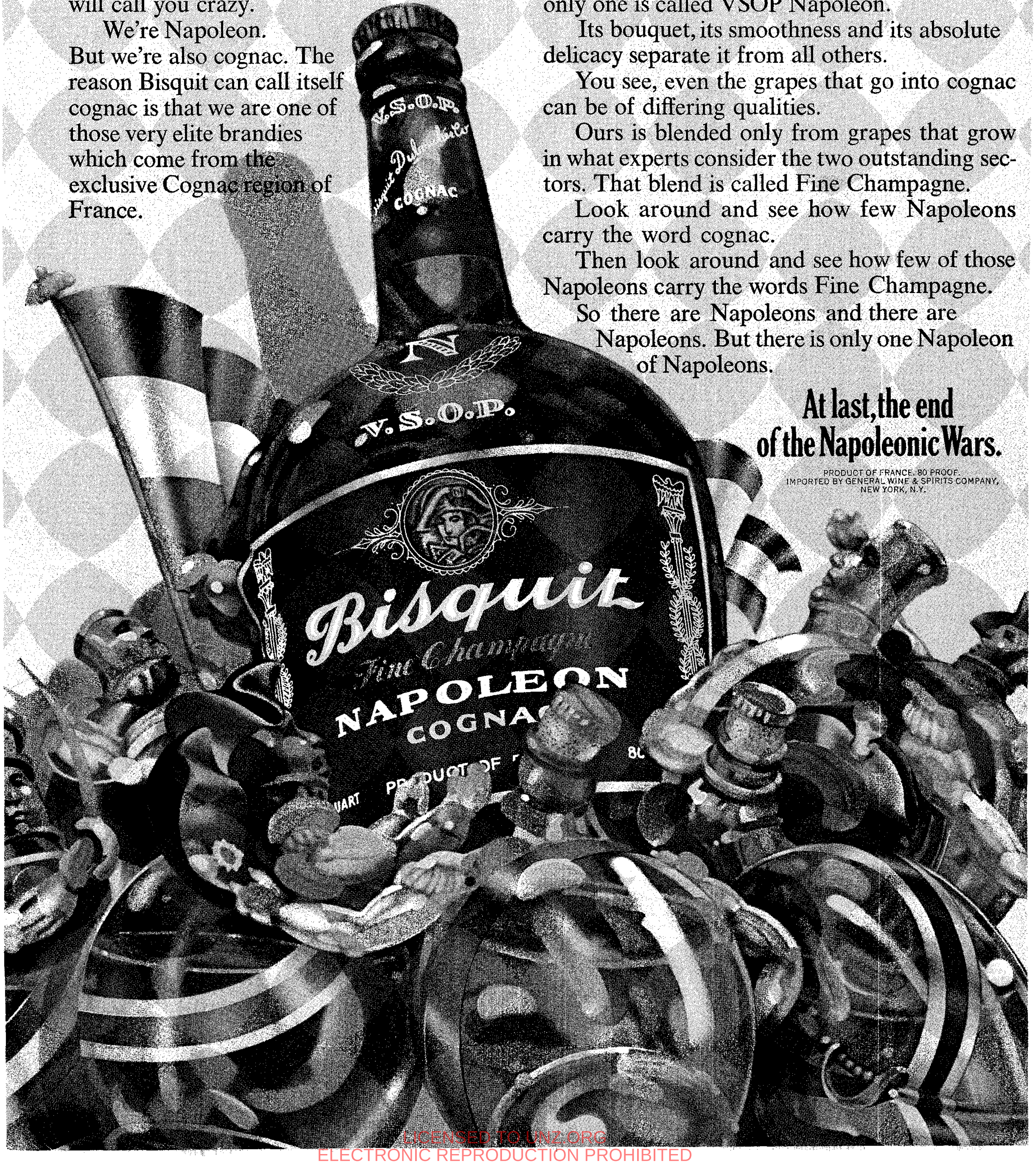

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need, thought I, could a child have for a manual on wishing? But this is a collection of tested recipes for making wishes come true, some of them as familiar as "Star Light, Star Bright" but others as peculiar and interesting as "Wish on the first butterfly of summer and the first snowflake of winter, and you will get both the wishes you have made." Duncan Emrich gathered the formulas and Hilary Knight drew the good-natured pictures.

BECAUSE not all children are very young, and I must consider what is in store for those who are staggering away from nonage, I have prepared a list of wares that caught my eye, in one way or another, for one child or another of one or another early age:

"Joey and the Birthday Present," by Maxine Kumin and Anne Sexton, illustrated by Evaline Ness (McGraw-Hill), involves a white city mouse and a brown-and-gray field mouse; the first is no dude and the other is no rube.

"Plink Plink Plink" is a rhyming reverie about sounds in the night made by putative buffaloes and hat-eating bears, written by Byrd Baylor and illustrated with zest by James Marshall (Houghton Mifflin).

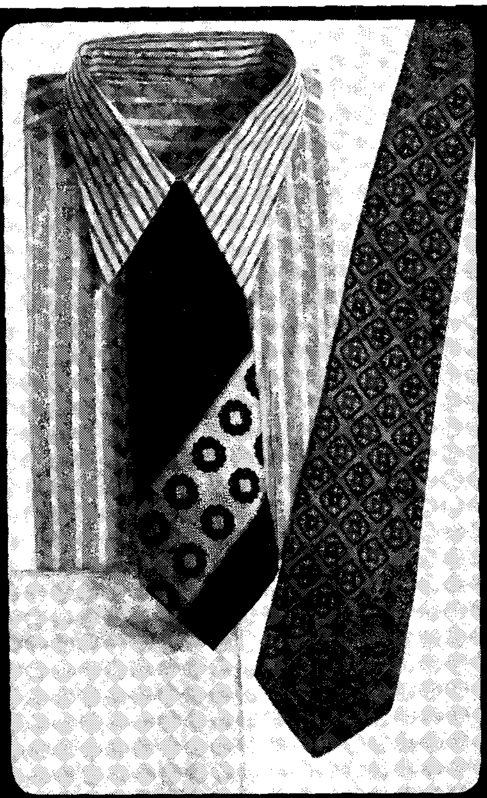
"Oh What a Noise!" is another one about sounds in the night, this in a handful of rhymes ("Twenty parrots screaming 'Carrots' "), by Uri Shulevitz, gaudily and grandly illustrated by the author in colors as loud as a calliope (Macmillan).

Rodney Peppé's "Hey Riddle Diddle!" includes, among other favorite posers, my own favorite, "As I Was Going to St. Ives." His pictures are as rich as plum pudding and as resplendent as a Christmas tree (Holt, Rinehart).

"Do You Want to Be My Friend?," a tidy little jollification by Eric Carle (Crowell), is about a lonely mouse looking for a friend. (Mice are very much "in" this year.)

"Wheeler!," by Hans Manz, adapted by Ruth Cavin, illustrated by Werner Hofmann (Harlin Quist), is about an uncommon boy (begot by an uncommon father and borne in a beat-up old truck by an uncommon mother) who from birth has a locomotor deficiency: he cannot walk, but he can operate anything on wheels to a fare-thee-well.

"The Secret Christmas," by Frances Charlotte Allen, illustrated by Laura Jean Allen (Putnam), is about a happy family of mice (see?) in a snug little house behind the sofa of a happy human-family house; their provender, though contraband, is ample,



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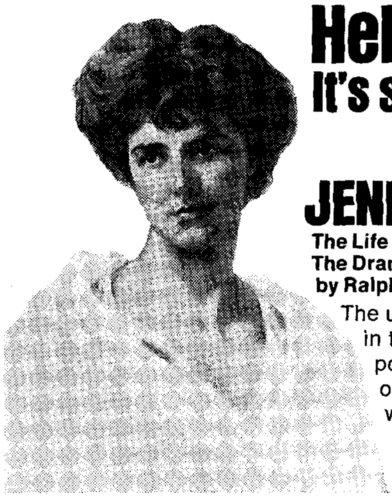

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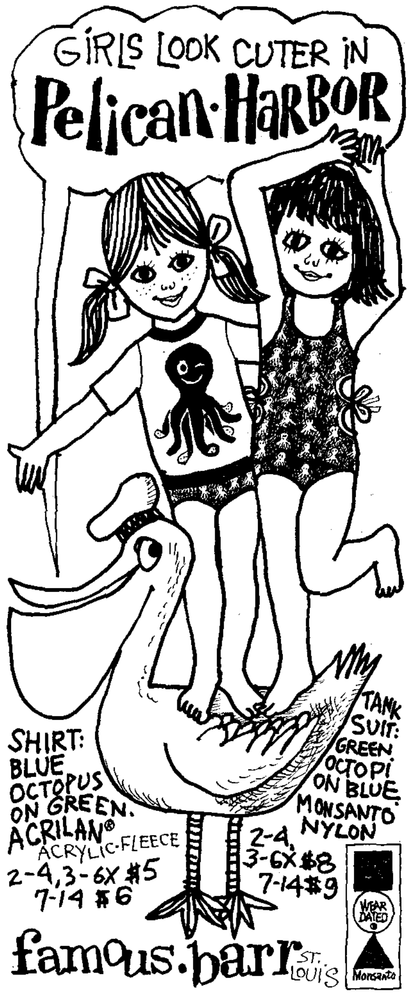

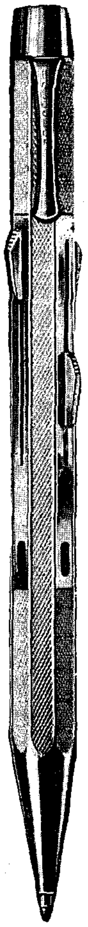

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their knowledge of the cat profound.

"Maximus," written and illustrated by Dominique Michele Strandquest, is so wondrously designed, with such a treasury of detail, that I wish the story were more substantial. This is her first, and it is to be hoped that her second venture into storytelling will live up to the remarkably talented way she has with pencils and paints (Harper & Row).

"A Road Down in the Sea" is the story of Moses leading the Hebrews out of Egyptland, which Lorenz Graham tells as he heard it told in Liberia. Gregorio Prestopino paints a superb black Moses and superb black Jews and fishes all colors of the rainbow (Crowell).

"Hide-and-Seek," by Adelaide Holl, illustrated by Lee Ames, is an alphabet-and-puzzle book: See how many objects beginning with "K" you can find in this picture. (I scored well.) For dummies, there is a trot at the end (Platt & Munk).

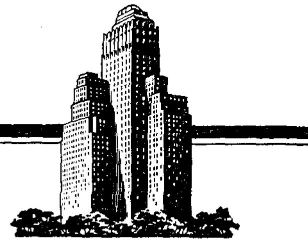
Brian Wildsmith does not approve of supplying answers, so the lucky child who is given his "Puzzles" (Watt) will have to figure out for himself why the gorgeous and ferocious tiger of the story is roaring and swishing his tail, and the reasons for a number of other predicaments.

The Him of "Can I Keep Him?," by Steven Kellogg (Dial), is every animal Arnold sees on the street or in the zoo or hears about, but Arnold's mother, a pill, won't let him have so much as a goldfish. He has to make do with a friend, a *Homo-sapiens* boy, who is scarcely as inspirational as a python.

Walter, of "Walter Was a Frog," is discontented because he wants to be something else—a fish, perhaps, or a bird. His mother, unlike Arnold's, is a peach and very understanding of the moody young. Walter learns to be himself and to like his condition. This amphibious legend is by Diane Redfield Massie, and she has made liquid, lucent pictures in cool pastels (Simon & Schuster).

"Things That Sometimes Happen" (they don't, of course) is a collection of "Very Short Stories for Very Young Readers," made up by Avi. These entertaining diversions are deftly illustrated by Jodi Robbin (Doubleday).

"ANDROMEDAR SR 1" (Harlin Quist) made me nervous, but I daresay there are fearless space-age children who would eat it up. Martin Ripkens and Hans Stempel, two German film critics, write of the ill-fated trip to Mars of a merciless and gluttonous octopus, and Heinz Edelmann,



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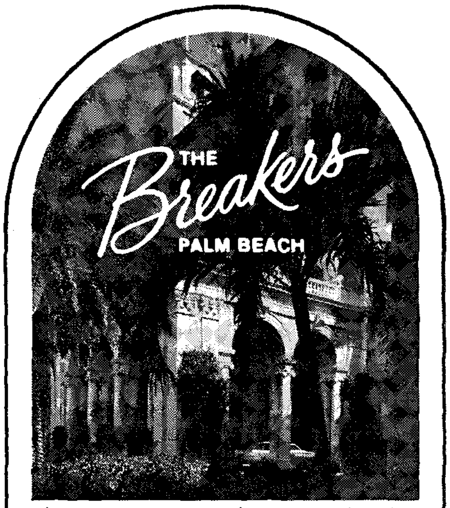

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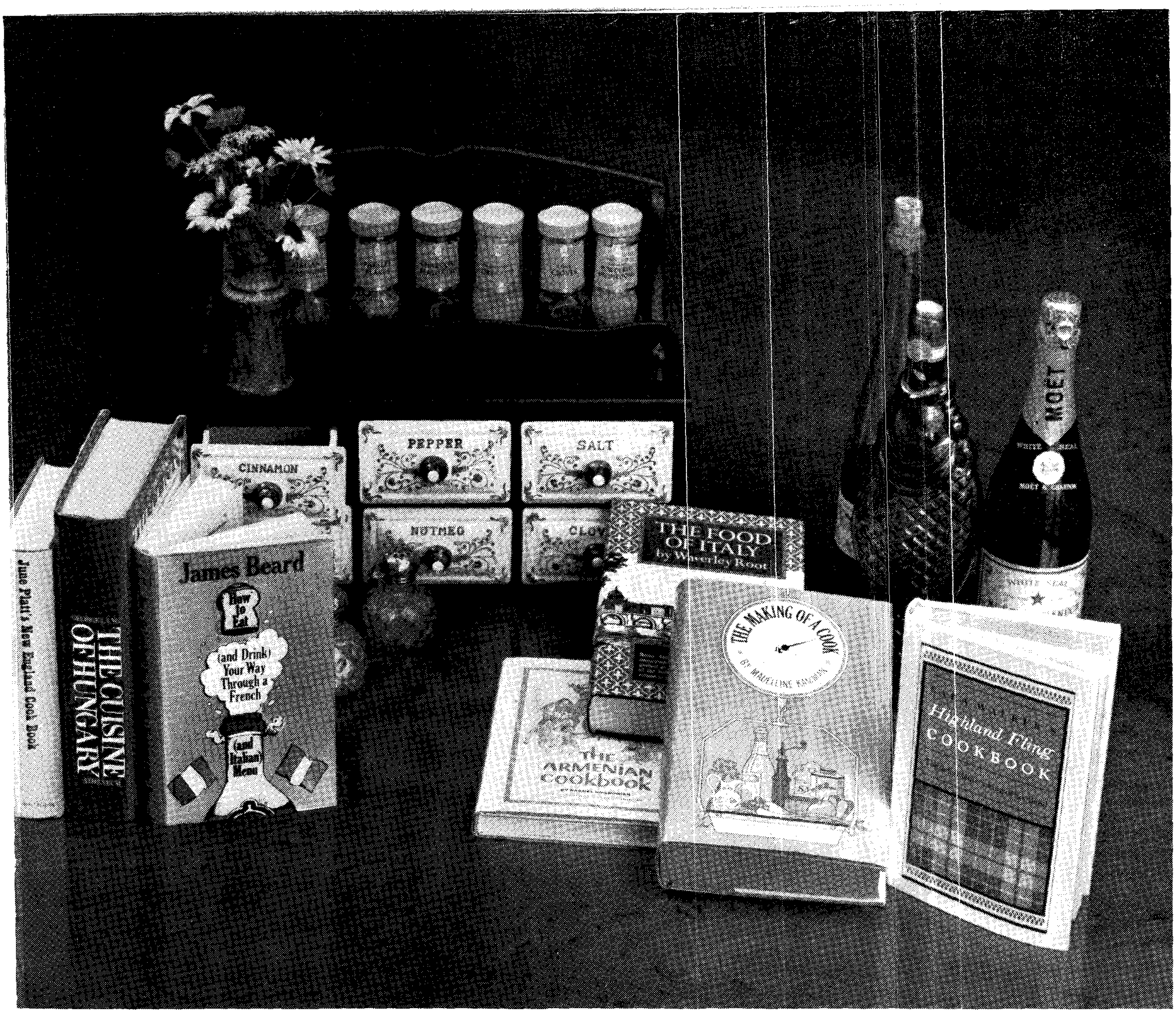
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who perpetrated "Yellow Submarine," horrifyingly illustrates the horrifying travelogue, and I wouldn't give this book to the most odious child I know.

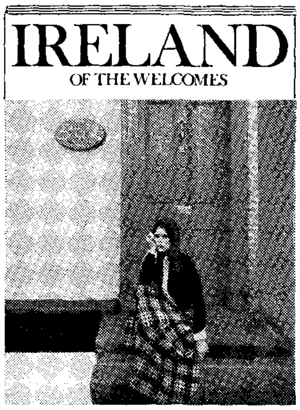
Mr. Edelmann's pictures for Fredric Brown's "Mitkey Astromouse" (Harlin Quist again) don't unsettle me as much as those in his other book, probably because the stars of the show are a kindly and eccentric Viennese scientist sojourning for some unstated purpose in Hartford, Conn., and his collaborator, a valiant mouse (yes) who speaks with a thick Teutonic accent. All the same, the psychedelic colors and the explosive shapes of things hurtling and plunging are disconcerting to a non-zap enthusiast.

CAVEAT EMPTOR: "We Love You Beatles," by Margaret Sutton (Doubleday), a deification of the yeah-yeah chaps, told with no humor and illustrated with big, ugly, and totally incomprehensible pictures: Why is Paul McCartney playing his guitar in the bathtub? The instrument is half submerged—a situation that can't do the wires and catgut any good. For no reason on earth, George Harrison plays *his* guitar as he sits on the second promontory of a two-humped sea serpent of fatuous countenance. Loch Ness is nowhere near Liverpool.

"No More Diapers!," by Joae Graham Selzer, M.D., and some of the staff of the Boston Children's Medical Centre, and pruriently illustrated by John E. Johnson. Delicacy dictates no comment.

"The Big Book of Jokes," compiled by Helen Hoke, with pictures by Richard Erdoes (Watts). It starts out promisingly with good bad jokes of the shaggy-dog and elephant variety, but peters out with the kind of dumb bad jokes that appear in the *Wall Street Journal* column "Pepper and Salt."

"My Grandpa Died Today," by Joan Fassler, Ph.D., and gruesomely illustrated by Stuart Kranz, is put out by an outfit called Behavioral Publications, Inc., in a series described as "Illustrated Books for Small Children on Psychologically Relevant Themes." Their editors know children about as well as duck-billed platypuses know Provençal nightingales. I have, with extreme distaste, examined some of their matter before. The hokum about David and his darling old dead Gramps is repulsive. David mourns, but then he hits a home run in a game with the other kids on the block, and in the dawn of wisdom he concludes that Grandpa had not been afraid to die because he was sure that David would



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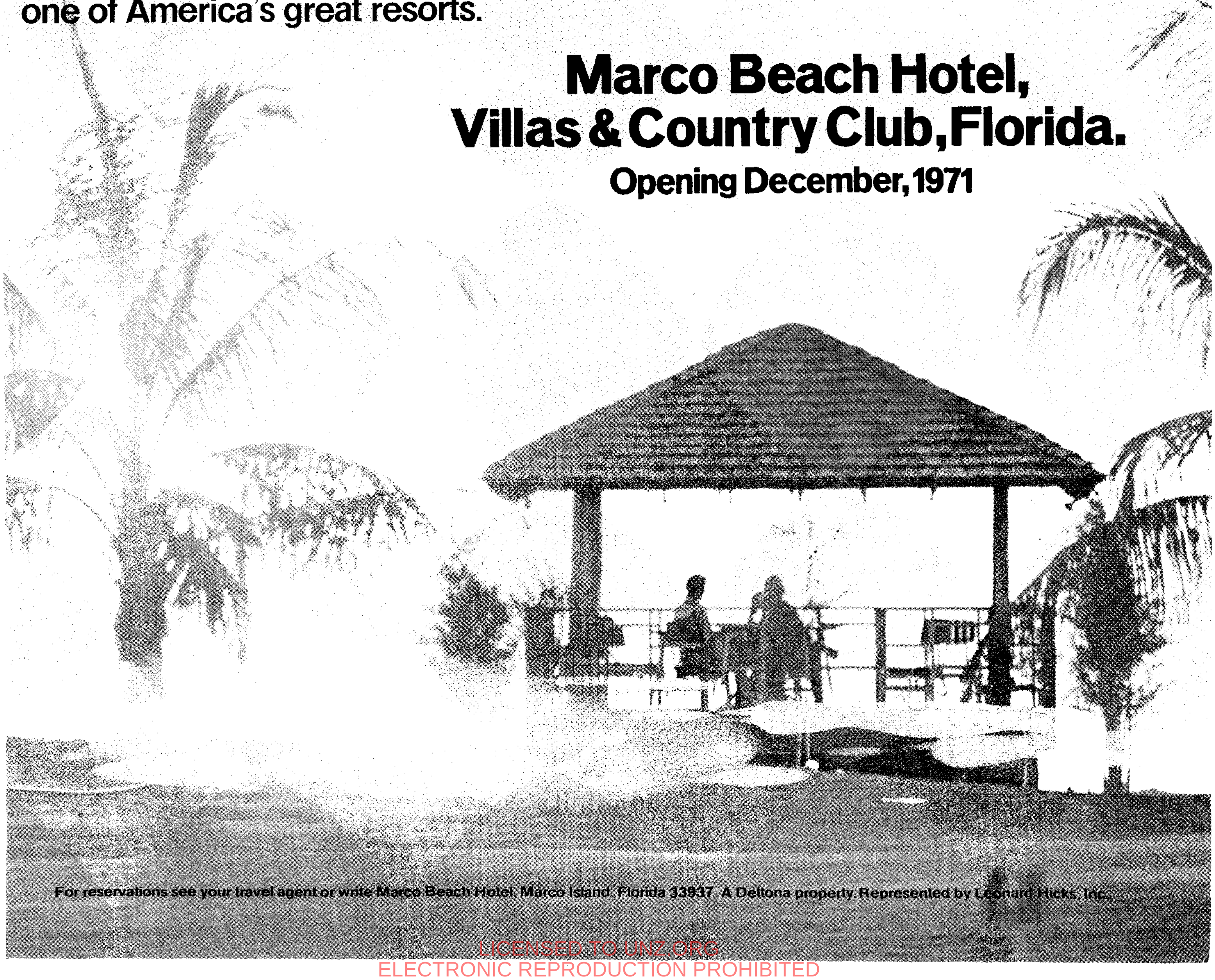

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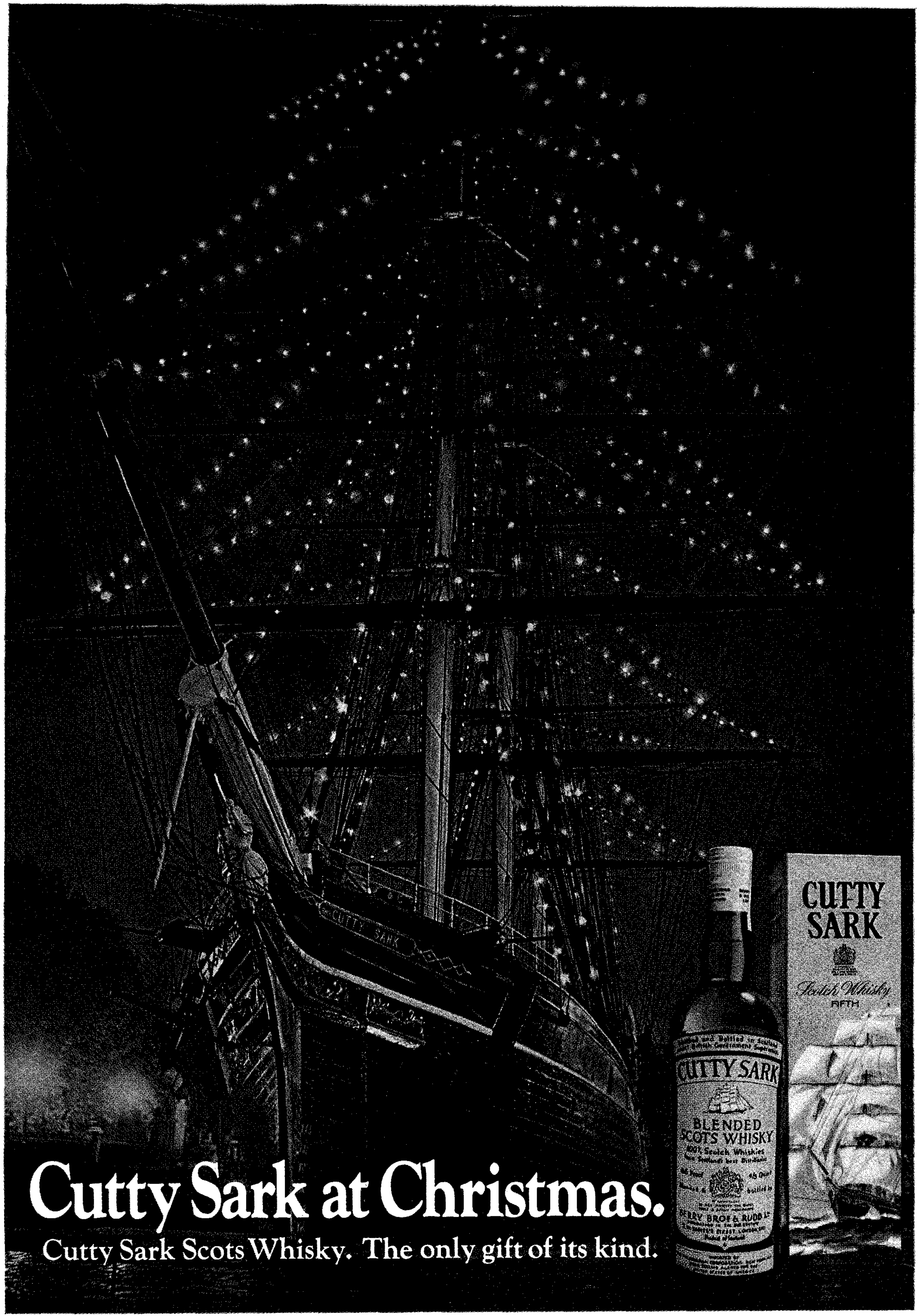
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CHILDREN beginning to read to themselves are fortunate if they have a taste for fantasy and if their parents have not been spooked by wet-blanket sociologists and psychologists into disapproving of good fairies and talking animals, on the ground of improbability, or bad fairies and ogres and dragons, who may interfere with sleep. The child of pragmatists, if he is not the spitting image of his nursery bosses, may well tell injurious lies because he has been deprived of make-believe, and he may have pyrotechnical nightmares of computers and Disposalls and other hobgoblins of the real world quite as alarming as androphagous giants. A balanced diet—such is my belief—should include magic, mystery, rambunctious nonsense, adventure that *could* have come to pass, sentimentality (nothing like a good cry over "Black Beauty"), tall tales, and history transformed by fictional apparatus into a party instead of a punishment. By the time he reached the terrible teens, a child nourished on Mother Goose, good adaptations of the "Arabian Nights," the works of Edward Lear, Lewis Carroll, Jack London, Baron Munchausen, the Brothers Grimm, Mark Twain, and A. J. Henty would be ready to pitch into the Augean stable instead of flaccidly wallowing in it and whining. Huckleberry Finn, commenting on the Widow Douglas's thanks to God at suppertime, observes, "When you got to the table you couldn't go right to eating, but you had to wait for the widow to tuck down her head and grumble a little over the victuals, though there warn't really anything the matter with them. That is, nothing only everything was cooked by itself. In a barrel of odds and ends it is different; things get mixed up, and the juice kind of swaps around, and the things go better." So be it. Let us have pickles and divinity fudge at the same snack break.

Elizabeth Shub has translated twelve Grimm tales, "About Wise Men and Simpletons" (Macmillan), and she has used the original text, feeling that the embellishments of the countless versions that appeared after the publication of the first volume, in 1812, and of the second, in 1815, have made them more literary and circumlocutory than they were meant to be. She says, in her introduction, "If some of the endings . . . seem a bit precipitous, and not the

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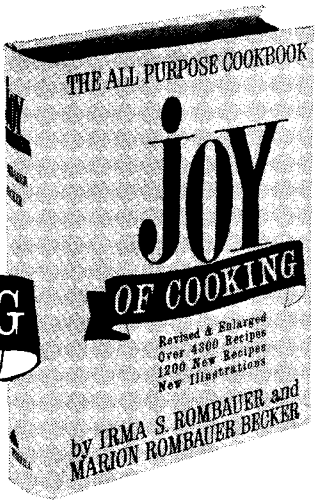

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rounded summations adapters of fairy tales have got us into the habit of expecting, a second reading will show that the story ended because there was really nothing more to tell." Her point is diamond-bright, and her translations are the best I have read in many years—perhaps ever. The blinded prince of "Rapunzel" is at last reunited with his beloved, and Miss Shub ends the story, "She threw her arms around him and two of her tears fell on his eyes. Slowly everything grew clear, and he could see once again." The happily-ever-after coda is implicit in this simple statement of miracle. Nonny Hogrogian contributes imaginative and graceful and droll etchings to go with the stories, which include such time-honored treasures as "Rumpelstiltskin," "King Thrushbeard," and "The Bremen Town Musicians."

"XII Great Black Cats and Other Eerie Scottish Tales," by Sorche Nic Leodhas (Dutton), are stories told the author when she was a child by her elders, who had heard them from *their* elders, and they have the authentic ring of oral tradition: wild winds wail over the braes and the moors, and Auld Clootie may show up at any time in any guise. In the title story, he is a great red cat, attended by twelve of his lieutenants dressed up as black cats, and they are all out to get foolhardy Murdo MacTaggart, who has gone fishing on All Hallowmas Eve instead of biding at home or going to church. He is saved by the priest, who routs Satan and dissolves the bones and innards of the black demons with holy water, so nothing is left but their skins. Sorche Nic Leodhas, born LeClaire Louise Gowans in Youngstown, Ohio, never went to Scotland, but it is impossible, in reading her (or, rather, *hearing* her), to imagine that she ever lived anywhere but in the cave-ridden islands and the excited waters of the Highlands. Vera Bock illustrates these chillers with ghosts and bony trees and pallid moons.

Armenian folk tales traditionally begin, "Once there was and was not in ancient Armenia," and end, "Three apples fell from heaven: one for the teller, one for the listener, and one for all the peoples of the world." Virginia A. Tashjian tells nine of these roguish whoppers in "Three Apples Fell from Heaven" (Little, Brown), and Nonny Hogrogian can draw and paint wily and guileless Armenians as well as she can do German simpletons and wise men.

One of the great treats of the year is "Candle-Lighting Time in Bodidalee—18 Folk Tales Featuring Bonee Bear and Many Animal Friends from

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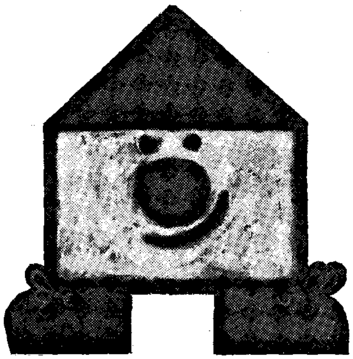

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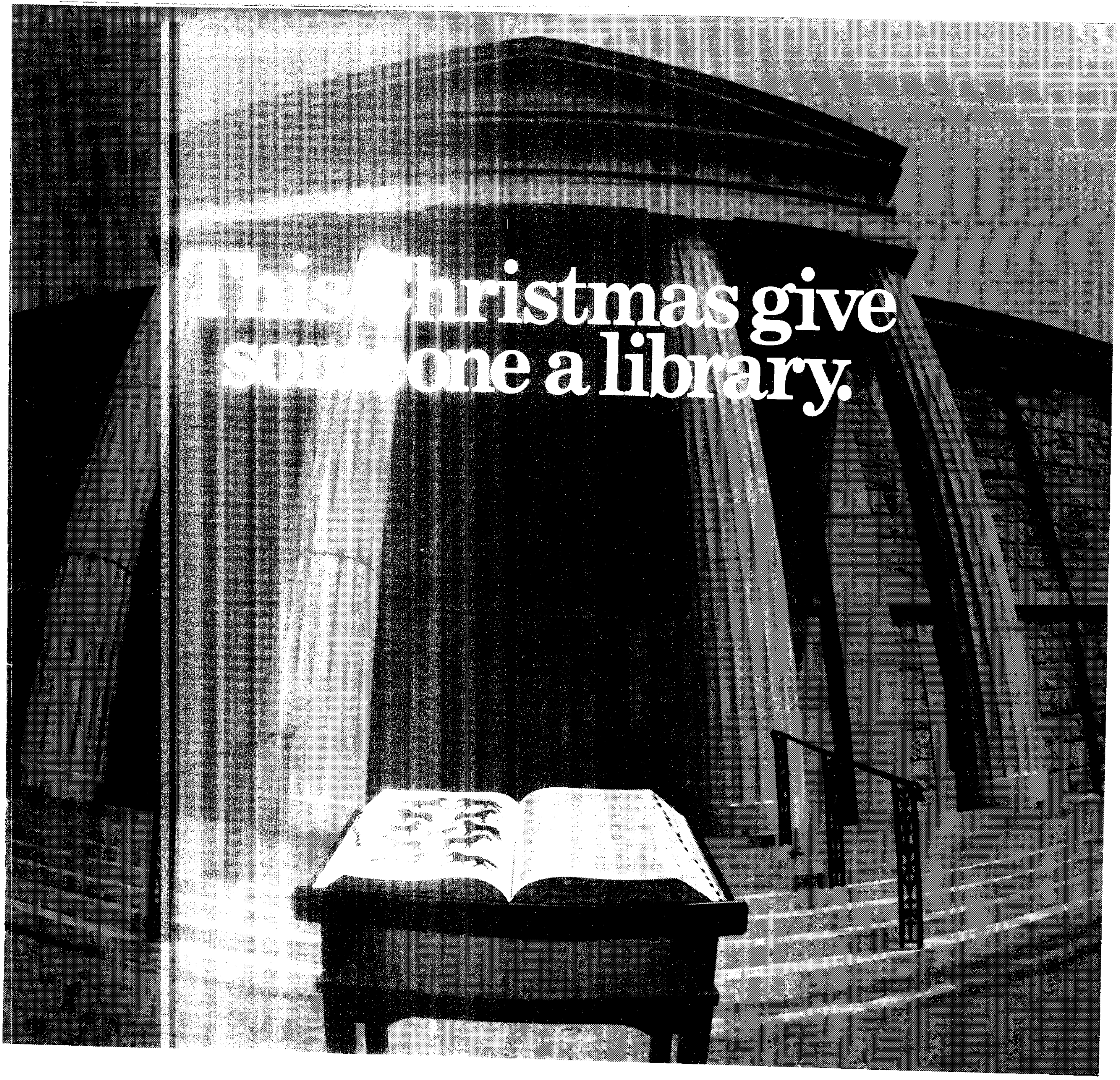
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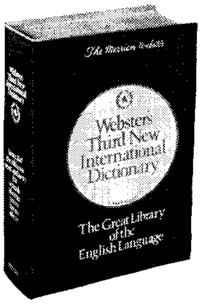
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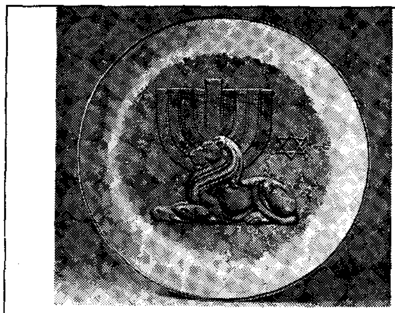

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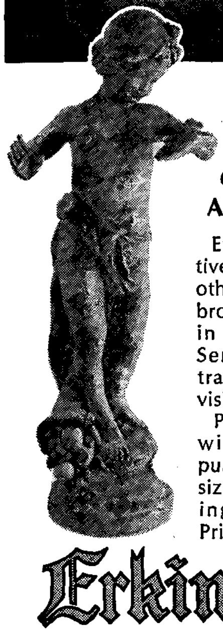

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Bodidalee," by Julian Bagley, illustrated with boisterous horselaughs by Wallace Tripp. Mr. Bagley, concierge of the War Memorial Opera House, in San Francisco, since it opened, in 1932, grew up in Florida, where he and his friends discovered and charted the land of Bodidalee:

> Where's Bodidalee? Listen, dear,
> Bodidalee's here, Bodidalee's there—
> Bodidalee's almost everywhere!

Randy Rabbit, cocky and smart, and foxy Fonee Fox, Wiley Wolf, and big old Bonee Bear, and Little Papa Pig—he is as good as gold—go sashaying through the fields and the glades and the swamps, stealing from the farmers and from each other. (Little Papa Pig doesn't, though; his farmer gives him plenty to eat.) There is a crocodile who is in love with a nubile alligator miss and one night dresses up as a scarecrow in a cornfield; there is Mr. Tortoise, who is given a speedy ride on Randy Rabbit's back. They are all friends, and, except for that exemplary Pig, they are all rapscallions and cannot resist monkeyshines at the expense of one another. A sockdolager—except for those who have no stomach for dialect and wouldn't like Uncle Remus, either (American Heritage).

Nathaniel Benchley calls his "Feldman Fieldmouse" (Harper & Row) a fable. Whatever its genre, it is a joy. Lonny Stebbins, caretaker from its infancy of an orphaned fieldmouse (here we are again) by the name of Fendall, makes the acquaintance of his ward's Uncle Feldman, who knows that the time will come when the youngster must fend for himself and *de*fend himself against his myriad enemies: "Everybody eats mice," Feldman crossly declares. "You'd think there was no other food in the world. . . . That's why we have such big families, and so often—we have to keep ahead of the law of averages." After strenuous training, Fendall is ready for a field trial, and the three—uncle and nephew on the shoulders of Lonny, as bodyguard—go out for nightly prowls, meeting up with fireflies and hardworking beavers (they detest the flibbertigibbet otters, who don't do a blessed thing but play) and with a voracious owl and a sinful fox, a flying squirrel and a bat, a cousin several times removed whose "bloody radar's on the blink." Hilary Knight illustrates Mr. Benchley's instructive tale with pleasing pictures.

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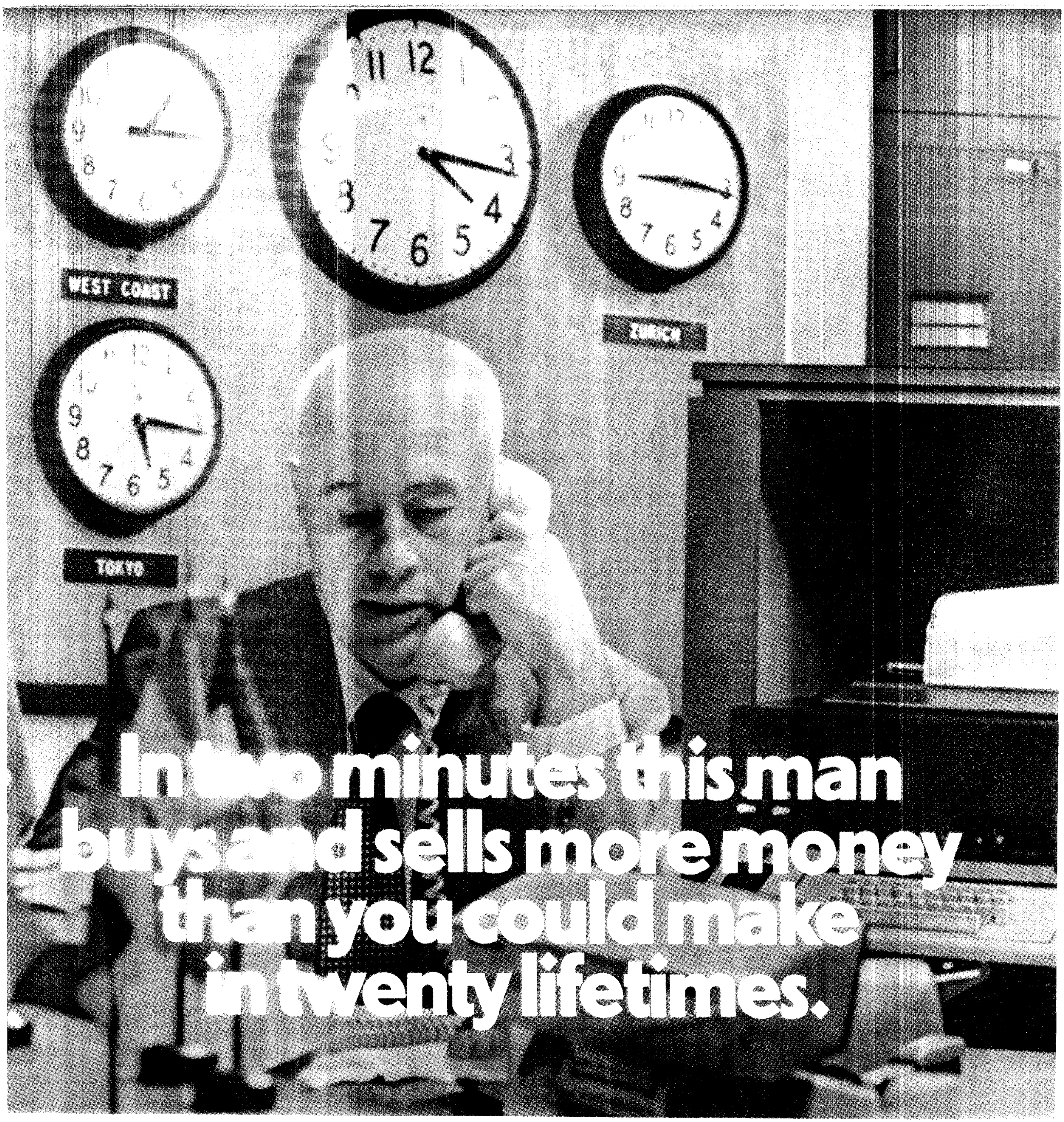
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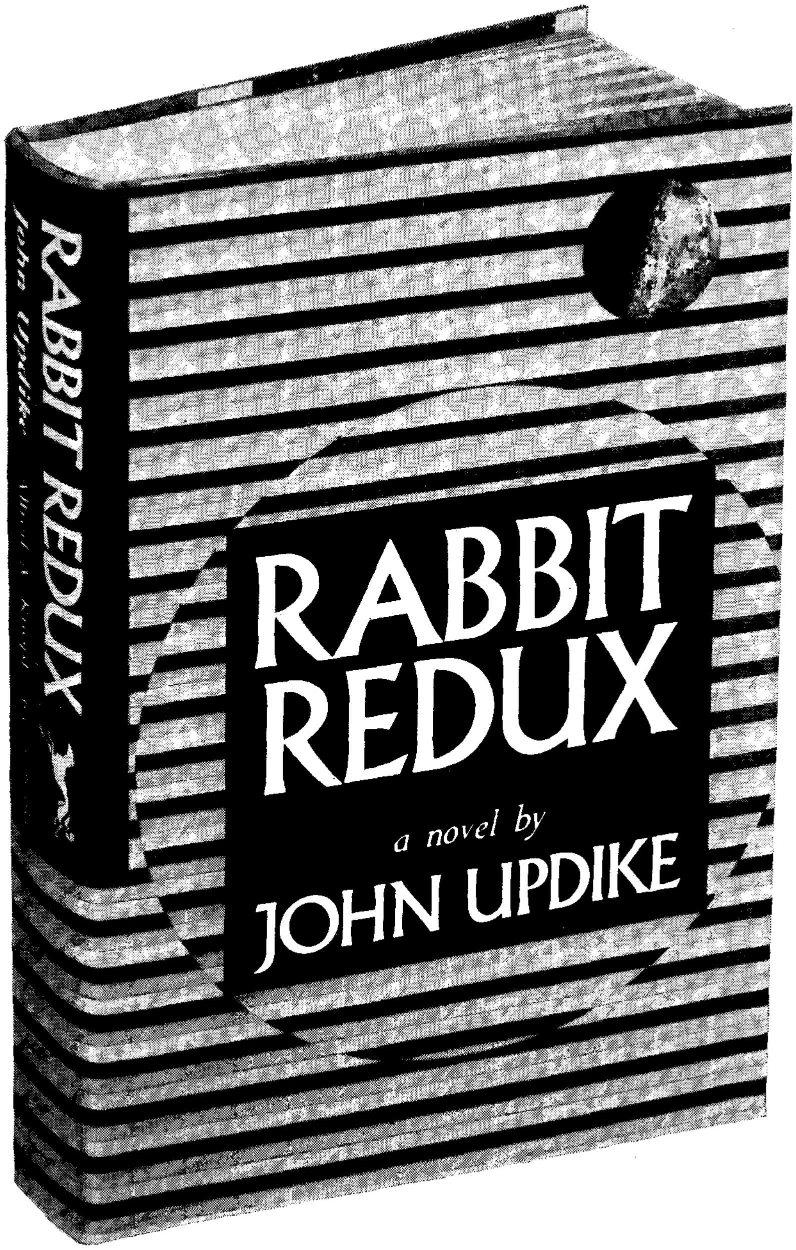
W. A. TAYLOR & CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. 63 PROOF LIQUEUR that he returns in "Paddington Takes the Air," in which he acquires an obsolete sewing machine and stitches up numerous disasters on it; he also comes in for a dazzling win in the last event of a gymkhana through the expedient (unplanned) of eating a head of garlic, which he mistakes for a meringue. This causes his mount to run like the wind away from the volcanic fumes, but Paddington sticks, and the poor mare wishes to God he wouldn't. The book is illustrated, with jocular solemnity, by Peggy Fortnum. Houghton Mifflin publishes it.

I was much taken with Natalie Babbitt's "Goody Hall"—her best so far. It is a mystery, unravelled to the benefit of all the good guys by the detective work of a tutor, Hercules Feltwright, son of a hatter and of a god-loving (that is, Greek-god-loving) mother. He carries out, more or less, the labors of his namesake: crushes a worm in his bassinet and disinters Cerberus—a metal three-headed dog, to be sure, but a reasonable facsimile of the Stygian hound. There is a gypsy gardener in this absorbing folly named Alfresco, and Willet Goody, Hercules' student, has an all-purpose expletive that I have incorporated into my vocabulary; it is "Bugfat!" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux).

"Some Things Fierce and Fatal," suspense stories of fact and of fiction, edited by Joan Kahn (Harper & Row), includes a gem of fact by Edmund Pearson, the American dean of studies in murder, and a bittersweet fiction of a lonely old would-be witch whose philtres and potions never work, despite her use of Grade A ingredients and up-to-the-minute necromancing utensils.

Some—indeed, most—of the stories in Joan Aiken's "The Green Flash" (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) are tolerably (I use the word in a congratulatory way) creepy, and even those that don't quite come off—the ending of the title story is such a stretch of the imagination that the reader feels gypped—are written in a manner so lissome and with details of the natural world so luminous (or umbrageous) that the faults can be forgiven. One story, "Marmalade Wine," is nearly as awesome as "A Handful of Dust," one of the great horror stories of all time.

OF the collections of poetry I have examined, the one I most enjoyed is "The Poet's Tales," selected by William Cole and illustrated by Charles Keeping (World). Poetry is a minor passion of mine, but a poem that tells me a story and tells it clearly appeals mightily to me; I was glad



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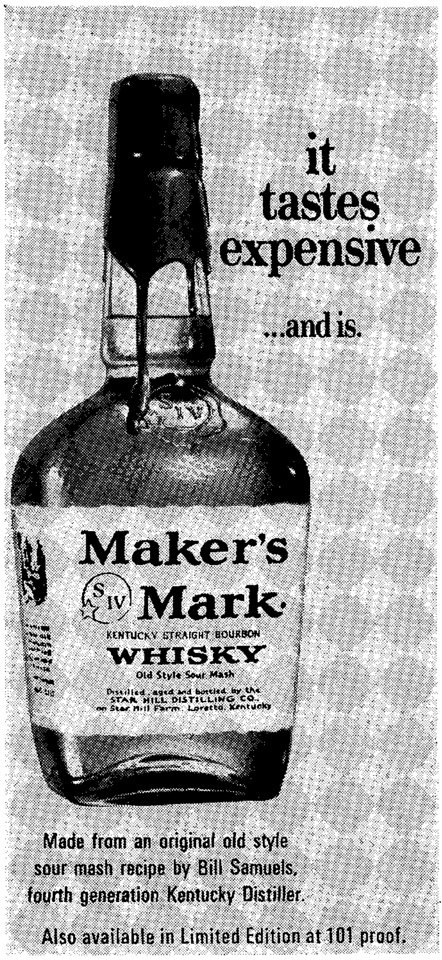
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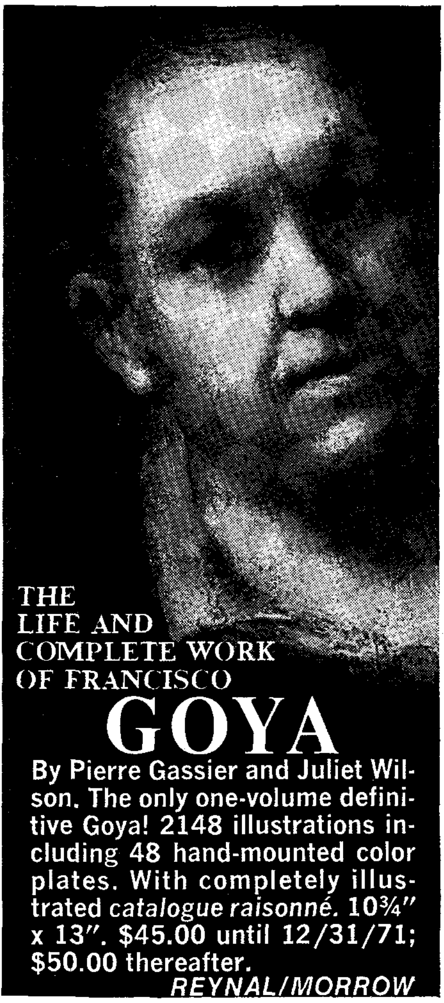
to make the acquaintance of Walter de la Mare's "The Feckless Dinner Party" and E. V. Rieu's "The Castaways" (a nutty trio of a beetle, a bat, and a bee) and a petrifying example of Momism by Herbert Trench entitled "Jean Richepin's Song." And I enjoyed rereading Oliver Herford's ghost story "The Fall of J. W. Beane," William Rose Benét's "Jesse James (A Design in Red and Yellow for a Nickel Library)," and "The Twa Corbies," that prize Scottish ballad. "Speak Roughly to Your Little Boy" (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) is a slap-up collection of parodies and parodies of parodies. The originals are printed as well as the spoofs, and the book is edited by Myra Cohn Livingston and is illustrated by Joseph Low. One of these, "Nursery Song in Pidgin English," which is a burlesque of "Sing a Song of Sixpence," is by an unknown genius, and it warms the heart by being reminiscent of Spike Jones's "Chinese Mule Train." Ezra Pound gives "Sumer Is Icumen In" a rousing good comeuppance, using swear words. The *haiku* fad leaves me cold when it does not annoy me; once in a blue moon, a Western ear can be trained to hear and then to imitate the tune and timbre of this exquisite form, yet the majority of Western ears are, in this particular, tin. But the *haiku* in "More Cricket Songs," translated from the Japanese by Harry Behn, with lovely reproductions of Japanese paintings, are blissful; the poems are variously as demure as lilies of the valley, as pungent as ginger, as sweet as honey and the honeycomb (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). "Rimes de la Mère Oie," Mother Goose translated into French by Ormonde de Kay, Jr., should be cherished by any French-speaking person of any age. As Mr. de Kay points out in his introduction, the old lady was unquestionably French, despite the claims of both England and New England. "She may even have been Charlemagne's mother Berthe, nicknamed Goosefoot." This proposition, while not to be taken too seriously, is an appetizing morsel. The book is wisely, wittily, and wonderfully designed by Seymour Chwast, Milton Glaser, and Barry Zaid, of Push Pin Studios (Little, Brown).

THERE are two books about cockroaches, to be read with shuddering fascination. One, a Let's-Read-and-Find-Out Science Book, "Cockroaches: Here, There, and Everywhere," by Laurence Pringle, is illustrated by James and Ruth McCrea (Crowell); the other, "Cockroaches," by Joanna Cole, is illustrated by Jean



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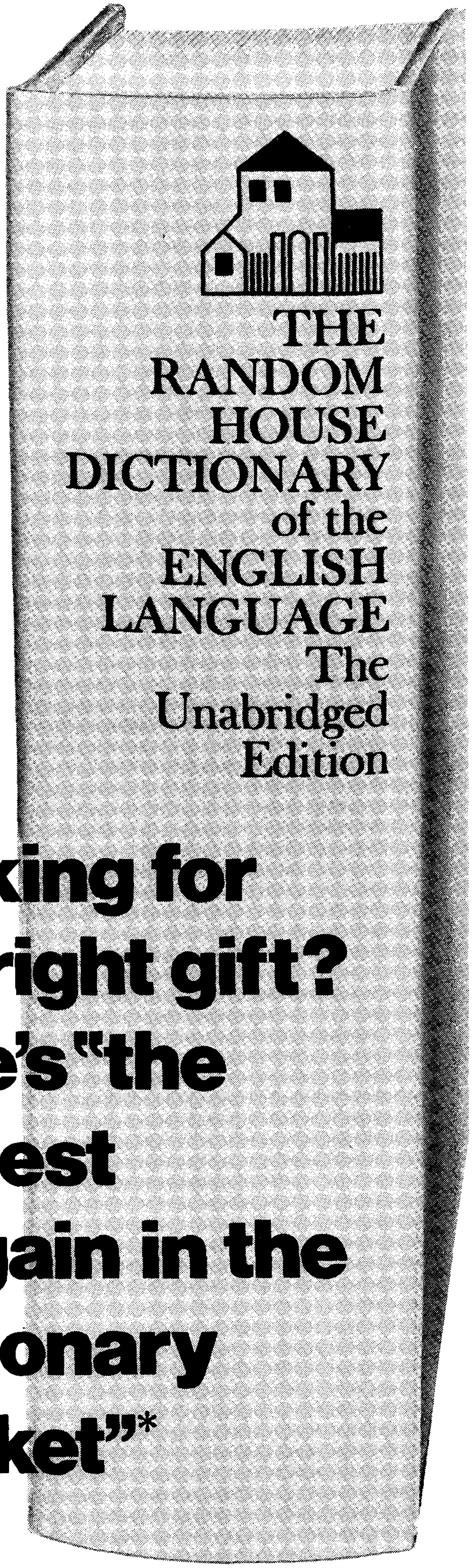

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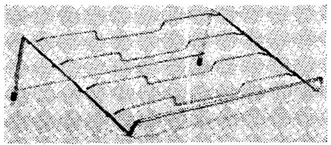

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Zallinger (Morrow). Neither book gives a ray of hope; the cockroach, having been here for three hundred million years, long ages before the dinosaurs, and having worn the same clothes all that time, will robustly go on till judgment day, when he may inherit the earth. Cockroaches have very few natural enemies, except man, because they have bad B.O. They eat everything: Miss Cole reports that they move into television sets and gobble up the glue. In Baton Rouge, where I once lived, the roaches were the size of hummingbirds, I do declare, and they fed ravenously on the glue in the spines of books, having a particular penchant for the collected works of Cardinal Newman. The worst of it is that they are smart; Mr. Pringle says that they can quickly learn how to find their way through a maze, and this aspect of their braininess assures them permanent domicile in human habitations. Read and weep; grin and bear it.

Then, after you have taken a bath and sprayed the tub with bootleg DDT, forget that icky mob and read "Baby Baboon," by Elizabeth Emanuel, with pictures of all manner of *outré* African animals by Bernard Garbutt (Golden Gate). The mother of a newborn baboon is the queen of the tribe until she is dethroned after another accouchement. The whole troop come to look and marvel and gently touch and try to hold the infant ape. The baboons Miss Emanuel writes of are the Olive family of East Africa, a well-organized and peaceable group, presided over by a dominant male. They hunt and feed by day and return to the trees at night; they love honey and they love figs and they luxuriate in grooming and being groomed by one another; child baboons turn cartwheels and are crazy about playing King of the Castle.

The night vision of owls is a hundred times as keen as ours. So I am informed by Sigmund A. Lavine, in "Wonders of the Owl World" (Dodd, Mead), for which he uses striking photographs. Moreover, they have acute hearing and a valuable ability to analyze sound. They mate for life and they live a long time; a certain eagle owl died in captivity at the age of sixty-eight. The Greeks revered the owl, which was the familiar of Athene, goddess of wisdom, but the Romans hated it, looking on it as a harbinger of evil. The Plinys disagreed: the Elder found the owl to be bad news, but his son said that was balderdash. Adored, feared, associated with witches, owls have accumulated a great body of legends about themselves throughout the world because they live

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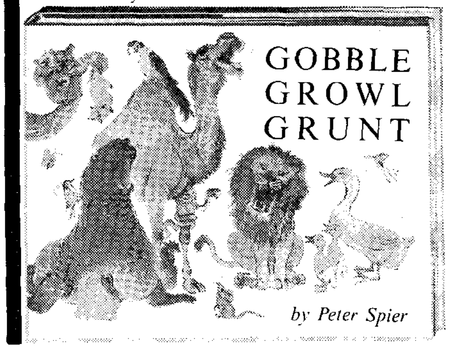

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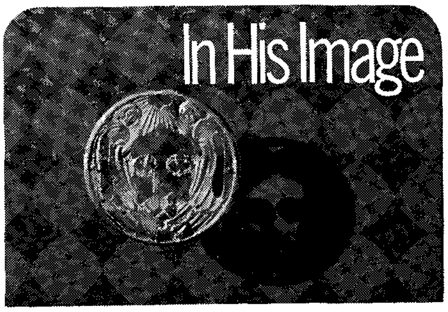

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throughout the world. Edward Lear liked them—at least, he liked the kind that married cats—and what Edward Lear liked, like I.

Another Let's-Read-and-Find-Out Science Book (Crowell) is "Bird Talk," written by Roma Gans and joyously illustrated by Jo Polseno. It goes intelligibly into the territorial imperative and informs us that birds sing not just for the hell of it but to say, "Trespassers will be prosecuted." The catbird imitates a cat when it sees a cat; the seagull invites the whole gang to a swell feed of fish carrion and anything else handy and nasty. The woodpecker "has no territory song. It marks off its territory by drumming with its strong beak. It drums on a dead tree, or even a tin drainpipe." Known personally to me is a woodpecker who struts his stuff on a yucca in the field on the west side of my house. He sounds so precisely like somebody at a typewriter, stuck for a word and then carrying on in a great rush, that visitors even with valid credentials have hesitated to knock on my door, thinking I am lost in work.

Jean Craighead George comes by her interest in bugs and serpents and sponges naturally, because she derives from a family of naturalists. Her "Beastly Inventions" (McKay) is written with enthusiasm held in check by a wry, dry, wondering wit as she explores such fascinating curiosities as the walking catfish and the singular dining habits of other undomesticated beings. Here is a sample of her savvy and her prose: "Of all the diners of the animal kingdom, the bola spider, the creature that dines with a thread, is the most sporting. Its prey seems to have a far better chance of living than dying, for this little arachnid of the trees snags flying food in the dark of the night with a single line. It then dines on a table of thread. How it survives is a miracle, for its technique is as if a child dropped a line from the Empire State Building in the hopes of catching a bird." Miss George goes snooping and spying and eavesdropping all over the world, and I wish her health, prosperity, and longevity.

I wish the same for George Laycock, whose "Animal Movers" (Natural History Press) brings to book the boobs who import the animals of their homelands to the sites of their immigration: those daft Limeys, for example, who brought the English sparrow to these shores. No skylark, no peacock, this brattish, slangy little bird reaps wheat fields when the grain has just begun to ripen, befouls the feed of domestic fowls, and uses calla lilies for

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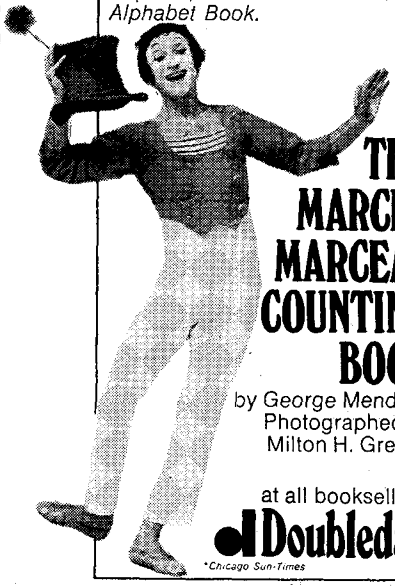

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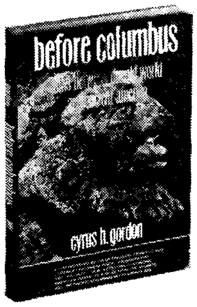
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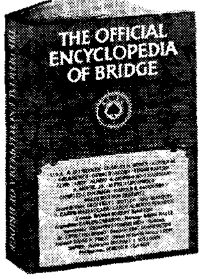
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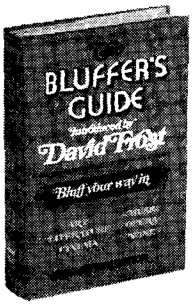
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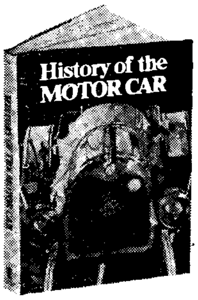
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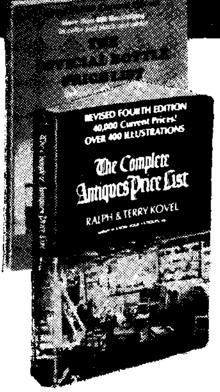
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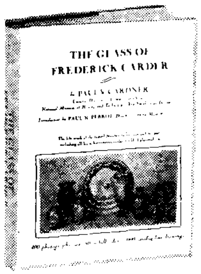
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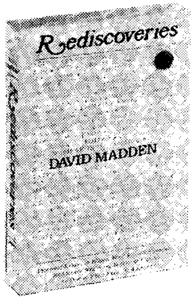
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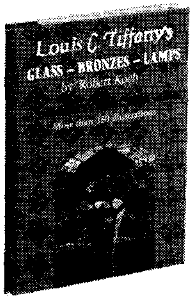
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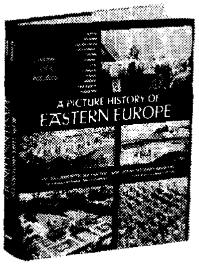
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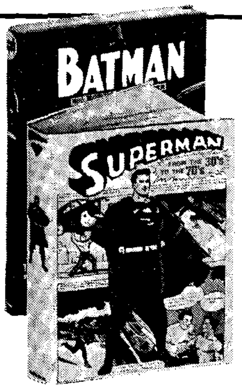
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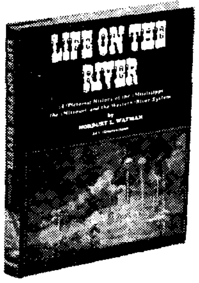
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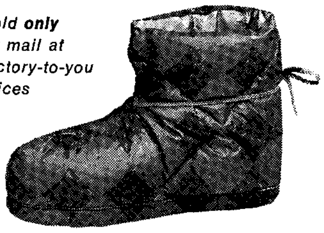

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resting places, clawing the blossoms with its landing gear and making the flowers unmarketable. And Mr. Tom Austin, late of England and flourishing in Australia, hankered so after rabbit hunting that he sent for a shipment of the philoprogenitive lunchheads, who took over the grasslands meant for the sheep. For ninety years the rabbits gorged and multiplied, and it was not until 1950 that the virus *Myxomatosis cuniculi*, which was known to be carried by Brazilian cottontails, was used as a weapon; the South American invalids were sent to commingle with the Down Under pests, who obligingly *caught the disease, transferred to them* by mosquitoes, and bit the dust, which the ranchers could then plant anew with fodder for their breadwinning sheep. New Zealand, which is overrun by rabbits, has no mosquitoes and therefore spends more than four million dollars a year poisoning carrots and apples and oats, but the rabbits still have the upper hand.

"WHAT ARE ME AND YOU GONNA DO?" is the unfortunate title of a fine little book on the shoddy condition of the environment. A Ballantine paperback, it is a collection of letters from children to Senator Gaylord Nelson (D., Wisconsin). A concerned citizen named Scott Vender writes, "I am a fifth-grade boy at the Devonshire School. I am writing to you about air pollution in our country. It's a killer. I guarantee that in 50 years 25% of our country will go dead. and as people say we are the most valuble things on earth. But with all the people dieing from pollution they arn't worth a penny. In case you are interested why I am writing to you Is because my own senator won't write back." I'd like to know what state sends such a backslider to Congress and what party he belongs to. Ecology (like mice) is much in vogue, and most of what is written on the subject is too boring and too pious to fool with. A particularly soupy platitude is "The Mountain," written and illustrated by Peter Parnall (Doubleday). There is this mountain out West, see, and there used to be birds out there and flowers and nice old bears and coyotes and all like that until people came like the Visigoths, from Poughkeepsie and Omaha, to litter the bear's garden with Coors beer cans and Doublemint wrappers and hot rods and comfort stations. Shame on you, Doubleday & Co.!

MY feeling is that children should be allowed to vote until they reach the age of twelve, at which time

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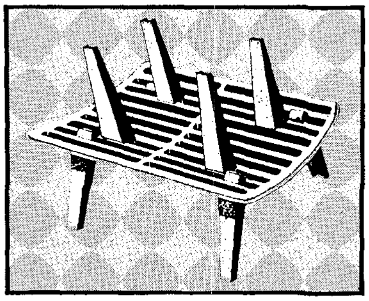

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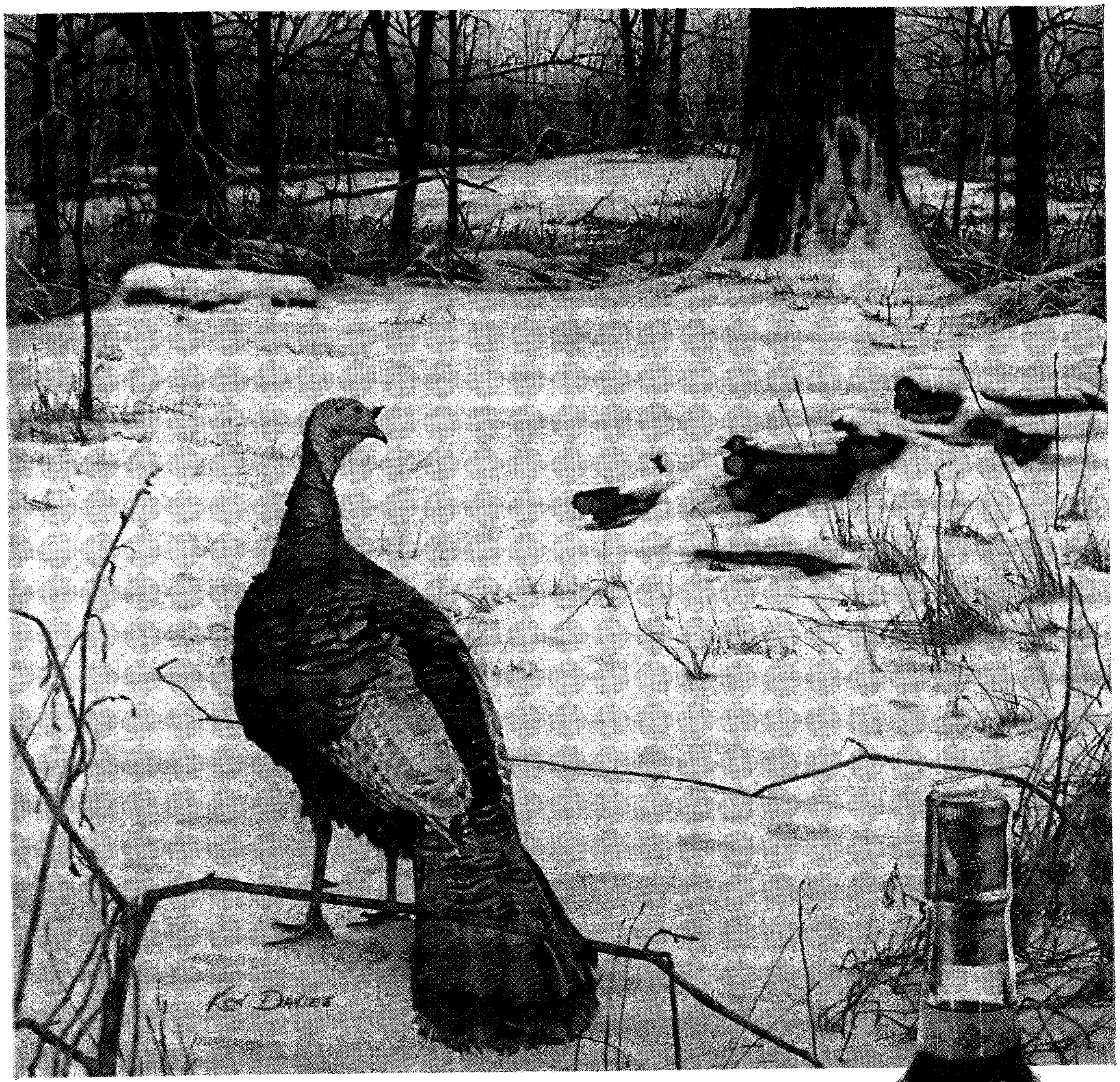

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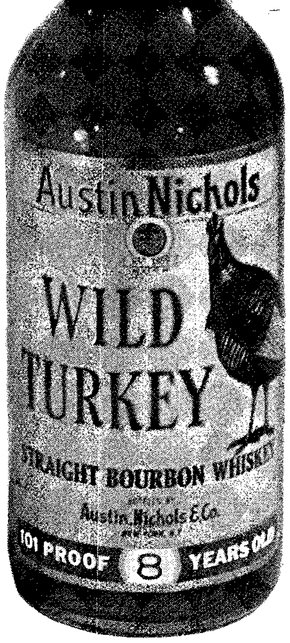
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the franchise should be rescinded, and it should not be restored until the citizen has proved himself fit for survival, at the age of forty-nine. Let us consider their writing, insouciant and sensible. "What Is a Pet?" is a silly question, but, by and large, the children who answered it for Lee Parr McGrath and Joan Scobey gave levelheaded answers: Margaret O. writes, "I have a rabbit. His name is Peter. What else," and Dan obliquely observes, "A pet is to play with unless another pet of the opposite sex walks by." This is illustrated by Lisl Weil and published by Simon & Schuster.

THERE are to be had some excellent and hair-raising first-hand accounts of slavery and the Atlantic triangular trade. "Black Voyage," edited by Thomas Howard (Little, Brown), is a collection of accounts by eyewitnesses of the methods of the African flesh merchants who kidnapped men, women, and children from tribes living in the interior and took them, for the most part, to the Guinea Coast, where they were kept in stations, known as factories, until the buyers could herd them aboard ship. Contrary to fashionable ignorance, these buyers did not all come from America, nor did all those from America come from south of the Mason-Dixon Line; Virginia planters, for instance, were plentifully supplied with indentured servants of robust Anglo-Saxon stock and well fitted for field work, and slave-owning came late there. The Sephardic Jews who had been booted out of Spain and Portugal and Holland and New Amsterdam and finally found asylum in Newport thrived on the industry; they were noble and brilliant and devout men who simply feathered their nests in the blameworthy way of everybody else. Most of Europe was in on the racket (for a long time Perfidious Albion was top sea dog), and it is about time that we stop laying the whole blame on Dixie for a sin crying to Heaven for vengeance.

If they could, the slaves, packed like sardines or (as some writers put it) "like spoons," threw themselves overboard; they died of dreadful disease—flux, smallpox, yaws; the skippers of the vessels were brutish and drunk, and their crews were recruited in scrimy public houses in Liverpool and London and Naples and Barcelona. Britain claimed that the slavers were the training ships for the Navy, and Britain was talking through its hat: the sailors who did not die went lunatic with power and unspeakably brutalized the innocent Negroes, snared by their own

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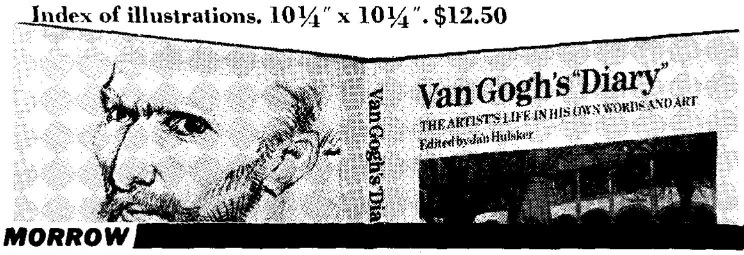

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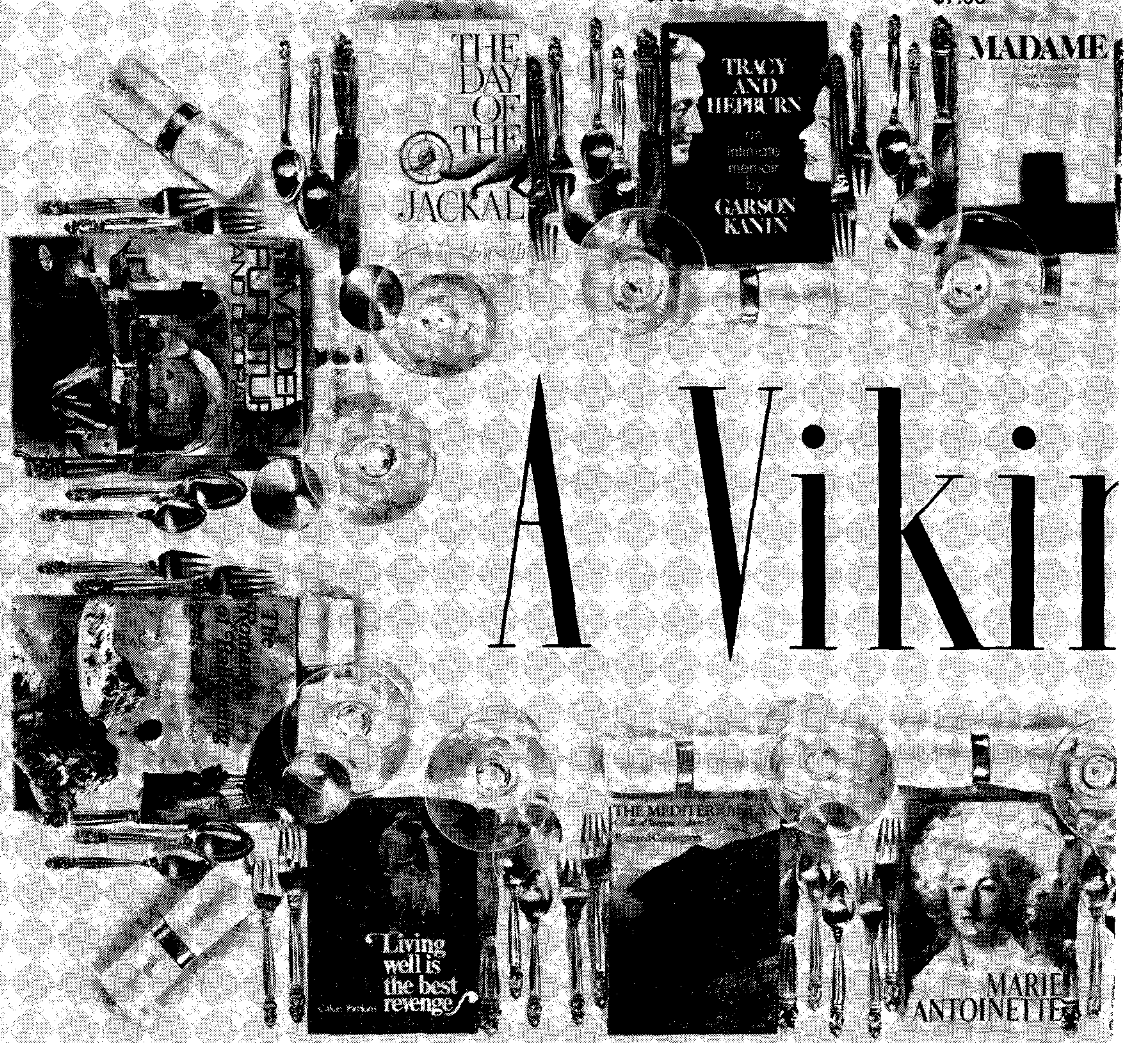
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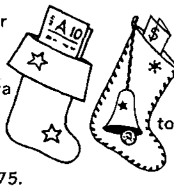

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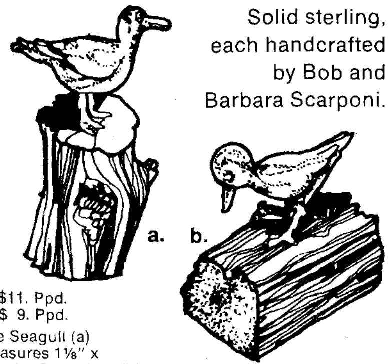

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countrymen while they were about their pastoral husbandry of planting yams. A dumbfoundingly appalling story is related in letters to his mother by a twelve-year-old, the son of a West Indian planter. He was a passenger on a slaver that, mid-Atlantic, was stricken with an epidemic of ophthalmia, a disease generally leading to partial or total blindness. "All the slaves and some of the crew are blind. The Captain, the surgeon, and the mate are blind. There is hardly enough men out of our twenty-two to work the ship." Later on, the ship was hailed by a Spanish vessel, the St. Leon: "We are dying of hunger and thirst. Send us on board some provisions and name your own terms." The captain of the slaver replied that he would gladly exchange provisions for men, and the Spaniard hallooed back, "We have Negroes on board; they have infected us with ophthalmia, and we are all stone-blind." "At the announcement of this horrible coincidence," says our young author, "there was a silence among us, for some moments, like that of death. It was broken by a fit of laughter, in which I joined myself; and after a moment, before our awful merriment was over, we could hear by the sound of the curses of the Spaniards that the St. Leon had drifted away." Immediately before landing, the blacks were treated with oils and liniments and varnishes to hide their sores; decaying merchandise fetched poor prices.

Two excellent adaptations of autobiographies of slaves are published by Dutton in a series of black memoirs. "In Chains to Louisiana" is Solomon Northrup's story, adapted by Michael Knight. Northrup was born free, the son of a slave who had been freed by his Rhode Island master. But he was kidnapped up North and for twelve years kept prisoner in the noisome bayous of Louisiana, unable to write to his wife, who had borne him three children. "The Slave Who Bought His Freedom" is the life story of Olaudah Equiano, adapted by Karen Kennerly. In the Ibo tribe, he lived a simple childhood amid simple people, but when he was twelve he was stolen on a day when he and his sister were alone in the compound and everyone else was at work in the fields. He writes of the force-feeding of slaves on the slave ships—if they didn't eat, they'd have to be sold cut-rate—and of the singing and dancing they were obliged to do, for exercise and to amuse the crew. Equiano was hard-working and provident: he learned to read and write, he became a Christian and an able navigator; after serving many masters and

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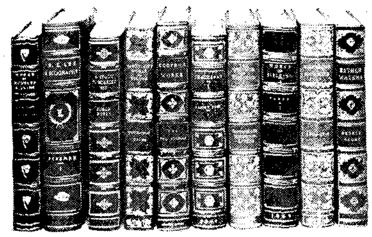

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making many voyages, he managed to buy his freedom. This eighteenth-century chronicle is one of the earliest records of the Western World disgrace.

NOT any of the following preachments interested me for one split second:

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"Young People and Parents," by Dr. Arthur H. Cain (John Day).

"The Truth About Drugs," by Geoffrey Austrian (Doubleday).

"Heads You Lose," by Pamela Hall (Hawthorn), *another one about pot and horse.*

"The Handbook of Adolescence," by Marvin J. Gersh, M.D., and Iris F. Litt, M.D. (Stein & Day).

"Love and Marriage," by Curtis E. Avery and Theodore B. Johannis, Jr. (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich).

"Letters to a New Generation: For Today's Inquiring Teen-Age Girl," by Gladys Denny Shultz (Lippincott).

"Our Sexual Evolution," by Helen Colton (Watts).

"The New Feminism," by Lucy Komisar (Watts).

"Growing up Clean in America," by Joseph S. Lobenthal, Jr., and *enthusiastically introduced by* Ramsey Clark (World). It instructs the young in not how to stay out of jail but what to do when you get there; one is given the impression that a stretch in the hoosegow is inevitable for everybody and his brother.

"Dissent in America," by Robert A. Liston (McGraw-Hill), with the most repulsive dust jacket of the year: a photograph (at least, I think it is a photograph) of a wide-open mouth containing a diseased-looking tongue and a perfectly hideous set of teeth. This mouth, I guess, is "rapping" or is contributing to a "meaningful dialogue," whatever that kind of poppycock is.

"What Bothers Us About Grownups: A Report Card on Adults by Children," edited by Russel Hamilton and Stephanie Greene (Stephen Greene Press). Negative and nosy and stupid.

I could go on— No, I could not.

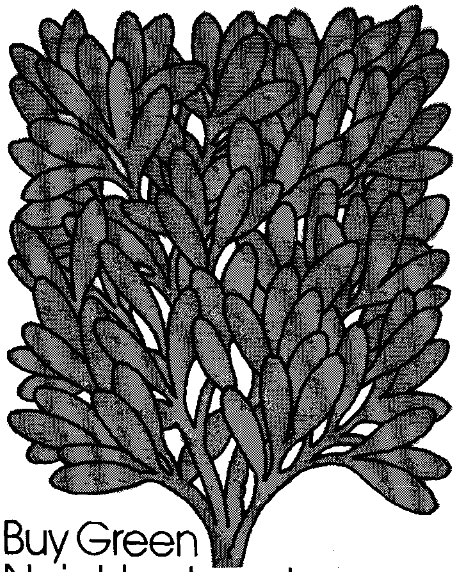
—JEAN STAFFORD

•

But the editors and broadcasters gathered here from all over Tohoku and other northern areas were well informed, widely traveled men. Several had been to all the Japanese restaurants between 50th and 60th streets in Manhattan.

—Robert Trumbull in the Times.

Seen and tasted a thing or two, those fellows!



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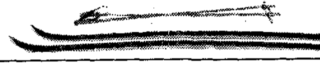

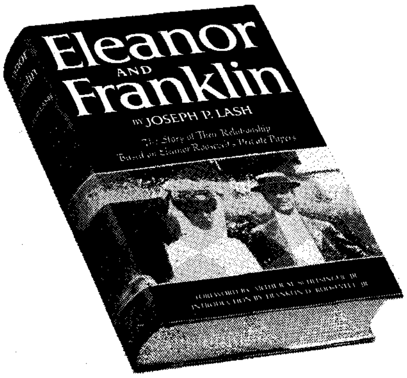
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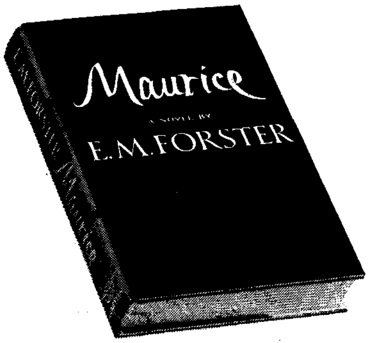
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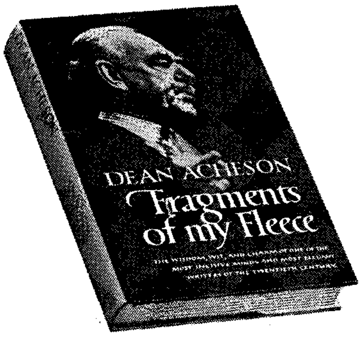
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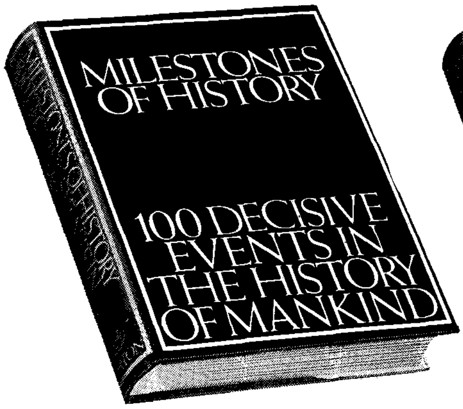
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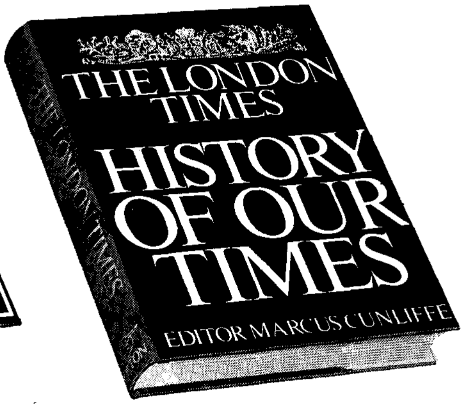
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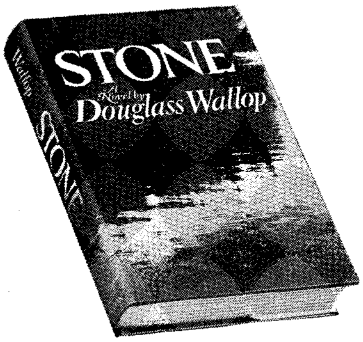
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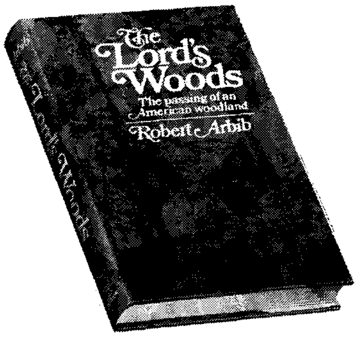
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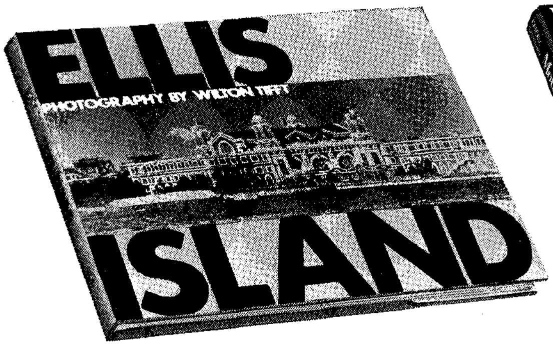
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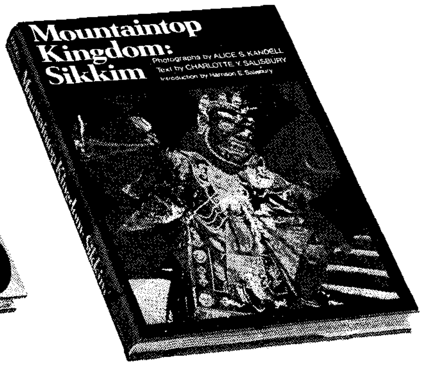
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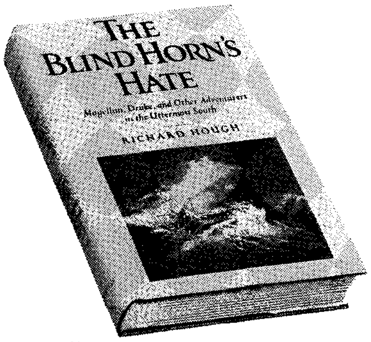
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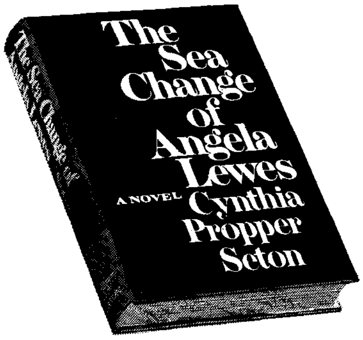
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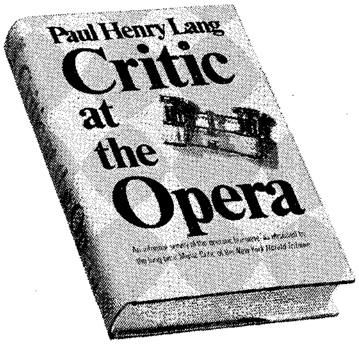
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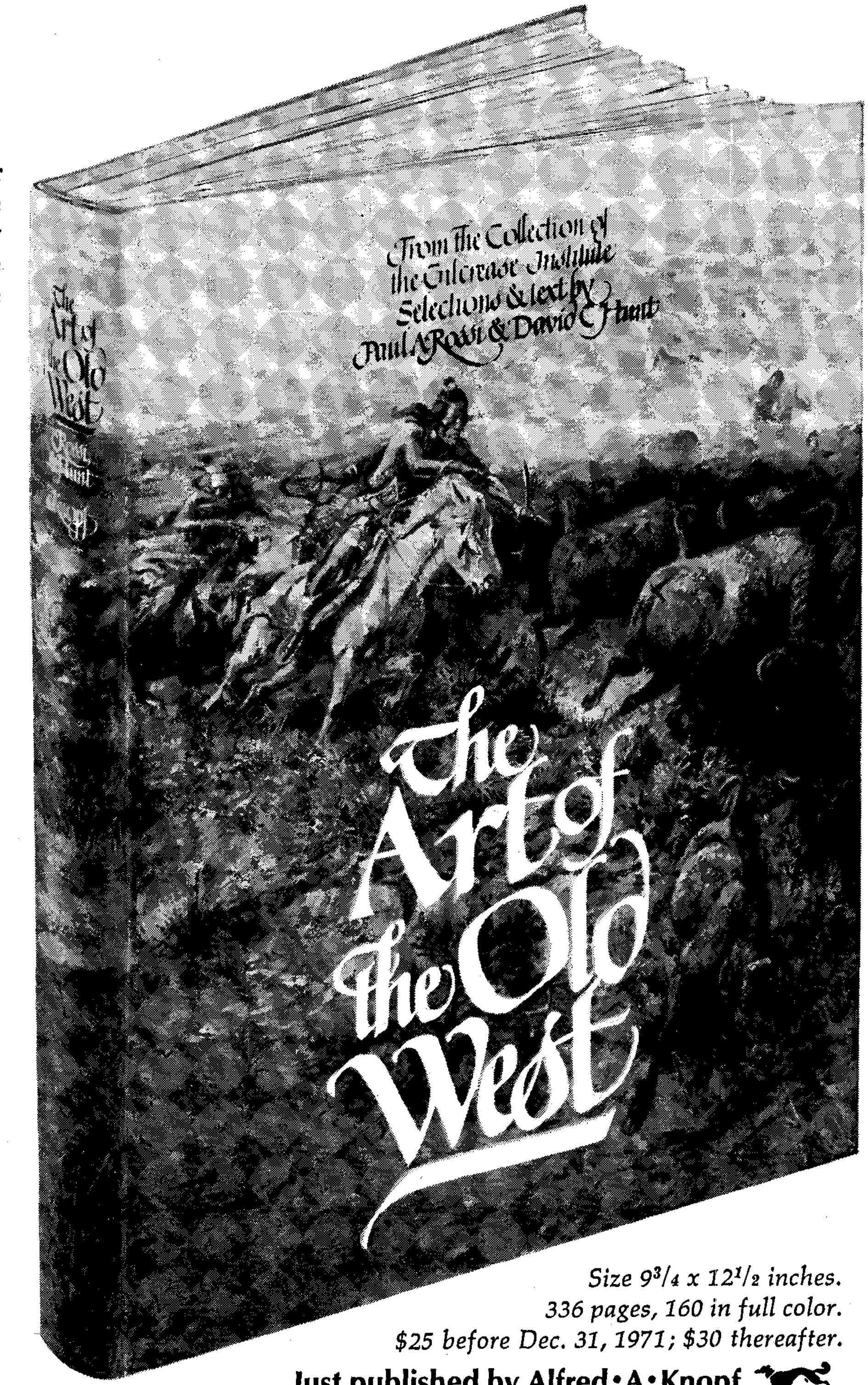
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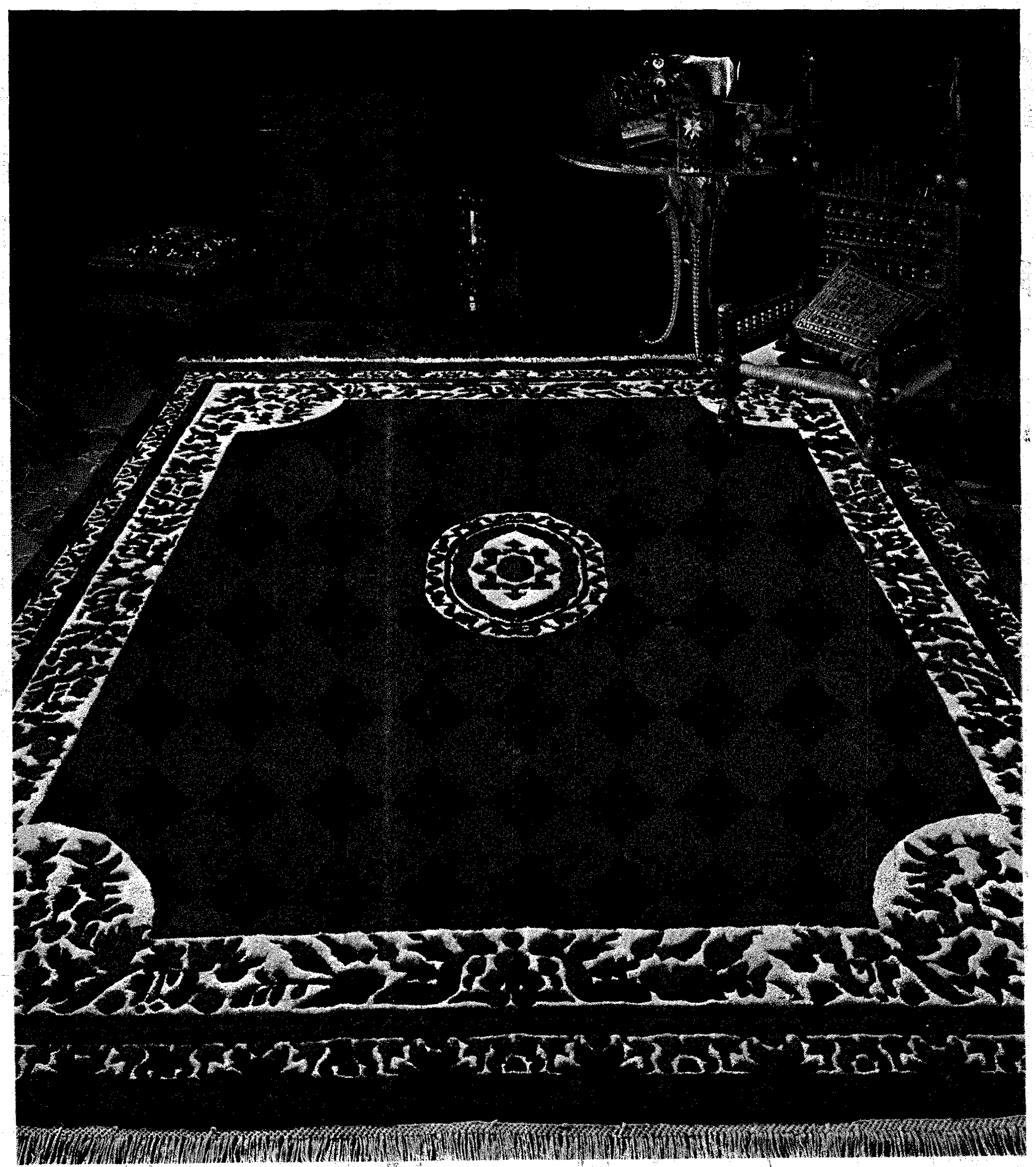

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